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MEMOIRS OF
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1787-1806

JACQUES RAMBAUD

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MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE ROGER DE DAMAS

(1787–1806)

Count Roger de Damas.

From a portrait in the possession of the Marquise de Damas.

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE ROGER DE DAMAS

(1787–1806)

EDITED AND ANNOTATED

BY

JACQUES RAMBAUD

TRANSLATED BY MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE

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INTRODUCTION

In his Memoirs Saint-Simon has shown us, at the Court of Louis XIV, a certain Marquis de Thiange, a lieutenant-general attached to the household of Monseigneur (the Grand Dauphin). He thus describes the marquis: "Damas is a man of distinguished birth and remarkable courage; he has brains and cultivation; and is highly honourable and upright." [1] In these two lines Saint-Simon has given us unawares the portrait of another Damas, the author of these Memoirs. And indeed, a hundred years later, the Prince de Ligne, who witnessed the Russian victories on the Danube, wrote to a correspondent in Paris: "I have before me a phenomenon from your part of the world, and a very pretty phenomenon too: a Frenchman with the good qualities of three centuries. He has the chivalry of one, the charm of another, and the gaiety of the present one. Francis I, the Great Condé, and the Maréchal de Saxe would have wished to have a son like him. In the middle of the liveliest and most incessant cannonade he is as merry as a grig; he chatters and sings without mercy, and rattles out the maddest quotations under a rain of bullets. Yet his judgment is marvellously trustworthy all the time. Fighting does not intoxicate him; it merely warms his blood, with the pleasant sort of warmth that one feels at the end of a supper-party. It is only when he is conveying an order, or giving his modest advice, or undertaking something, that he ever waters his wine. He distinguished himself in Nassau's naval victories over the Turkish High Admiral. I saw him in all the sorties of the Janissaries and the little skirmishes with the Spahis: he has already been wounded twice. He is still a Frenchman in soul; but he is a Russian in the matter of subordination and

discipline. He is good-natured and popular with every one; the sort of man we call *un joli Français;* a polished gentleman of quality from the Court of France. Such is Roger de Damas." [2]

The person thus held up for the admiration of his compatriots by a prince renowned for his talents belonged to an ancient and noble family, which dates back to the end of the eleventh century.[3] It originated in the Forez, and first appears in history at the time of the Crusades, which it commemorates both in its name and its coat of arms. It was divided later on into a great number of branches, which spread over the surrounding country, especially Burgundy. Roger de Damas belonged to one of the more recent of these: the Antigny branch.

He was born in Paris on the 4th September, 1765, and was the son of the Marquis Jacques-François and Zéphyrine de Rochechouart-Faudoas. His christian name, Roger, which is inseparably associated with him, had already been borne by several members of his family, notably by a canon received a hundred years earlier into the chapter of nobles connected with the cathedral of Lyons. He was the fourth of six children. Of his brothers the eldest, Charles, held a distinguished position both at the Court and in the army at the end of the old *régime* and under the Restoration; the next, Alexandre, was destined from childhood for the Church and the episcopate, like his first cousin the Abbé de Périgord (the future Talleyrand), and played a very obscure part after the Revolution. He was eclipsed in every way by his most intimate friend, the Abbé de Montesquiou, who was president of the Constituent Assembly and a member of the provisional government of 1814. A third brother, Gaston, died young in 1803.

Young Roger, the last of the brothers, was fortunate in having a precocious and decided vocation for the profession that the times made almost inevitable, and in possessing, as well, an all-powerful patron to secure him rapid promotion. His uncle the Duc du Châtelet, late ambassador in England, and colonel of the King's Regiment, had no children. He

interested himself in his motherless young nephews, and had them enrolled in his regiment as supernumerary second-lieutenants. This corps was so constituted as to include a very large number of officers, and like the French Guards became a regular school for the practical instruction of young men. Roger de Damas followed in the steps of his elder brother, first as lieutenant, then as captain of the *compagnie colonelle*,[4] which secured him the rank of a colonel at the age of twenty-three.

Since he was unable to satisfy his warlike instincts at once he at first divided his time between his garrison and the Court, where he was presented on the 26th September, 1784. He soon became known there for his wit and "sensibility." He became one of the many adorers of the beautiful Marquise de Coigny—the Queen of Paris, as she was called with some asperity by the Queen of Versailles, Marie Antoinette. "The affair of the rose," which involved him in a duel with the Comte de Broglie and figured largely, for a short time, in the conversation of the courtiers, made his reputation as a man of the world.[5] In the same year he made a journey to Berlin, like other young soldiers of his day, to complete his military education. Eighteen months later, being tired of waiting for what he called "the sublimity of war," he suddenly embarked on an adventure that was destined, with the help of the Revolution, to lead him all over Europe and to last for many a long year.

The scene was France; the year was 1787; provincial assemblies had become a mania, and the nation was running gaily to meet the coming storm. But Damas went forth into a distant land, in search of a war that might give him an opportunity to emulate the paladins of old. One day he learnt by chance from the pages of a gazette that the Russians and Turks were fighting on the Danube, and he determined to join the ranks of the former. Against the wishes of his family and without the permission of his superior officers, without any certainty, even, that the offer of his sword would be accepted by the Russians, he set out upon his journey: much as La Fayette, on hearing at a breakfast-table in Metz that the American rebels were taking the field, slipped out of France

and overcame a thousand obstacles to fight the English in the New World.

It was then that Roger de Damas, in his own opinion, first entered upon the life of a soldier, in an army to which he won admission by a series of negotiations, carried on in the course of his journey. Unlike such of his fellow-countrymen as had been transplanted to Russia during the past hundred years he would neither be a mercenary, nor a voluntary or involuntary exile. He fought alternately in the white uniform of his own country and the green one of his new leaders. His position was that of some *grand seigneur* or knightly warrior, and he held it by virtue of his reckless courage, his sagacity, and his contagious enthusiasm in that most dangerous of all forms of battle, the battle that is waged in the breach of a besieged town-wall. His first exploit would have sufficed to make him famous: while in the Russian fleet that was taking part in the investment of Otchakof he captured the Turkish flagship, a veritable floating citadel. For two years he shared in all the military operations that took place between the capture of Otchakof in December 1788, and that of Ismaïl in December 1790. Between the campaigns he indulged freely in the pleasures of society; first at headquarters, where Potemkine lorded it over a kind of female staff, composed of Russian and Polish fine ladies; then at Vienna, where he met some compatriots who soon became his rivals—the Comte de Langeron in 1789, and the Duc de Fronsac (Richelieu) in 1790; and finally at St. Petersburg, where Catherine II received him with eager cordiality. In France, where he was considered to have earned promotion in spite of his absence, he was first made a major and then a colonel; while from the Empress he received a sword of honour, the Cross of St. George—first of the fourth class and then of the third—and, with Louis XVI's consent, another commission as colonel.

In spite of these honours, or rather on account of them, he was regarded askance by men who should have taken example by him. "He was envied and detested," wrote his comrade Langeron; "and all the more that no one dared to show his feelings openly. As for him, he thought little of the art of

pleasing, and this very aloofness made him hated still more heartily." [6] At the very moment that the Russo-Turkish war came to an end the civil war broke out in France, and the duty of defending the Monarchy recalled this hero of twenty-four to his own country. In the winter of 1789–90 he appeared in Paris, and saw at once that everything was changed: the town, the Court, and the army. There is a note among the archives of the police which shows him to have attended the meetings of the royalists, "in a brown riding-coat bordered with crimson velvet." [7] His desire was to defend the King within the confines of the kingdom, and this he believed to be the course that would best serve the royal cause. But the Emigration was already sweeping the nobility out of the country, and soon the current of that stream would be irresistible.

In 1791 Roger de Damas left the service of Catherine II, in which there was no longer any chance of distinction, and returned to the service of France, which meant to him, as to any other gentleman, the service of his King—then menaced by the Revolution. On his way back from the East he joined the army of the Emigration on the Rhine, and attached himself to the Comte d'Artois, who, with all his faithful adherents, was under the orders of the Austrian and Prussian generals. Damas entered France with the prince at the end of the summer of 1792.

And now a new life began for him: a life of hazard and mishap. His nearest kinsmen, remembering the family motto: *Et fortis et fidelis*, had followed the King's brothers into exile. His eldest brother, after his vain attempt to open a way with his regiment for Louis XVI to escape to Montmédy through Varennes, had come to Coblenz to take command of Monsieur's household troops; his second brother and his two Damas-Crux cousins had gone to the Netherlands. His own duty, all through the invasion of Lorraine and Champagne, was to ride backwards and forwards between the Princes' quarters and those of the Duke of Brunswick, as official messenger. As his sword grew rusty in its scabbard he could not shut his eyes to the powerless position of his leaders and the

duplicity of their allies, and he soon prophesied, though he could not avert, the general disaster: that is to say, the retreat of the Prussians and the dispersion of the little royalist army.

Later on, at a date that we cannot accurately determine, but that was certainly soon after the events in question, he wrote down, for his own satisfaction, his recollections and impressions of this deplorable enterprise. His narrative, which he called a sketch, was at the same time a kind of journal, an account of his own share in various incidents of the campaign. Afterwards its author chose this episode in his life as the nucleus of his Memoirs, the central point round which he grouped and arranged the other episodes in chronological order.

During the winter of 1792–93 he reappeared in Russia, this time in the suite of the Comte d'Artois. He was the only one of the prince's intimate associates who persisted in believing that, on his return from this diplomatic expedition to Catherine II's Court, Louis XVI's brother would accept the advice of the Empress and the aid of the English, and, taking La Vendée as the base of his operations, would re-conquer the ancient kingdom of France like a second Henri IV. To this course he urged the prince with much warmth; but the Comte d'Artois yielded to other influences, or other considerations, and insisted on waiting in Germany and England till the allied armies should have achieved some degree of success. Roger de Damas at once left the prince's service; and for the next two years fought in the European crusade against the "carmagnoles," as he had fought in the Russian crusade against the infidels, in the character of an independent knight errant.

Every one of his name, by this time, was in prison or under arms. His father was imprisoned at Dijon; his brother the abbé and his sister Mme. de Simiane were both prisoners in Paris; his other brother Gaston was serving as a lieutenant in the British Uhlans; three others of his name were engaged in the defence of the Netherlands. One of them, Comte Étienne, had raised a little corps in the pay of Holland, of which the last remnant was doomed to be destroyed in the disaster of Quiberon. He himself had thought of leading a cavalry regiment into battle, the pay of which was to be

provided by England; but financial difficulties prevented the fulfilment of the scheme. As an officer in the Russian army—with a view to satisfying his curiosity and at the same time increasing his knowledge—he gave his services successively to the Duke of York at his headquarters, to Clerfayt at the siege of Le Quesnoy, and to the Prince of Coburg on the battle-field of Fleurus. He even set out to La Vendée, but went no farther than Guernsey. And, as he had formerly spent his winter leisure in Potemkine's "court" on the Danube, so now, in the intervals of fighting, he sought diversion, sentimental or social, in a cottage on the Thames, amid his frivolous fellow-emigrants in Brussels, or at Bel-Œil with his friend the Prince de Ligne. At last he became stationary in Switzerland, at Lausanne, in the summer of 1795.

The revolution of the 9th Thermidor had just released his relations from prison, and he hoped to be joined by his brother the Abbé de Damas and Mme. de Simiane. The former had taken part, at least in writing, in the schemes of the *émigrés;* but none the less, by producing "certificates of compliance" and taking the oath of liberty and fraternity, he succeeded in having his name erased from the lists of the proscribed. He retreated with his sister to the Château de Cirey,[8] a house that lay hidden among the woods of Champagne, and was theirs by inheritance from the Duc du Châtelet. It had formerly sheltered Voltaire from the wrath of the authorities. Here they were soon forgotten; while the adventurous Roger, who by this time was once more pining for the clash of arms, set off with his eldest brother to Condé's army, to take command of Mirabeau's Legion.

The organiser of this corps had died in 1792, and it was now held by his heir, who was still a minor. Roger de Damas formally acquired the usufruct from Mirabeau's widow, as her son's trustee. His military experience might have inspired confidence in his new subordinates; but on hearing that he meant to curtail their liberty, which had been carried to the point of disorder, they gave him a very cold reception. "He has degraded us!" said these gentlemen-privates, jestingly; for they had no taste for discipline nor obedience. Damas, as

a man of honour, offered to give personal satisfaction to any one who resented his authority, and two duels were the result; but he held his own against every attempt at resistance, and finally won over the whole corps by his behaviour under fire. In this respect no man could give a better example than he.

At this time Mirabeau's Legion was the most important corps in Condé's army. The Comte Charles was the second-in-command. During the campaign of 1796 it was in the advanced guard under the Duc d'Enghien, and played a prominent part wherever it was engaged—at Oberkamlach, at Steinstadt, and at Biberach. When these battles were at their height the men shouted again and again: "*Vive Mirabeau-Damas!*" in honour of their old chief and his successor. On the other hand the republicans recognised in the Comte Roger a warrior of their own race, and said to one another: "It's a pity to kill him!" There was no campaign in which Whites and Blues tried each other's courage more, or were more unanimous in praising it.

Some years ago [9] an historical fantasy was published under the name *Comme à Fontenoy*, representing the advanced guard of Gouvion Saint-Cyr as being commanded by the Adjutant-General Dumont, and Condé's advanced guard by Roger de Damas. In it the spirit of chivalry is depicted in excess, as though a ruthless fight should be unexpectedly transformed into a courteous tourney. Republicans and royalists shoot each other through a wood, and when the former are obliged to cease firing for lack of cartridges the Mirabeaux also lay down their arms, refusing to kill a defenceless foe. An interview takes place between the officers-in-command; the two staffs are introduced to one another; a battle is arranged for the morrow; and Damas carries his generosity to the pitch of offering the patriots a safe conduct to the position they have selected. The Mirabeaux then line the road on both sides, and present arms to the enemy; and the fleurs-de-lys upon their standard are lowered before the tricolour. Are all these details authentic? Damas gives none of them in his Memoirs. The story in any case serves as a poetical illustration of the truth, and bears striking witness to the state of

mind that more than once produced a reconciliation in time of war between Frenchmen of the old and the new *régimes*. Roger de Damas, like the Duc d'Enghien and so many others of both parties, knew the feeling well, and on more than one occasion yielded to it generously during the fratricidal struggles of the Revolution.

In July 1797 Condé's army ceased to serve under the Austrian flag, and adopted that of Russia. In the course of the autumn the troops reached the cantonments in Poland where they were to be reorganised. Roger de Damas did not accompany his Legion, which was to be merged in the new regiment of the Bourbon Grenadiers. Either in obedience to his desire for change, or because he recoiled from the idea of serving under a capricious despot like Paul I, he calmly went on leave for a time, and announced his intention of travelling by the longest route, namely by the Mediterranean and Black Seas. He then set off on a tour in Italy. He found Rome invaded and Naples threatened by the French; and at the last moment he left the ship that was to take him to Khersen—near the scene of his first exploits—and asked, with the Russian Minister's consent, for a post in the Neapolitan army. His request was granted; and with a brigadier-general's commission he entered the service of a cadet of the House of Bourbon, and started on a new stage of his career, which was destined to last—with two rather long intervals of absence—for nearly eight years.

Roger de Damas first attracted attention at the Court of Naples in much the same way as he had made his début, years before, at Versailles. A duel between him and the Chevalier de Saxe became the talk of the town, and made him for some days a hero of romance. He was of real use, too, at the council-table and in the army. The King took no part in the government, which was altogether in the hands of Queen Marie Caroline, who was always willing to accept the support of foreigners. Acton, who was of English extraction and a native of France, had long been a power at the Court; and recently another Frenchman, a refugee in Venice named d'Antraigues, had aspired to become the director *in partibus*

of the policy of the Two Sicilies. He had even despatched an official agent to Naples, one Marreux-Montgaillard, who sent him a "portrait" of the new-comer, exaggerating his defects and making the least of his good points.[10] Damas had no difficulty in gradually eclipsing his distant rival, who moreover fell into disgrace at the same time with the French Bourbons. As for Acton, though he gave Damas a good reception at first, he afterwards endeavoured to counteract his influence; but Damas paid him back in his own coin, and finally won the entire confidence of the Queen. The numerous letters from Marie Caroline that appear in the second volume of this work are sufficient evidence of this fact. Moreover the serious events that occurred at this time showed him in his true light to the King and Queen, as an honest, far-seeing, and faithful servant.

The invading army of the French revolutionaries was at the gates. Damas received a command, under the Austrian general, Mack, in the army that was sent to meet the invaders. He greatly distinguished himself near Orbitello, and received a wound on his face that left a lasting scar; but all he could achieve was to save his troops, and effect a difficult retreat to Palermo without waiting for the King and Queen. In France the Directory avenged itself upon all his kinsfolk for the services he had rendered to the enemy's Court. A decree of the 23rd Nivôse, year VII (12th Jan. 1799), restored the names of thirteen members of the Damas family to the list of the proscribed, and drew special attention to their constant and active hostility to the Revolution.[11]

When, in 1799, after the fall of the Neapolitan republic, the Comte Roger returned from Palermo with the Court, he was promoted lieutenant-general (4th Nov.) and deputed, as one of the two inspectors-general of the army, to superintend the reorganisation of the Neapolitan forces. At the end of the year 1800, while the Queen was doing her best in Vienna to prevail upon Austria to redeem her defeat in a fresh campaign, Damas took a little army into Tuscany to support the imperial troops. This expedition, like the last, was brought to a close almost as soon as it began, with a well-conducted retreat that

saved the greater number of his troops. He then took part in the negotiations that preceded the peace with the French Republic. The general with whom he had to deal was Murat. This brilliant soldier, the future King of Naples, who had so many of his own qualities, congratulated him on his talents and courage.[12] Shortly after the conclusion of the peace Damas was obliged for a time to leave the Neapolitan service on account of Acton's covert hostility, and went to live in Vienna with a pension of three thousand crowns.

Being thus condemned, in his two-fold exile, to temporary inaction, he spent his leisure like Monluc, who compiled his Commentaries "when swords were at rest." He added the story of his military adventures in Italy to the account he had already written of the campaign of 1792; but he never gave up the hope of returning to his life of wandering and battle. Marie Caroline, whom he found in Vienna, intended him to play a part in the revenge she was planning, the revenge she hoped to bring about with the help of a new European coalition. Both hated the Revolution: both, moreover, detested Bonaparte, the man who was carrying the Revolution into foreign lands. Yet their admiration of his genius was boundless. Marie Caroline, both in conversation and letters, could never say enough of the one great man of his day, the model sovereign; while Damas, in whom the soldier was always predominant, was fain to do homage to the incomparable general. But neither thought he had finally won the day; and they meant to work together in the new campaign that was being organised, with the help of England and Russia.

When the times were ripe, in October 1804, Damas was recalled by the Neapolitan government to complete the reorganisation of the army, under pretext of protecting the neutrality conditioned by the recent peace. Before adopting this course Marie Caroline asked the French minister if it would be displeasing to the government in Paris. The minister—who was the ex-conventionist Alquier—answered equivocally and not very encouragingly. His answer was ignored: Damas laid down his pen, took the road to Naples, and set to work. Upon this Alquier, who was kept informed

of his words as well as of his deeds, accused him of bombast and hostility to France, and denounced him in Paris as a dangerous firebrand, determined to bring about a war. Napoleon knew and appreciated the military qualities of the old *Condéen*. "Whenever he spoke of the courage of the *émigrés*," wrote Mme. d'Abrantès, "he always quoted the Comte Roger de Damas." On this occasion, therefore, the general who was so hastily bringing the Neapolitan army into fighting order seemed to him all the more dangerous. Three times Alquier urged in the Emperor's name, first politely and then imperiously, that Damas should be exiled and discharged from his post, as an *émigré* who had borne arms against France. It was in vain that Gallo, the Neapolitan minister in Paris, contested the fact of Damas's emigration; in vain that the Queen warmly pleaded for her faithful servant in two letters personally addressed to Napoleon. Damas was forced to give up his post temporarily (14th March, 1805 [13]); and retired to Messina in Sicily, with a salary of 60,000 *livres* and the Grand Cordon of St. Ferdinand, which made him the equal of a grandee of Spain.

This concession did not long postpone the fate of the Italian Bourbons. After Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz the results of his success were felt at the farthest extremity of the peninsula of Italy. Marie Caroline and her husband were formally deposed; their kingdom was invaded, and neither England nor Russia struck a blow in their defence. Damas was recalled from Sicily and entrusted with the defence of Calabria. His troops were inexperienced militiamen; the inhabitants of the country were indifferent or hostile; and when he reluctantly engaged in a defensive action at Campo Tenese the day was lost at the outset by the disorder and flight of his men.[14] He returned to Palermo; embarked thence some time afterwards for Trieste; and finally reached Vienna, where he remained this time for more than seven years.

It was in 1806 that Roger de Damas, having no immediate prospect of returning to public life, carried out the task of compiling his Memoirs, properly so called. At the request

of his brother the Abbé, and for the sake of those who were to come after him, he gave an account of his adventures and campaigns in various parts of Europe. After resuming and completing the story of his life in the Two Sicilies he returned to earlier days; his days at Potemkine's headquarters and in Condé's camp. The military events in which he played so prominent a part are his main theme, but the history of the various Courts and of the policy adopted by Europe in the face of the Revolution is constantly intermingled with it. As the author belonged to the vanquished side he loves to make it plain that he foresaw defeat, and that, if his advice had been followed, his party would have been victorious or would at least have resisted the conqueror. He declares that he never believed in the possibility of the *émigrés*' success, any more than he believed in the sincerity of the politicians or the ability of the foreign generals.

As for his impressions as a traveller, he says little of them. Of all the capitals he visited Copenhagen was the only one, it seems, that left him any pleasant or interesting memories. The notable people with whom he came in contact are merely described in a few lines, incorporated in his narrative; and with anecdotes and scandals he does not concern himself at all. In this matter he is very different from his fellow-writers of the Grand Army, who in many cases have been kind enough in their Memoirs to give us a full account of their prowess in the art of gallantry, and have even recorded the names of their "victims," as a conqueror records the names of his victories on the folds of his standard. Damas contents himself with giving us a discreet glimpse now and then of the sentimental distractions that formed the interludes to his campaigns. In this, again, he shows himself a typically chivalrous Frenchman. He is, moreover, a writer who is aware of his own talent, and likes, in his easy, graceful, slightly precious style, to make his merits evident, not only to his own family, but to the soldiers of the future.

As soon as he had given an account of his life between the years 1787 and 1806 Damas brought his manuscript to a close —the manuscript that is reproduced in its entirety in the first

volume of this publication. But, by way of occupying some of his enforced leisure, he continued to jot down, whenever the fancy seized him, his impressions of the most important events of the day and his most illustrious contemporaries. Here there is no sustained narrative, but a series of stray thoughts, of political and moral reflections, with a few personal recollections of the past. He has ceased to take an active part in affairs; he is no longer full of himself; he is but a disillusioned and pessimistic witness of the events of his day. His sad eyes dwell alternately on the ancient monarchies that are crumbling under the empire of Napoleon, and on the land of France, the home of all his dearest memories and deepest affections, the country from which he is exiled, perhaps for ever.

Damas, at the beginning of his sojourn in Vienna, was not called upon to face absolute loneliness. The unknown mistresses of his youth had been succeeded in his affections by the friend of his mature years—Elizabeth of Thun-Hohenstein-Klösterlohe, the wife of the Russian Ambassador in Vienna, Count André Razoumovsky. Damas had constituted himself her *cavaliere servente* during his first visit to Austria; and she accompanied him on his return to Naples, being attracted by a climate that suited her delicate health, as well as by the delights and consolations of affection. "She was a charming woman," says her recent Russian biographer, "and attached to her husband, though he made her unhappy. She was too pale and sickly to be beautiful, but possessed a charm of her own that won all hearts." [15]—"She was an angel," Damas wrote of her himself. "I became devotedly attached to her. Her husband, her sister, her friends, all sanctioned my feelings towards her. . . . Our life together was happy and delightful for us both. . . ." She returned to Vienna with her adorer early in the autumn of 1806, and two months later (23rd Dec.) succumbed to the decline that had been undermining her health for years.

From that time until 1814 Roger de Damas dragged out a weary existence—suffering, according to his own phrase, like a paralytic with a clear mind. Such of the *émigrés* as had not

returned to France, and the members of the Court circle whose society he sought, seemed to regard him as a ghost from a past age. One of the Empress's ladies of honour wrote of him: "This name (Damas), which is associated with the best days of chivalry, is borne to-day by a delightful man, who has a great reputation for chivalrous valour. . . . His conversation, and his vivacious, petulant manner, are a quaint mixture of age and youthfulness. . . ." [16]

At the cost of a few sacrifices of vanity Damas might have returned to France, at all events as a private individual. His nearest relations, attached as they were at heart to the Bourbons, had relaxed the rules that their loyalty had once imposed upon them, and adapted them to suit their present interests. His eldest brother, whose name had been erased from the list of *émigrés*, was living in obscurity on his property. His sister-in-law, who had remained in Paris, had suffered inconvenience at the hands of the police at the time of Georges's plot and the attempt with the infernal machine; but she had none the less kept up relations to some extent with the official world. In 1806 his brother the Abbé had again been banished from Paris for "showing a bad spirit in various societies." [17] Three others of his family were with the refugee princes in England. The name of Damas did not figure in the list of the imperial household. Even the Prince de Bénévent, son of a Damas, agreed with his family in welcoming the events of 1812, which led, thanks to him, to the Bourbons' restoration. Doubtless he thought, after deceiving every one, that he could at least pretend to have betrayed no one.

Meantime Roger de Damas, far from his family and country, and safe from all danger of being compromised, lived alone with the ideas that had governed him for twenty years. He had no intention of returning to Russia, where his abilities were still appreciated. Alexander inspired him with no more confidence than Paul I: he deemed him "feeble, false, and unpopular," and would have no more to do with him after he allied himself with Napoleon. He turned the key upon his Russian uniform for good and all. He would gladly have

donned his Neapolitan uniform again, if he had felt any confidence in the future of Naples; but where was there any room for hope, when Russia itself had recognised Murat as King of the Two Sicilies? But he was still attached to the service of Marie Caroline, whom he met again in Vienna after 1810, and he long awaited her orders, which never came.

So great was his longing to draw his sword again that, when war broke out in 1809, he begged the Archduke Charles to admit him to the Austrian army. All he was allowed to do was to lay his views on the plan of campaign before the minister Stadion: then, when the French were approaching Vienna, he retired to Kaschau in Hungary and finally to the borders of Poland. On his return he found a Court that was resigned to its humiliation, and a society that was incurably frivolous, while the last of Napoleon's opponents—Mme. de Staël and Pozzo di Borgo—were beginning to yield. After this he seems to have meditated joining Wellington in Portugal; but in the end the only share he took in that general's operations against Massena was to follow them upon the map. His sympathies were with the conquered, but the soldier still alive in him gave all his admiration to the conqueror. One day he went from Vienna to the island of Lobau, to tread in Napoleon's footprints. He was not thinking of the Corsican then, but of the great general; and on his return from this pilgrimage he impulsively wrote these words, of which he never repented: "Why is he not a Bourbon! How enthusiastically I should have devoted my life to winning distinction in his army! . . . It is only my repugnance to obeying a man who does not belong to the line of my natural leaders, though he has a thousand times the ability of my former rulers, that has kept me from falling upon the necks of all these Frenchmen who are such an honour to the profession of arms. . . ."

This perfectly sincere sentiment did not prevent him from desiring the "usurper's" downfall. In 1813, while he pitied Narbonne for serving under him, he abused Jomini for deserting his standard. At this time he was conversing with Gentz and corresponding with Metternich on the subject of coming

events : he was firmly persuaded that the victorious allies would not dismember France. At the same time he began to hope for a renewal of family life, for he already counted on returning to his relations in new circumstances. The Abbé de Damas had died at the end of 1812 ; the eldest of the brothers, Charles, had only one daughter, a widow who was about to be married again, to the Comte César de Chastellux. It therefore devolved on the youngest brother to carry on the line. In the summer of 1813 Roger de Damas spent more than two months in Switzerland, whither his brother and sister had come to meet him ; and no doubt it was decided at this time that he should marry Louise-Pauline de Chastellux, the sister of his new nephew. So the outlaw, whom the victories of the allies, it seemed, were about to restore to his own country, was also assured of a home of his own, a happy resting-place for his old age, when France should be in the hands of the Bourbons once more.

Roger de Damas left Vienna on the 17th February, 1814, and joined the Comte d'Artois at Nancy the moment that the Empire fell. Before setting out to Paris the prince appointed his former aide-de-camp governor of Lorraine, Alsace, and the Three Bishoprics (8th April) ; and the first person he saw on entering the capital was Roger's brother Charles, at the head of a guard of honour hastily raised to serve as an escort. A few days later some commissioners-extraordinary were charged with securing recognition of the royal authority in the provinces, and the Comte Roger was installed in his post at Nancy (22nd April).

Like the well-disciplined soldier he was, the man who was considered the greatest glory of the emigrant army had placed himself at the disposal of the Bourbons on their restoration to the throne of France ; but at heart he felt himself an exile in his own country, "more of a foreigner in his own land than were the foreigners themselves." [18] After seven years of private life he asked for nothing better than continued privacy and retirement. His mind was fixed upon the marriage arranged between himself and Mlle. de Chastellux. The wedding took place in the following August. It was about this

time that his rank as lieutenant-general—which he had obtained in Naples—was confirmed in France, and before the end of the year he received the command of the 19th military division at Lyons, a post that was practically honorary. On taking up his duties he held a review, and complimented the troops placed under his orders. The proclamation by which his appointment was made known to the country was printed in the *Moniteur*. He then returned to Paris, to await the birth of his heir.

At the end of the winter came the overwhelming news of Napoleon's landing in the Gulf of Juan. Roger de Damas was one of the first on whom it devolved, in virtue of his position, to hold the road to Paris against the great soldier who had returned from Elba like a ghost from the grave. He was at Lyons twenty-four hours earlier than the Comte d'Artois, and learnt, on his arrival, of an event that was a special grief to him. Only a few weeks earlier he had secured employment for his young brother-in-law, Colonel de Labédoyère, who had been given the 7th line-regiment, at Chambéry; and now he heard that this impenitent follower of Napoleon had unfurled the Eagle and joined the imperial army with his whole regiment. This defection, after preventing any resistance at Grenoble, weakened the defence at Lyons. Damas quickly recognised the garrison's state of mind: all were eager to acclaim the Emperor. Personally he fought to the last moment, hoping against hope. He was in the suite of the Comte d'Artois at the futile review in the Place Bellecour; he was at Macdonald's side behind the barrier on the Pont de la Guillotière. Like both of them he was obliged to fly, almost alone; and returned to Paris to place himself at the King's disposal and accompany him to Ghent.

While there he was employed (24th May) to direct an attempt at military organisation on the frontier near the Jura Mountains, with a view to recapturing Franche Comté with an armed force that should act independently of the allies. He was to claim from the Swiss Confederation the four regiments recently subsidised, which had refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon and had returned to their own country.

These Damas was to make the nucleus of his army-corps. He proceeded to Berne, where he found a supporter in the ambassador Auguste de Talleyrand, who had been his aide-de-camp in Naples in 1801; but he soon recognised the impossibility of the scheme. The Swiss wished to keep their compatriots for their own defence; the Austrians desired to have the entire direction of the operations in that region. The Comte Gaëtan de La Rochefoucauld, who had been deputed to gather up the deserters and royalist *émigrés* on the frontier, was behaving at the head of his miserable little corps as though he had an army at his disposal; a few other troops, scattered here and there, were making a half-hearted attempt at united action; everywhere there was a lack of arms and ammunition. For a month Damas struggled against difficulties that were too great for his zeal to overcome. On the 21st June, at the first rumour of Waterloo, he left Berne. He was appointed the King's commissioner in the Austrian army that entered France by the Jura. He hoisted the white standard wherever he went, and on reaching Lyons worked in concert with the prefect and mayor to restore the royal authority in that town.

When the second Restoration was an accomplished fact he was sent to the Chamber of Deputies by the electoral colleges of Haute-Marne and the Côte-d'Or, but he rarely attended the sittings, being absorbed by his military duties, which included the keeping of order in the second town of the kingdom. He soon wearied of these duties, and at the end of 1816 took a holiday from which he never returned.[19] He aspired to nothing now but to take his ease as a veteran. His services, however, were well rewarded in the persons of his kinsmen. His brother was successively granted a peerage, the command of the 18th military division (Dijon), the post of first gentleman-of-the-chambers, the *cordon bleu*, and the title of duke; while his cousins were replaced in their confidential posts in the Princes' households. As for himself, he was content with the order of a Commander of St. Louis, which took the place upon his breast hitherto occupied by the Chevalier's cross he had won in the army of the emigration.

Retiring to Cirey he devoted himself to the joys of domestic life. He then had a fresh copy made of his Memoirs and Journal—(the latter was brought to a close in February 1814) —and began a careful revision of them, which was never finished.

His last years were passed in voluntary obscurity. He was taken from those who loved him, after a long and painful illness, at the age of fifty-eight, on the 3rd September, 1823. He was buried beside the Abbé de Damas in the village cemetery. Their sister Mme. de Simiane followed them in 1837.

Since Roger de Damas was no longer a deputy, and was not a peer of France, there were no official regrets expressed at his grave-side. In 1828 a service was celebrated for the repose of his soul in a church in Burgundy, and a priest whose name we do not know made a short funeral oration. It was reported in the *Moniteur*, and for a day France was reminded of a name that had once rung from end to end of Europe. He himself, in the narratives that follow, has claimed to be remembered by posterity. At this moment, when nearly a century has gone by, and so many events and characters of the Emigration have been brought to light, the publication of these Memoirs of his may well serve to revive his memory. The task was undertaken by the Marquis Charles-Georges-Henri-Marie, grandson of the Comte Roger, and was continued after his death (9th Oct. 1908) by the wish of Mme. la marquise de Damas, who carried out her husband's intentions by confiding the work to M. Jacques Rambaud. The son of the latest French historian of Russia, and the author of a book on Naples during the early years of the nineteenth century, was well qualified by his experience and studies to introduce the hero of Ismaïl and Orbitello.

The military career of Roger de Damas was unique and unparalleled. Perhaps I may be allowed, before I close, to give a brief summary of its various phases to the reader who is about to follow it under his guidance. During the first phase he was an ordinary officer, and had a share in the most bloody victories of the Russian army over the traditional

enemies of Christianity. During the second he commanded a regiment that was composed of Frenchmen, though it formed part of an Austrian army in retreat. In the third we find him in command, first of a division of Neapolitan troops, then of a corps, and finally of a useless body of untrained men; and in each campaign his defeat was more marked, more rapid and more complete than in the last. After a brilliant and glorious career he was forced to give way and fall back before the advances of a new foe, but never unresistingly, and always weapon in hand. During the last phase of his life, in Austria and France, he was condemned either to idleness or to work in other fields than the field of battle, work that made less demand upon his proverbial courage than upon his tried devotion. Despite his many disappointments his fidelity was unshaken: he never failed in his devotion to an ideal that was growing weaker and weaker in the minds of his contemporaries; and he possessed one virtue that was of great rarity in his day—he never was a turncoat. His Memoirs show very plainly the unity of his whole life, as well as his brilliant military and mental qualities. This unity is visible even in his devotion to the feudal ideal of duty, as opposed to the patriotic ideal. "He was always a Frenchman in his soul," said the Prince de Ligne; and this remained true even when old France was no more.

LÉONCE PINGAUD.

The *Mémoires de Roger de Damas* have always remained in the hands of his direct descendants.

The manuscript, which is in a perfect state of preservation, consists of four note-books of unequal size.

The first is called: *Memories of Russia, of the war against the Turks, 1787–1791, of several operations by the Austrian and English armies, and of two campaigns with Condé's army, 1795–1798.* An allusion to the work of writing it enables us to fix the date of this manuscript. It was begun during the Count's first visit to Italy, and the rest was written in Vienna, from 1806 onwards.

One of the manuscripts, which is here placed in the right

chronological order, though it was written first, is named: *Sketch of the campaign in Champagne, 1792.*

The third manuscript: *Memories of Naples between the years 1798 and 1806*, was written during the Count's two periods of retirement in Sicily, before his departure for Vienna. It is, therefore, an absolutely contemporary document.

The last of the note-books, which bears the brief title: *Vienna, 1806 to 1814*, is almost a journal.

The only autograph pages are those of the note at the beginning of the manuscript. The latter, which the author says he was unable to re-read "consecutively," contains only a few corrections by his own hand. The copy was obviously written uninterruptedly during the same period.

In the first volume nothing has been cut out of the text, nor has the style been modified in any way. In the second part of the *Mémoires* there are numerous reflections inspired by the course of events, and here and there are tedious passages and repetitions. Nothing has been retained that does not really concern the history of the times or the life of the author.

In the case of proper names it has been thought best to restore the usual orthography, more especially as the author does not hold himself responsible for the form previously adopted. In the case of Russian proper names, however, the transcription of which is always a matter for hesitation, we have retained the form adopted in the manuscript, except in the notes.

A considerable number of letters from Queen Marie Caroline of Naples, King Ferdinand, and the Hereditary Prince, have been preserved with the *Mémoires*. The most interesting will be published in another volume. Other documents are given in this volume, or are referred to in the notes: they are derived from the same Archives, or from other public or private Archives. Especially worthy of mention are the National Archives, the records of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of War, in Paris, the Archives of Naples, the private library of H.M. the Emperor of Russia in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, and the Archives of M. le marquis de Scey, at the Château de Buthiers (Haute-Saône).

NOTE

It was at the request of my brother the Abbé that I wrote, at different times, the manuscripts contained in this portfolio; and when, in the last year of the interesting period I had pledged myself to describe for him, I lost that well-loved brother and incomparable friend, I should have burnt the whole collection if the question of my marriage had not been raised at that moment. The thought of leaving to my children a sketch of my chief occupations during an exile of twenty-six years prompted me to keep these Memoirs. To my children, and to no one else, I hereby entrust them. I flatter myself they will have sufficient delicacy to feel that neither time nor death can justify the publication of observations and reflections intended for one's own eye only, or at most for one's closest and safest friends. In perfect confidence, therefore, I leave these Memoirs to my children, together with all the papers in the other portfolios: they are merely stray records, some original and some illustrative, of the events in which I was actively concerned while in Naples, or in the Neapolitan service—the events briefly described in my paper on that kingdom.

The smallest of the portfolios—the one that is locked—contains some fragments of a long and confidential correspondence with Caroline of Austria, Queen of Naples, and some letters from the King and Hereditary Prince. I like to think that my children will take some interest and pleasure in reading my account of the difficult moments I lived through between my first departure for Russia and my return to France. If it seems to them that I have shown them the way to the path of honour my life will be sufficiently rewarded.

Their career will not be subject to the disastrous circum-

stances that I have had to encounter, but whatever their fate may be I trust I have won the right to hope that my memory may always keep their feet upon the right path and their honour unstained. This is the object of all my prayers and blessings.

I have not re-read the Memoirs consecutively since they were copied: the copyist, therefore, must be held responsible for any verbal inaccuracies that may be found.

ROGER DAMAS.

Cirey, July 1819.

It is my desire that a portfolio that will be found in my rooms in Paris—if I have not brought it hither before my death—and contains all the commissions, letters patent, and orders of the different Courts where I have been employed, should be placed with those I have preserved at Cirey as heir-looms to be handed down to my descendants, my children, grandchildren, etc. There will also be found some official and confidential registers, and letters of the same kind from ministers, princes, and others, which should also be placed with the documents I have already mentioned, and kept after my death. These important communications, some of which were telegraphic, may be of some use in placing the circumstances of my life clearly before my descendants.

ROGER DAMAS.

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If it should be my fate in the course of my career to be long parted from you, my dear brother,[1] do not deny me the satisfaction and consolation of feeling that you cannot be happy unless you be kept informed of the events that fill my life. I will especially describe those that I think likely to interest you; and if, unavoidably, there should sometimes be a long interval between the records, or if circumstances should prevent me from describing any special incident, I shall always have the pleasure of hoping that my notes will enable me to recall every period of my life, when Heaven grants me the happiness of uniting it with yours. Wherever we may be when that time comes, I shall take all the more pleasure in my peaceful existence from being able to pass in review all the vicissitudes I may have experienced.

You will remember that, two years after my education was finished, I made a tour in Prussia with my eldest brother.[2] We spent the whole of the season that is usually devoted to reviews in inspecting the products of Frederick II's reign and genius. We visited the training-camps in every part of the kingdom, and saw manœuvres and all kinds of details carried on under the best generals educated in Frederick's school. These

manœuvres, which were more calculated than anything else that one can see in Europe to give one an idea of the sublime side of war, increased my taste for a profession for which I had been intended since the age of twelve, though I had hitherto had no opportunity of feeling its full meaning and interest. When I returned to the King's Regiment [3] in France I felt less enthusiasm for those minutiæ of a soldier's duty that are so irksome in garrison life, though very necessary for the attainment of the great results achieved by the finest profession in the world. On returning to Paris after the summer months spent with the regiment, I found, during the rest of the year 1786 and the winter of 1787, that I was less intoxicated by pleasure than in the preceding years, and it began to dawn on me that this kind of dissipation would not long suffice for the happiness of my life.

The winter and summer were spent partly in town, partly in the country, and partly at Nancy; and the autumn restored me to the bosom of my family, who were then living on their property at Varennes,[4] four leagues from Fontainebleau.

This was the time of the provincial assemblies, which followed on the Assembly of the Notables, and preceded all the changes and horrors that were on the point of taking place in France, though at that time no one dreamed of the extent to which they would spread. My relations were often obliged by business affairs to stay in Melun, where the assembly of their province was held.

I spent my time in moving about, from the country to Paris and from Paris to Melun, with no special object in remaining anywhere except the satisfaction of my own feelings, my affection for my family, and my desire for amusement.

One day at Melun I was reading the papers to relieve the boredom of listening to the serious, monotonous conversation peculiar to the provinces, when I came upon an article that caught my attention. By a most curious and fantastic jest of fortune this article that I read by chance, this gazette that I had taken up in an idle moment, determined the whole course of my career and life.

The article announced that, war having been formally

declared between the Russians and Turks and an alliance concluded between Russia and Austria,[5] operations were about to begin, and that the Prince de Ligne was appointed to represent the Emperor Joseph II at the headquarters of Prince Potemkin, who was to direct the campaign of the allied armies. It was added that the Prince de Ligne had already set out, with his horses and baggage, to Elisabeth-Gorod, a little town in Tartary Nogaïs.[6]

I was left in a kind of asphyxiated state by this article, and when at last I raised my eyes I seemed to be awaking from a dream. I knew the Prince de Ligne;[7] I had already observed and learnt to value his lovable character, his excellent heart, and his chivalrous spirit; I instantly felt that he, with his generous nature, would take a real pleasure in supporting an act of impulse, and I encouraged myself in the belief that he would not refuse to help me. At the same time it occurred to me that, if I were to write to him, he would not be in a position to agree to my wishes, since then his consent would not depend on himself alone. It would be best, therefore, I felt, to steal a march upon him, and arrive suddenly without any consultation or warning whatever.

I was greatly excited, and indeed intoxicated by this idea; but feeling that it was too much opposed to the ordinary course of my life, and involved too many risks to please my relations, if I were to speak of it to them, I hid all my agitation in my own heart and remained for a few more days at Melun. I then made a pretext of some business in Paris, with a view to securing solitude, and considering quietly the whole question of the course I was about to adopt.

I had too little money at my disposal to undertake so long and expensive a journey, and to procure any more without my relations' help appeared impossible; while to start off without a single letter of recommendation or even a passport seemed quite impracticable. It was necessary, however, either to surmount these obstacles or to renounce a project that had become my one and only ambition, and the desire of my whole soul.

I conceived the plan of secretly interesting some honest banker in my scheme, and persuading him to help me without

any security but my good conscience and my honour. I had heard *Perregaux* [8] spoken of as a distinguished man in his own line, and I decided to go and broach the subject to him.

On thinking it over I saw that, as far as the passport was concerned, it was not indispensable for the first part of my journey; and that if I could once reach Berlin I could prevail on Prince Henry, who had been exceedingly kind to me during my previous visit and had had all sorts of dealings with Russia in the course of his life, to make my next step easy for me.

When this little ray of hope showed me a way out of my difficulties I jumped for joy in my room, and definitely adopted the course to which I afterwards adhered. I went to see Perregaux; confided in him frankly; and told him that I had nothing but my name to give him as a guarantee of my honour, and that my whole fate and happiness depended on him alone. I told him he might be quite sure that if my relations were informed of my intention they would oppose it; but I was ready to swear that if he would apply to my sister first, and then to the rest of my family, two months after the day of my departure from Paris, he would at once be repaid and very warmly thanked. Perregaux listened to me with all the good nature and interest for which I had hoped, though I had no claim whatever on his kindness. Never shall I forget the sympathy with which this man whom I had never seen before entered into all my motives. He said that in two days' time he would let me know the sum he could advance to me; and that I could count, not only on the money, but on his solemn promise to wait for two months before applying to my relations. I embraced him rapturously; and when I returned to him at the appointed time he placed at my disposal a hundred louis in gold, and five hundred in letters of credit on Berlin and Warsaw. This sum, added to my own money, was all I needed for a beginning.

My departure was now certain; and having had the good fortune of surmounting the chief obstacle I had time to think over the various steps it was essential for me to take. In the meantime it seemed necessary that some one, of whose discretion I was certain, should be able to inform my relations

of my absence, without at first enlightening them as to my intentions. I had until then been entirely dependent on them, and had always confided in them absolutely; and I was afraid that this first step I was taking on my own judgment would make them very anxious. I had never in my life hidden anything from my eldest brother, and I chose him as the guardian of my secret. He took fright at first, and tried to turn me from my course; but when he saw that my resolve could not be shaken, and that it would make me too unhappy to give up my plan, he decided to leave me to my fate and promised not to tell our relations about it until my absence had been discovered. I then determined to set out in a few days' time, as it was only thus that I could make sure of removing the difficulties.

It is quite right to lay down as a principle that one should think over a course of action very carefully before adopting it; but another principle is equally essential—to reflect promptly, and learn to estimate at the first glance the various advantages and inconveniences of a given resolution. I had made all the preparations indispensable for so long a journey, and a measure so foreign to all my previous experience, and the eve of my departure had arrived, when it was delayed by an incident that was as unexpected as it was curious: the Comte Wall,[9] who was in the King's Regiment and lived in Paris with his wife, was killed in a duel in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The meeting was so arranged that no one in the world ever discovered exactly what took place, nor who his adversary was: it was known that he left his carriage at Fontainebleau, proceeded to the forest on foot, and disappeared. This extraordinary adventure instantly became the talk of all Paris; every one was puzzling over the man's identity; there was no evidence whatever. Who, it was asked, used that road habitually? Attention was drawn to our family-property; it was pointed out that we were in the King's Regiment, and that eighteen months earlier I had fought a duel with the Comte de Broglie, the dead man's intimate friend. Then it was said that perhaps I was the Comte Wall's opponent. Great was my astonishment when my brother came

to tell me of this suggestion. At the same time I agreed with him that I should give countenance to the ridiculous idea by leaving France at that moment. I postponed my journey without a moment's hesitation; I showed myself everywhere; I went to pay my court at Versailles as often as usual; and I allowed ample time for people to make all the needful inquiries, which could not fail to relieve me from the annoyance of this absurd tale. At last, after three weeks had gone by, I was in M. le comte d'Artois's apartments one day when he said in a loud voice that the King knew all the secret details of the incident in question. He would satisfy no one's curiosity, he added, by mentioning the name of the Comte Wall's adversary: he would merely say that it was not any one of his acquaintance. It seemed probable, since so much mystery was made about it, that the affair would long remain a secret; and therefore my brother and I came to the conclusion that I need no longer take it into my calculations. I proceeded to carry out my plans without any further reference to the episode that had postponed them.

At midnight of the 11th December, 1787, I embraced my brother, stepped into my post-chaise, and, putting my trust in my star—which was as yet quite untested—took the road to Strasbourg. My postillion took me along at a very leisurely pace, and the sluggishness of my progress, combined with the darkness, brought forcibly before my mind how many paces lay between me and Tartary, how uncertain I was of success, how much colder I should be as every day went by, how bad the roads would be, how my chaise would fall to pieces, and how many miseries I should have to endure. My heart began to beat violently, and I felt painfully lonely; but I told myself it was a disgrace to be so much agitated, I forced myself to be firm, I shook off all my gloomy thoughts, and on the fourth day I arrived at Strasbourg.

On the day after my departure from Paris, my brother set out to Melun, feeling greatly embarrassed and very sad on account of the news he had to tell. My relations were surprised not to see me with him; he stammered, and excused my absence as best he could; he was questioned more closely than

he had expected to be; and finally, after being pressed and urged to explain himself, he told the whole story. My relations were wounded by my secrecy, and, above all, anxious and unhappy about my enterprise, the results of which they could not foresee nor estimate. My uncle,[10] who had more authority and influence over me than the others, decided to make a last attempt to dissuade me, and wrote me the most loving, and, at the same time, the most peremptory letter, bidding me return to him. This he despatched by a courier, who reached Strasbourg a few hours after my arrival. I was haunted by a mysterious feeling that something of the kind would occur, and with a view to leaving the place as quickly as possible I hurried off in search of the German coach that was to replace my post-chaise. My feelings were dreadfully harrowed, however, when I opened my letters. I passed the night in a painful state of agitation: a letter from my aunt, more tactful and touching than my uncle's, nearly made me sacrifice everything to her wishes; but I came to the conclusion that it would be sheer folly to be governed by my heart rather than by my head. I felt certain that I should be pursued by regrets for the rest of my life, and that my return would be the end of my independence: in short, an unconquerable instinct made me refuse irrevocably to retrace my steps. In my answer I expressed all the gratitude and affection that were in my heart; I promised my relations that the memory of their kindness and goodness should be my guide as long as I lived; and twenty-four hours afterwards I sent away the courier. As soon as my travelling arrangements were completed I drove over the Pont de Kehl, and summoned all my patience and hope to my aid.

We all know what it is to travel in Germany: the stoicism that is required to match the postillions' apathy, the resignation that one has to cultivate, the intolerably sluggish pace that makes one feel as though the goal were receding all the time. These conditions, combined with my mental agitation, made the first days of my journey very disagreeable; but I gradually grew accustomed to my circumstances, and was conscious of nothing but the future.

One evening I arrived at a posting-house in the most appallingly cold and snowy weather, and saw in the courtyard a large travelling-carriage, which was a sufficient sign that I should be unable to procure fresh horses, and should have a long time to wait for them. I left my carriage, with the intention of warming myself indoors; but the only room that contained a fire was occupied by my fellow-traveller, and I felt much aggrieved at being inconvenienced by him in so many ways. He and I, for want of something to do, inquired each other's names at the same moment. His valet told me he was called M. de Mayer. "Well," I said, "go and tell M. de Mayer that a traveller, who is dying of cold and is prevented by him from continuing his journey, begs to be allowed to warm himself at the stove." The gentleman made me welcome at once: judging from his face, he was an agreeable and reputable person: his manners were polished and courteous. I simplified the opening of our conversation by begging him to tell me in what army he was serving. "In the Russian army," he answered; "and I am hurrying to join it now, for it is perhaps fighting the Turks at this moment." It can easily be imagined what a stroke of good luck it was for me to be able, owing to this happy chance, to obtain all the information I required, in a secret and indirect way. By dint of being very civil, and showing a great desire to please this M. de Mayer, I lured him into a conversation that was of incalculable interest to me, and I was rejoicing in all the information I had already gathered when we were told that our horses were harnessed. "Monsieur," said M. de Mayer, "I expect our valets will bore us after a time. It seems to me we might put them both in your carriage, and have a talk, ourselves, in mine." I accepted the suggestion with the greatest delight, and we set off.

There are natures so engaging and sociable that they can quickly overcome all the embarrassment and stiffness of a new acquaintanceship such as this. My fellow-traveller possessed a nature of this kind, and we had not covered half the first stage before we were chatting like old friends, if not, perhaps, like confidential ones. My new friend had such distinguished manners, such a cultivated mind, so much knowledge of the

usages of society, and such a luxurious carriage that the name of Mayer did not strike me as representing him at all adequately. I told him so, and he then informed me that he was travelling incognito under this name, but was really the Prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg,[11] a lieutenant-general in the service of his cousin, Catherine II.

This was indeed a stroke of fortune—an initial benefaction on the part of my star! At the same time it behoved me to be more than ever discreet. It would be a good thing to make him interested in me, but dangerous to let him know the object of my journey. I gave him no hint beyond my intention of visiting Berlin, where I had been so kindly treated in the previous year, and my love for the profession in which I had engaged so young, and to which I wished to devote my whole life. However, while discoursing at large upon the different European armies, the generals who had won renown in them, and the various sovereigns and their ministers, I had no difficulty in leading him to speak of Catherine II, Prince Potemkin, and the special characteristics and customs of the army and Court of Russia. I expressed so much admiration for his way of dealing with the subjects on which I was indiscreet enough to question him that at last he was induced to say: "I regret extremely, monsieur, that Her Majesty the Empress should have determined to admit no volunteers to her army, for I cannot help thinking you would have liked to see the reality of all these things that I can only describe to you."

I had sufficient self-control to avoid betraying the dismay I felt on hearing these words, and I endeavoured to convince him that any such idea was far from my mind. The more resolutely the Empress had determined to admit no foreign volunteers to her army the more certain it was that I could only succeed in my object by preserving the strictest secrecy.

In the course of that night I obtained from the Prince of Anhalt a great deal of information that was most useful to me. At the outskirts of Leipzig we parted; he had some business to do there; and after many pretty speeches, which as far as I was concerned were very flattering, we engaged to meet in Berlin as soon as he arrived.

This incident, while it left me very uneasy as regards the Empress's resolution, was very satisfactory in other respects. I was less ignorant of what lay before me; I was on a more open path, so to speak; but my arrival in Berlin was a critical moment, since it was here I had to force an entrance to the road I wished to travel. As I have already said, I had no letters of introduction, nor had I even a passport: I had nothing to depend upon save my visit of the previous year, and nothing to excuse my lack of credentials but the kind reception that was given me then.

I arrived at last; and on alighting at the hotel sent to inquire of M. d'Esterno, the French Minister,[12] at what hour I should find him at home. He was away, of which circumstance I was ignorant; but M. Falciola,[13] his secretary of legation, came to see me at once on reading my letter. I told him I had been rather dull in Paris, where every one seemed, that winter, to be absorbed in very melancholy and profound affairs; and I had therefore determined to spend the next few months in travel. After a short sojourn in Berlin, however, I could not make up my mind whether to go to Holland or to Poland: I had no definite object, except to be quit of the threadbare topics of conversation at present popular in Paris, and the constant discussions on a future that promised to be very stormy. In these approaching events, I said, neither my age nor my position qualified me to take an active part; and I hoped that, as he knew me to have carried out all the needful formalities when I was travelling in the previous year, he would insist upon no further explanation and would give me all the help and attention in his power.

He advised and requested me not to pay my court, as there was a certain amount of friction between the two Powers, on the subject of Holland. As is well known, it was in that year that the Duke of Brunswick entered Holland with a body of Prussian troops. The only opposition brought by the Archbishop of Sens [14] was a futile measure not worth considering: he despatched to the assistance of the patriotic party about fifty engineers and artillerymen in disguise, who were taken prisoners by the Duke of Brunswick. It is obvious that a

measure so unworthy of a great Power could only result in ridicule, and it has since been sufficiently proved that if the Archbishop of Sens had allowed France to play her rightful part in European politics at this time, not only would the Duke of Brunswick's attempt have failed, but a far more important event, the French Revolution, would never have taken place.[15]

I submitted, as was but right, to this official request, and promised that my only visits should be to Prince Henry, either in Berlin or at his place at Rheinsberg, and to Prince and Princess Ferdinand, in whose house I had stayed on very intimate terms when I was last in Berlin.[16]

Two days after my arrival I was greatly astonished to receive a visit from one of the King's adjutants, who, after introducing himself in the most courteous way, told me that the King had seen my name on the list of arrivals, and was surprised and pained that I had made no attempt to see him; that the change in his position had not made him forget the time when, as Crown Prince, he had made my acquaintance; and that he hoped I should not stay in Berlin without renewing it. I expressed the greatest gratitude; and it seemed to me that there was no reason against my telling the adjutant why I was deprived of the honour of making my court to the King: if the French Minister had any real reason against my doing so he would surely prefer the reason to be known. The adjutant appeared much embarrassed, and promised me he would immediately repeat to the King the information I had given him so frankly. I begged him to assure the King of my profound regret and respect; and he then left me. Two hours later he returned, with a message from the King. His Majesty assured me he would be much distressed if M. Falciola believed him to be anything but the friend of the King of France, and he felt it very strange that his intentions and thoughts should have been so little understood. He would write a personal letter to the King of France, he said, to inform him of M. Falciola's proceedings and mistakes in the matter, and in the meantime he hoped I should feel there was no reason against my going to see him. I again assured the adjutant of my great desire

to do so, and undertook to present myself at the palace at the hour fixed by the King.

I hurried off to tell M. Falciola of the results of his advice. He was very uneasy as to the consequences the affair might have for himself; but I plainly saw he was acting in accordance with instructions, for he was unable to accompany me to the Court.

The King received me with all the kindness he had previously shown me, when he was living quietly in Potsdam under his uncle's severe regime;[17] but he said nothing of the circumstances that had led to the incident of the morning. He only spoke of Paris, his accession to the throne, and other general topics. After half-an-hour's conversation he dismissed me, expressing a desire to see me again; but in my heart I was devoutly hoping that my prompt departure from his dominions would leave me no time to have that honour. After dinner I presented myself at Prince Ferdinand's palace, where I was kept the whole evening. There I found the Prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg. We met as though the link between us were several years old, and for a moment I felt a strong impulse to confide in him, so great was my esteem and friendship; but he was on his way to Petersburg, and afterwards I felt very strongly that I should have been most imprudent to place my fate and my secret in the hands of any man. My only chance of carrying out my scheme lay in keeping it a secret from Petersburg until I was quite secure against a mere ministerial refusal. The next day I set out to Rheinsberg,[18] where Prince Henry was spending the winter, in a state of great displeasure with his nephew and with the new government, whose lack of confidence in him had disappointed his hopes.

I had only spent four days in Berlin; and as I hoped that Prince Henry would help me to continue my journey I had arranged to go on from Rheinsberg, if it were possible, without returning to Berlin. "What!" said Prince Henry, as I entered his room. "A Parisian at Rheinsberg in the heart of the winter?" "Parisians who are too young to take part in affairs of state," I answered, "and who ought to have no ties save their profession, can have no greater pleasure than to pay

their court to Prince Henry; and I entreat him to believe that my admiration and homage are proof against all the seasons." He presented me to the seven or eight persons who formed his circle, and the conversation was resumed, on topics that were of more or less importance, but of invariable interest. This continued until he was told that his presence was awaited in the theatre, whither he took me with him to hear the opera *Atys*.[19] His servants, in very fine costumes, sang the choruses badly; the principal parts were taken by actors of mediocre talent; and the whole performance could have had no attractions for any one but the prince, and none for him except at Rheinsberg. It pleased him because it was in French, and because he loved music, however badly it was executed. After the opera we repaired to another part of the palace for supper; and after supper half-an-hour's conversation on the French theatre led us to the time that the prince retired. He told me he hoped I should give him several days, and insisted on it very kindly. Then we all separated.

The prince's adjutant told me that it was the custom here to leave the guests free to dispose of the morning as they would, that they all assembled an hour before dinner-time, and that the routine of every day was the same. On the following morning, therefore, I was able to rest until noon, and to think over the best way of entering upon the subject of my own concerns. I preferred, instead of consulting Prince Henry about my scheme, to lay it before him as a settled matter, at the same time pointing out the great advantage it would be to me to have the help and protection of his support, and the special pleasure it would give me to carry out my plans under such happy auspices. This was the line I took when, on the first favourable opportunity he was kind enough to give me, I opened the subject on the following day. I cannot quite account for the immense surprise that my project seemed to cause him. He used this expression, among others: *the whole of Russia is not worth the trouble you intend to take*.[20] That the matters of vast import which were being contested by two armies of some size were not worth the attention of a youth of twenty was not an objection nor a consideration, I felt, that

need intimidate me; and I easily made him confess that a man might risk a journey, even for a smaller object. "But indeed," he said, "I hardly see how I can be of any good to you, for I have fallen out with all the important people in Russia." I then explained to him that the Prince de Ligne's presence at headquarters would serve as a base for all my future operations, and that the great use he could be to me lay in helping me to reach that spot. "I only see one means I can employ," he said, "and I hope a good deal may be effected by it. It is to give you a letter to Count Stackelberg,[21] the Russian Ambassador at Warsaw, who is still my friend, and will do his best for you on my recommendation." I asked for nothing more; this was all I could wish, and my heart began to beat quickly in my joy at finding another obstacle surmounted. The prince asked me if my hurry were so great that I could not sacrifice a day or two to him. I knew better than to refuse so flattering an invitation, and fixed the next day but one for my departure. "Well," he said, "we will spend the time chatting over your plan, and making some meat-lozenges and stew to keep you from dying of hunger in the *most villainous country* you ever saw." Everything showed me, during the rest of the time we spent together, that he had a great grievance against Russia, that he heartily disliked all its characteristics and inhabitants, and that, for purely personal reasons, he thought very poorly of that Power. His grievances had no relation whatever to my ambitions, and his abuse of the country did not in any way lessen my curiosity to make its acquaintance. I was thankful to him for encouraging my hopes, and bore him no grudge for trying at the same time to damp my pleasure; and I left him with my heart full of gratitude for the four days during which he had deigned to devote so much time to my fate and my future.

I travelled from Rheinsberg to Warsaw as quickly as possible, by way of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Meseritz, and Posen. On my arrival I immediately waited on Count Stackelberg, who combined a most dignified manner with an air of great courtesy and a very agreeable address. I gave him the letter that I had for him: thenceforward my progress would depend on the

amount of support that I received from him. The smiling face with which he read the letter, however, gave me hopes that he would consider the matter favourably; and when he had finished he said: "This wish of yours, monsieur, and of H.R.H. Prince Henry, is totally opposed to the instructions I have received from my Court, and you and I are both in a very awkward position. However, we will do our best to get out of it. You must choose between two alternatives: if you intend to spend a few days here and learn something of Warsaw, I hope you will honour me by coming this evening to a ball and supper-party I am giving, where you will meet all the best society of Poland; but in that case I warn you I shall only be able to give you a passport to Petersburg, where, I assure you, your wishes will be very strongly opposed. Are you willing, on the other hand, to show yourself nowhere and keep your visit to Warsaw a secret? In that case I shall be delighted to give you a passport to Elisabeth-Gorod, our headquarters. It will take you into the very room of the Prince de Ligne, and there you can settle all your affairs."

I had never met Count Stackelberg before: his manners, his face, and his palace were all impressive: but, throwing all the conventionalities to the winds, I fell upon his neck and embraced him in my delight and gratitude. He gave some orders to his secretary, and while they were being carried out he discoursed to me on the most important facts for me to know on reaching headquarters. The passport arrived; I vowed eternal devotion and attachment to the Count; and two hours after leaving his room I was out of Warsaw.

In this short space of time the landlord of my hotel had succeeded in finding me a Polish lackey, who spoke German and Russian equally well, and turned out, by a lucky chance, to be an excellent fellow. But it was during this last stage of my long journey that my patience was tried the most. The roads were shocking, the horses were screws, the postillions were Jews, Prince Henry's meat-lozenges were my only food; my carriage, a sorry thing at best, was perpetually breaking or upsetting in the snow-filled ditches; the nights were long and bitterly cold; shelters were rare, and always disgusting.

In short, during the twelve days of my journey to that mountain of Tartary Nogaïs, which I desired to reach at any cost, I met with all the inconveniences usually experienced on the most laborious travels; but my goal was too constantly before my mind to leave room for any other thought, and the moment that I set eyes on the first hovel of that pitiable town, Elisabeth-Gorod, is the last moment I am ever likely to forget.

It was eleven o'clock at night, on the 12th January, 1788, when my postillions drew up before a sort of café or public billiard-room in this little town. I inquired, through my Polish lackey, whether the Prince de Ligne's dwelling were known here. One of his servants happened to be playing billiards at the moment, and I sent for him. He told me that his master lived at the top of the mountain, in the fortress, close to Prince Potemkin. I begged him to guide me to the place, but as I did not wish Prince Potemkin to make inquiries about the new arrival before I had seen the Prince de Ligne, I left my carriage to follow me slowly and accompanied the servant on foot. It took us half-an-hour to reach the summit of the mountain: at last I entered the fortress, and the servant took me into a house that contained two wretched, dirty little rooms—the house of the Prince de Ligne. I begged his valet to tell him he was entreated to return immediately; and I impressed upon the man to give him no description at all of the stranger who was awaiting him. A few moments later the Prince de Ligne entered the room. It must be remembered that he never forgot any one who reminded him of Parisian society—the society he enjoyed the most; and this will explain the fact that he was as glad to see me as if he loved me to distraction. I explained to him as tersely as I could what had led me to join him in spite of every obstacle, and to count on his incomparable kindness and help, either to secure my admission to the Russian army, or to allow me to don the grey coat and follow him, with no object except to learn a soldier's duty and to fight at his side. The Prince de Ligne embraced me, and gave me his sympathy and consent, before I had finished speaking. "Stay here," he said. "Brush yourself up a little

bit, and wait for me: I hope you will soon be pleased with me, and rewarded for your folly." In a quarter of an hour I was washed, combed, powdered, and equipped in the pretty uniform of the King's Regiment;[22] and quite as ready to accompany my charming mentor to headquarters as I had been, in the old days, to go with him to the Opera Ball, for it always seemed to me that his presence and favour portended pleasure in time of peace, and success in time of war.

The Prince de Ligne was as active in rendering a service as he was fortunate and ingenious in the means he employed, and he came to fetch me a few moments later with an air that seemed to promise me success. I followed him across the courtyard of the fortress, which was illuminated only by the whiteness of the snow, and had a melancholy appearance that was far from preparing me for what I was about to see. Two sentinels, who were on guard near a very large wooden house, showed us the door beyond which lay the end of all my anxiety and doubt, and, I may add, the end of my fatigue, which counted for something after so long and laborious a journey at that season of the year. We entered an immense outer hall, full of orderlies belonging to different regiments, and men of all kinds of inferior rank. From this hall was visible a long suite of rooms, all as brightly lighted as they would have been on the day of a fête in some capital city. The first room beyond the hall contained all the aides-de-camp and officers in attendance on the prince; in the second was a magnificent orchestra, composed of the best musicians of Italy and conducted by the famous Sarti;[23] in the third was a billiard-table, surrounded by thirty or forty generals of all ranks, wearing their decorations above their coats. To the left of the billiard-table was a card-table, at which Prince Potemkin was seated with his niece[24] and one of the Russian generals.

The prince rose, and received me with the greatest courtesy. I greeted him respectfully, and told him that I had dared to count upon the Prince de Ligne's help, to secure me the happiness of begging for his; that I had been destined from childhood for the profession of arms, and should regard it as the greatest advantage to my career to begin it in his school; that

even supposing the Court to have decided against the admission of foreigners I thought I was too insignificant to be included in this prohibition, and in any case, if he would graciously permit me to remain with him, I should be willing to serve under him without any rank, and, if necessary, without any uniform.

The prince told me, in very flattering terms, that he could not respond to my overtures as he would wish, before receiving the Empress's orders in the matter, but that a courier should convey his request to Her Majesty that same evening. While awaiting the courier's return he begged me to stay with the Prince de Ligne—though he thought I should be very uncomfortable—and to come to his own quarters every day and spend as much time there as I liked. He gave me a seat at his side and conversed with me about my journey, and Berlin, and Paris; and when supper was ready he kept me at the table that was laid for himself, his niece, the Prince de Ligne, and one or two others, while all the generals went to a larger table. He was kind enough to treat me with especially gracious attention, and when he dismissed us at midnight he again assured me of the pleasure it would give him to fulfil my wishes.[25]

In the course of the evening the Prince de Ligne had presented me to Prince Repnin [26]—commander-in-chief under Prince Potemkin—to Prince George Dolgorouky,[27] who was in command of the cavalry, and to all the other generals. I had now surmounted the most difficult and embarrassing obstacle in my path, and my heart was so light in consequence that no subsequent event of my life has ever made me forget the happiness and satisfaction of that moment, which I have recalled again and again with unfailing delight.

As soon as the Prince de Ligne and I had returned to our wretched little dwelling, which seemed to me to surpass all the palaces of the world, we set to work upon a letter to the Comte de Ségur, the French Ambassador at Petersburg.[28] He was on terms of friendship with all my relations and I knew him personally myself. I claimed his consideration and protection as Comte de Ségur (and even as my kinsman), in case he should be unable to grant them in the capacity of French Minister:

I assured him that in one way or another I should take the field with the Russians, and told him I trusted that his kindness of heart, his friendship for my family, and the sympathy I hoped he would feel for a Frenchman who had risked everything through love of his profession, would lead him to watch over my interests and clear away any difficulties that might hamper my zeal. The Prince de Ligne sent our letters to the secretary's office, and they went off with the courier. I slept in peace for the first time since I had left Paris, thirty-one days previously.

On the following day we entered upon a life of routine, which continued for the three months that elapsed before the beginning of hostilities. A part of every morning was devoted to learning the Russian language with great ardour. We had a military vocabulary drawn up for us, which the Prince de Ligne and I repeated to one another, and soon committed to memory by dint of this emulation. He insisted on my learning the words *bayonet* and *victory* before the words *bread* and *wine*, which seemed to us of very secondary interest. We dined nearly every day with Prince Potemkin, and nearly always at his own table, to which only five or six persons were admitted. It was very rarely that he sat at the large table. Sometimes we visited Prince Repnin or some of the generals, but the evenings were invariably spent at Prince Potemkin's quarters, where the variety of amusements, the society present, and the luxury that reigned made one forget one was in Tartary.

Monotonous and solitary as a place like this corner of the Empire may be, especially in winter, it is by no means necessary to be wearied or dull there. There is sufficient occupation in observing all the unfamiliar characteristics of the people, their customs, and even their clothes; and these interesting details that are so constantly brought to one's notice are sure, in time, to produce large results, and lead to most important employments. In this way my days fled past like hours. The Prince de Ligne's goodness, Prince Potemkin's kindness and attention, and the courtesy of all the generals, became more marked towards me every day; and all through the war I had not a single experience that did not show me the value of these first

days after my arrival. This period of my life is graven upon my memory and heart for ever; and as I recall the hours of it, one by one and quarter by quarter, I can remember none that did not give me some cause for satisfaction and perfect happiness.

So wide was the range of Prince Potemkin's abilities and character, that he gave us examples every day of all the variations and shades that lie between the gentleness, amiability, and courtesy of a man of the most perfect breeding, and the severity, arrogance, and hardness of the most absolute despot. He had a supernatural power of giving exact expression to every inward feeling, and while he persecuted those who offended or displeased him, he would flatter and indulge every one he admired and valued. His conceptions were profound, but his methods of developing them inadequate; he was quick and ingenious in his work, but trivial in his amusements. He would attend to everything at the same time; would give orders simultaneously on the most diverse subjects; would turn over in his head, at the same moment, a scheme for destroying the Ottoman Empire and a plan to build a palace in Petersburg, a project for changing the uniform of the entire army and another for providing a trousseau for one of his nieces; but he never mixed his ideas to the extent of confusing those who had to carry them out. His inconceivable irregularities followed a regular and imperturbable course. He had cleared and captured all the roads of ambition and pleasure; he knew the difficulties and dangers of every step of the way; he knew the right moment to advance, to climb, to take a downward course, or move aside, the sooner to reach his goal—to govern without a rival and amuse himself without restraint. Prince Potemkin subordinated the art of war, the science of politics, and the government of the kingdom to his individual passions: he was thorough in nothing, but knew something of everything, and his marvellous instinct helped him to apply his knowledge. His power was derived from his character and mother-wit rather than from his talents; but the vitality and strength of the former were so great that the inferiority of the latter passed unnoticed, and he seemed to dominate by right of conquest. He despised his compatriots, and exasper-

ated them by his haughty ways; he loved foreigners, and captivated them by the charm and delicacy of his attentions. He finally brought the whole Empire under subjection by his arbitrary method of blending European graciousness with Asiatic arrogance.

Prince Repnin, who held the chief command under Prince Potemkin, possessed neither talents nor character; but the social gifts, and the dignified, agreeable manners that were his in perfection, made him a very pleasant and interesting companion. I will speak of the other generals when describing the various events of the war.

A fortnight after my arrival the courier to whom I have referred came back from Petersburg. Prince Potemkin informed me with his usual graciousness that the Empress was willing to make an exception in my favour, and would admit me to her army. This act of indulgence was accompanied by many flattering circumstances: she paid me the special compliment of asking me to wear her uniform[29] alternately with that of the King, my master, and graciously undertook to write to him on the subject herself. She was kind enough to accede to my request with all the elegance and charm of expression that she possessed to such a remarkable degree, and the spokesman who transmitted her consent to me added to it all the graciousness that was so natural to him. The Comte de Ségur wrote to Prince Potemkin the most charming letter that he ever penned. Without committing himself, he begged the prince's support and care for a young man who would not fail, he said, to redeem, in his master's eyes, the thoughtlessness of his conduct by his zeal and excellent behaviour. He brought the full influence of his romantic style of writing, his own personality, and his special characteristics as a Frenchman, to bear on the two Courts and on Prince Potemkin; and while his letter gave me the necessary support, he was careful, as was only right for a man in his position, to repudiate all responsibility as a minister.[30] I received an equally charming letter from him myself, and blameworthy as I feel some of his later actions to have been, his mistakes can never efface my grateful memories of him,

II

The Prince de Ligne—The Prince of Nassau in command of the flotilla in the Black Sea—Strange reception by General Souvorof—The author's first engagement with the Turkish flotilla—Heroic end of Captain Sacken—Misunderstanding between Paul Jones and Nassau—Naval engagements of the Liman (June–July 1788)—Damas boards the Turkish flagship—Anecdote of the Prince of Nassau.

Now that I was compensated for all my anxieties, and rewarded for coming straight to the army, by which method alone I had saved myself from a refusal, I had no further thought except to deserve all the approbation that I was receiving before I had won it. I made a great effort to appear, as far as my deportment, occupations, and words were concerned, ten years older than I really was, in the hope of persuading the Russian nation to believe (if it were possible) that there existed a Frenchman of sober manners and moderate speech, who was more disposed to be pleased than to grumble, and was profoundly grateful for the kindnesses lavished upon him. Sometimes, when we were alone together, that good fellow the Prince de Ligne entreated me to be merciful, and spare him the exhibition of my steadiness; upon which, after making sure that no one was listening, I would begin to bawl opera-tunes at him, which made him beg for mercy with more reason. By way of a change we would make Parisian society our topic, and would talk all sorts of nonsense, an art in which he excelled while I was merely an amateur. The Prince de Ligne is so conspicuous and well-known a character that if I were to attempt to describe him I should be blamed for depreciating his rare and delightful qualities. I shall therefore lay stress upon one quality only, which no one can have observed as closely as I. It is the rarest virtue in the world: the power of being, in every circumstance of life, at every moment of the day or night, perfectly equable and good-natured and witty, and of

turning in a moment from frivolous matters to grave ones, without being any the less gay when the serious interlude is over. This social gift, which no man should make a virtue of possessing, requires for its perfection, I think, the sort of health that the prince enjoys: not a cold in the head, not a single headache, not one attack of indigestion has he had in his life. To this fact I would fain attribute his incomparable good-humour, lest any one should find it oppressive.

Towards the end of March we were joined by the Prince of Nassau-Siegen.[1] When in Petersburg he had met Prince Potemkin, who paid him the compliments that his career deserved, and gave him a vague invitation, in the case of war breaking out, to serve in the Russian army. The Prince of Nassau, who is highly skilled in the art of calling attention to himself, came in person to remind Prince Potemkin of the invitation, which the latter had long ago forgotten. This created a good deal of embarrassment on both sides, and the Prince of Nassau spent a fortnight or three weeks at head-quarters, in the uniform of a French general, without knowing what would be the issue of his sudden apparition.

The Prince de Ligne, who has been his friend since they were both young, spoke of him to Prince Potemkin, to whom he easily proved that great advantage might be derived from employing the Prince of Nassau in a war against the Turks, since he was able to undertake all kinds of commands. His fantastic star, indeed, had almost made a sailor of him, when it led him round the world with M. de Bougainville. "Almost a sailor, is he?" answered Prince Potemkin. "I have something that will suit him, then! I'll give him the flotilla, and prove to him that there is no other way of employing him so usefully and successfully in the service of our cause and his own vanity." In another hour the command had been offered and accepted.

The flotilla of the Black Sea was to open hostilities in the Liman, or estuary of the Borysthenes;[2] Prince Potemkin's army of fifty thousand men was then to invest Otchakow and lay siege to it; and at the same time Marshal Romanzow's[3] army of the same strength was to take possession of Moldavia,

march upon the Dniester, capture the forts on that river, or besiege the more important of them, and by this means reach the mouth of the Danube. The Austrian army, under Joseph II, entered Banat, crossed the River Temes, and turned towards Mehadia, with a view to capturing the fortified towns of that district, invading Wallachia, and besieging Giurgevo, Vidin, Orsova, and Belgrade; while an army-corps composed of Austrians and Russians, commanded by the Prince of Coburg [4] and Count Soltikov,[5] was to besiege Choczim.

It seemed reasonable to hope that this plan of operations, if promptly begun and accurately followed, would oblige the Turks to fall back upon the mountains in the course of the first campaign, and give them occasion to fear for the safety of Constantinople by the end of the second. We shall see, in the sequel, the result of this scheme: it was with a view to designing it, planning it, and celebrating it, that Catherine II and Joseph II made their famous journey to the Crimea, on which occasion every romantic device of imagination and luxury was exhibited for their enjoyment.

Joseph II had adopted the scheme of the allied forces with all his native impetuosity, and was giving a good example by pressing forward his arrangements and the advance of his army. Catherine was fulfilling her engagements in a more prudent and leisurely manner; and Prince Potemkin, on whom it devolved to carry out her orders, was directing the operations with great skill, with one eye on his sovereign's interests and one on his own. He was considering the former when he allowed Joseph II to draw the Turkish troops in his own direction, and the latter when he conceived the secret intention of paralysing Marshal Romanzow's actions, in order that he himself might monopolise all the success and achievement of the war. It was with the object of harmonising the operations of the Austrian and Russian armies that the Prince de Ligne was living at headquarters, and I have often heard him groaning over the futility of his efforts to bring more energy and good faith into the proceedings—proceedings on which the repute of the two Courts depended.

When the Prince of Nassau was definitely appointed to

command the flotilla,[6] I conceived a most earnest desire to go with him, in order to start upon the campaign without delay; but it was a difficult matter to ask Prince Potemkin to separate me from himself, without seeming ungrateful for what I owed him. The Prince of Nassau was kind enough to express a wish for my company, but from motives of delicacy was unable to express it often. The Prince de Ligne repeatedly hinted that I was impatient to prove my gratitude to Prince Potemkin by seeking, as soon as possible, to justify his goodness to me; but at first Prince Potemkin would not allow the question to be broached to him, and often repeated that it was with him I was to take the field. However, as he was not to leave until several weeks later than the Prince of Nassau, the Prince de Ligne pointed out to him that I could join him on his approach to Otchakow, and that he had no reason to doubt my desire to do so. He consented at last; and when he gave me his permission in person made me pledge myself to join him as soon as he should be near Otchakow.

My equipment was all ready; I had as many horses as I should need, and our departure was fixed for the 7th April, 1788. I had often sent news of myself to my relations, and had heard from them that the banker Perregaux had been reimbursed, and that they would take care not to let me be short of money. This was what I had expected of them, as soon as they knew of my admission to the army. But an opportunity arose which enabled me, with Prince Potemkin's help, to send them more details than I had ever dared to give them through the post. The prince decided to send his favourite aide-de-camp to Paris, to make a few purchases conducive to his comfort, and to try and secure the services of the best surgeon and the best engineer that France could provide. The Prince de Ligne undertook to write the letters of introduction necessary for procuring the engineer, while I did the same in the matter of the surgeon and the purchases.

My relations showed their affection for me by receiving the aide-de-camp as cordially and kindly as I could wish. They asked him to stay with them, and gave him every assistance in his business as well as his pleasures. They persuaded the Duc

de Guiche to give leave of absence to the senior surgeon of his company of the bodyguard, who happened to be one of the first surgeons in France (and was given the order of St. Michael [7] two years later, owing to their efforts); they superintended all the purchases that were designed to satisfy Prince Potemkin's various tastes, and in this way did their best to make some return for his many kindnesses to me. He was extremely gratified, and became more than ever attentive to me.

On the 7th April, 1788, I parted from him, and set out with the Prince of Nassau, who also seemed to take the liveliest interest in me. I felt he was giving me the strongest proof of this interest when he swore to me, as we started, that before two months were past I should either be killed or should have the Cross of St. George. It is not easy to win his friendship: his character is not without its weaknesses, and his excessive vanity makes him so sensitive that no young man can remain on good terms with him without the exercise of tact and much care. But his sense of honour is very acute, and I made such a point of keeping mine up to the mark to match his, that he ended by using it as though it were his own. Being a warrior rather than a man of reason he cannot hold out against this style of flattery, and I always found it successful. We proceeded to Kherson, the port and dockyard where the greater part of the flotilla had been built, as well as most of the ships of the line, which can only be fitted out at the mouth of the Dnieper. It was in this port, the inadequacy of which has since been recognised, that everything was prepared for the arming of the flotilla, which comprised eighty vessels of all kinds, both with sails and oars.

This flotilla, while ill-suited for navigation in the open sea, was formidable enough in the Liman, where the waves and wind are always moderate in spite of its size. Our operations were to extend as far as the point of the tongue of land on which Kinbourn is situated, on the side opposite Otchakow. General Souvarow [8] had saved Kinbourn by a feat of arms that was one of the chief glories of his career, when the Turks opened hostilities in the previous October by descending on that town. The flotilla was to blockade Otchakow, and inter-

cept any supplies that might come from Constantinople; or else to assist the ships of the line if a fleet should attempt to effect an entrance into the Borysthenes.

The Prince of Nassau required a fortnight for making his initial preparations—the needful provisioning and arming. On the 24th April we left Kherson, and anchored in the little port of Vesemsky, nearer to the mouth of the Dnieper; and on the 26th the Prince of Nassau received orders to confer with General Souvarow at Kinbourn. He and I set out on Cossack horses, which were changed at each picket, and we reached Kinbourn the same morning. While the prince was having his interview with General Souvarow I made a detailed examination of the fortress, and of its position with regard to Otchakow, which was clearly distinguishable on the opposite shore. Its position was a sufficient reason for the attempt that the Turks had made to capture it in October; for the possession of this point, supposing Otchakow to belong to the same Power, closes the entrance and exit of the Borysthenes. The Turks had still with them, at that time, a few French engineers who directed the attack; but the determination of General Souvarow's character left no loophole for any other result of the expedition than the destruction of those who dared to undertake it.

The Prince of Nassau, who was dominated by his energy and never yielded to fatigue, returned to his post the same day, and continued to work day and night at the armament of the flotilla, which he wished to be in a state of complete efficiency as soon as possible. Prince Potemkin came to see it on the 5th May, and after inspecting all the ships, receiving the Prince of Nassau's requests, and giving his own orders, went on to Kinbourn to review the troops. The extent of his authority, the fear he inspired, and the prompt execution of his wishes made his visits of inspection seldom necessary: he returned very quickly, and before setting out to headquarters gave instructions to the Prince of Nassau to take the flotilla to Globoca, another little port further down the Borysthenes, where the work could be carried on more conveniently and we should be nearer the scene of the approaching operations.

I doubt whether the young men who go through their first campaign with the army of their own country can experience as many pleasures as I enjoyed at that time. Even in my duty there was a great deal of variety, and this was combined with all the novelty and charm of foreign travel: the climate, the productions of the country, the style of warfare, the life of the place, all seized my imagination simultaneously. Nothing that I had pictured resembled what I saw. I was on the threshold of the age of reason.

On the 11th May the Prince of Nassau received a letter from General Souvarow begging for two armed vessels, to cruise about the point of Kinbourn and intercept communications between Otchakow and the sea. "Here is an opportunity for you," said the Prince, "in default of anything better. Will you take two little gunboats carrying two 12-pounders each, with five hundred *chasseurs?* You shall be in command of them: take them to General Souvarow and ask his orders. If he does not get you killed or captured he will at all events give you every opportunity of being so, and I will send a stronger ship with orders to support you in everything, though you will be independent of her." I could not help laughing at the alluring hope held out to me by the Prince of Nassau in perfectly good faith; but I accepted the offer with rapture. I set sail in my little squadron, and with the help of a fair wind, which seemed to blow for the special benefit of my first enterprise, I arrived at Kinbourn. General Souvarow was asleep when I landed, and as I was therefore unable to see him or give him the letter I had for him, I brought my *chasseurs* ashore at once, and had the tents pitched on the tongue of land. I arranged to be informed when the general should awaken, and shutting myself up in my little tent I calmly began to write.

I had not seen General Souvarow on my last visit to Kinbourn, and did not know him. The prospect of presenting myself to him made me feel a little agitated, and I was entirely absorbed in the thought of it when my tent was unceremoniously entered by a man dressed in his shirt only, who asked me who I was. I told him, and added that I was waiting for

General Souvarow to awake, as I had a letter to give him from the Prince of Nassau, who had sent me to be under his orders. "I am delighted," he said, "to introduce you to him. I am he. As you see, he is not a very ceremonious individual." His manners and costume alike seemed to me rather surprising. Seeing that I was embarrassed by the fantastic apparition he said: "Pray be calm, and do not let me disturb you. To whom were you writing when I came in?" I came to the conclusion that one might be fairly at one's ease with a general in his shirt, so I answered frankly that I was writing to my sister,[9] in the hope that the Prince of Nassau might be able to send my letter on the following day to Elisabeth-Gorod, whence it would be despatched to France. "It is not the Prince of Nassau who will send it," he said. "It is I; but I want to write her a letter too." He seized some paper and a pen, sat down on a stool, and wrote my sister a letter of four pages, the contents of which I never knew. She received it safely with mine, but has since told me that quite half of it was unintelligible. When the envelopes were folded and sealed he rose and left the tent with the letters in his hand, and I escorted him back to his quarters. A few moments later he dismissed me, saying that he would give me my orders the next day, that he warned me his invariable dinner-hour was six o'clock, and that he did not wish me to dine anywhere but with him. At precisely six o'clock, therefore, on that same evening, I arrived at his quarters for dinner. "You have surely made a mistake, monsieur," said his senior adjutant; "it is at six in the morning that his Excellency dines, and he is now in bed." And he showed me a straw hut on the seashore, the general's one and only room. These two incidents, following one another so rapidly, made me believe, I confess, that I had to deal with a lunatic; and the Prince of Nassau's hint, with regard to the chances he would give me to get myself killed or taken prisoner, returned to my mind with some force. However, as I felt far more disposed to laugh than to be sad, I went off to see my little corps, and then to bed very early.

At precisely six o'clock on the following morning I was at

the general's door. He received me with a series of leaps and embraces that disquieted me a good deal; made me swallow a glass of liqueur that set fire to my throat and stomach; and drank some of the same liquid himself with grimaces that were enough to make a *vivandière* miscarry on the spot. He then led me to a table that was laid for fifteen or twenty persons, and bade me sit beside him. The soup that reigned alone amid the guests was made of cucumbers; spring onions, common onions, chives, herbs, and veal and chicken-bones were swimming in the great tin basin, and presented a most horrible prospect to my senses. This was the only time in my life that I ever saw any justification for the silly doctrine of certain teachers: *When you go to the front you will see many worse things than fighting.* Nevertheless I ate some of everything, lest I should seem to despise the food, which would doubtless have displeased the general. I was secretly hoping that a piece of beef would come to compensate me for my sacrifice, but I felt my last hour had arrived when a dish of gudgeon appeared, cooked in water and as white as they were in life. They were followed by some tiny little sea-fish cooked in the same sauce. The third course, which consisted of apples and wild fruit, seemed to indicate the end of the repast; and true enough the general rose, turned towards a picture, and crossed himself repeatedly, making a number of rapid genuflexions. I must own that I felt myself dispensed from saying my grace. When I omit to do so it is usually from inadvertence, but God is just, and this time I owed Him nothing: He had done nothing for me, for I was hungrier than when I sat down.

After dinner we followed the general to the seashore. He took me aside and said: "Do you see, moored to the wall of the lower battery of Otchakow, a one-masted vessel? She arrived last night from Constantinople; and I should like you to go to-night and cut her cable, board her with your *chasseurs*, and bring her away. It would be a very useful stroke of business, in the first place because we should get some news of the Turkish fleet, and secondly because we should have some oranges: I know she has a cargo of them."

I could do no less than express my eagerness to obey him:

I promised him to do my utmost, but not without remembering the words of the Prince of Nassau. He added that he would send a Greek gunboat to lead the way: I must allow her to precede me, and must protect her all the time.

After giving me these orders he retired, and left me to make my arrangements. I settled with the Greek captain to be ready at ten o'clock that night, and ordered the *chasseurs* and sailors to embark, but confided the scheme to no one but my two pilots, who were both English and very intelligent. They took a gloomy view of the matter, and when they left me were very much depressed. All the day I was hoping for a counter-order, but as it did not come I set sail, and was resolved to do my best to succeed, though I deemed the enterprise a sheer absurdity. When we were about half-way to our destination I took in the lateen sails and we plied our oars in absolute silence. By about two o'clock in the morning we were very near the shore. The Greek gunboat was ahead of mine; and creeping along by the shore, hardly touching the water with our oars, we approached the walls so closely and saw our prey so near at hand that my hopes began to revive. Alas! they were not destined to live long: the Turks had seen our approach quite plainly, but preferred to make sure of us. No sooner did they think we were sufficiently near to be utterly shattered than they opened fire from all their batteries, with ball, grape-shot, and musket-shot: I could not attempt to describe the hail that surrounded us. It seemed to me that retreat was impossible, and that we must go on whether we liked it or not; but the Greek gunboat showed me there was another course to take. The whole crew cried out with one accord in Italian: "*Scappiamo via, non c'è che fare*," [10] and made towards the open sea as fast as they could row. The other gunboat—the one that I was not in—followed their example, and there was nothing for me to do but to go after them both. I merely remained under fire a little longer than the others, and then retreated, accompanied by the abominable din. Most of the shots passed over our ships without touching them, but it seemed as though they must be sunk. I returned to the neighbourhood of Kinbourn greatly embar-

rassed by the fact that I had brought no oranges for General Souvarow; but none the less I was obliged to report myself to him. What was my astonishment when he told me he had thought the thing impossible himself, but he liked to have such attempts made, because they accustomed the troops to the fire of big guns. It was on this day, the 13th May, 1788, that I was under fire for the first time in my life.[11] The general ordered me to cruise about every night off the point, in order to try and secure some news from Constantinople, but this fatiguing duty won me no honour, for I had nothing to attack.

One day, however, a very small gunboat came out of Otchakow, and sailed along close to the shore: she calculated, quite correctly, that if she could reach the river mouth before I left Kinbourn she could get away safely, while, if I were beforehand with her, she could return to harbour under the protection of the Otchakow batteries. As it happened I chose to go in chase of her at the moment when she was likely to hesitate between these two courses, and I did my best, with the aid of both sails and oars, to come up with her; but neither I nor my English pilots knew that there was, at the point of the tongue of land, an irresistible current that flowed out of the river mouth, and bore upon a little island called Berezanne,[12] which lay opposite and outside the entrance to the Liman, and was occupied by the Turks. This wretched current swept me away, and all our encouraging cries to the oarsmen were in vain: their utmost efforts were useless: we could neither stop the ship nor change her course. The Turks on the island, seeing the difficulty we were in, crowded into their little boats and came out to capture us; but General Souvarow saw our danger, and sent a small body of infantry to the end of the tongue of land. Then, by uniting all our efforts, we succeeded in running aground upon the point, protected by the infantry; and the Turks abandoned the chase. General Souvarow came to meet me. He reprimanded me a little for my imprudence, but as he attributed it to my zeal he only treated me even better than before.

The Prince of Nassau had sent a ship larger than my own

to protect me on my little expeditions. Her instructions were to weigh anchor at the same time as myself and tack when I tacked; but there was always some good reason against her doing so. She was commanded by a certain Captain Sacken, and carried ten 24-pounders; but she never fired a shot until the occasion to which I shall presently refer.

On the days when I was obliged to let my crew have some rest I spent my time in watching General Souvarow manœuvring his troops, which he did with all his native originality and military genius. Sometimes he took his fortress by assault, sometimes he formed squares and charged them in similar squares, with fixed bayonets: his manœuvres never followed the ordinary laws of tactics, and were all the more interesting to me on that account.

On the 1st June, at six o'clock in the morning, ninety-two Turkish sail of all sizes [13] appeared on the horizon, within sight of Kinbourn. This fleet was obviously designed to attack Kinbourn or revictual Otchakow. The Prince of Nassau, who was stationed at Globoca,[14] sent orders to me and to Captain Sacken to rejoin him at once. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I received this order. I sent to tell M. de Sacken that the wind would allow of my sailing a little before midnight, and that, if he wished it, we might go together: he answered that certain personal affairs would delay his departure till the morning, and he begged me to tell the Prince of Nassau that he would sail at about mid-day. I therefore sailed without him. In the course of that night the Turks, favoured by the darkness, brought up their small craft to the mouth of the river, and at daybreak this little fleet of *Kirlandgis* (as their boats are called) sailed into the estuary with all their canvas set, in the hope of surprising Captain Sacken's floating battery—a hope that was only too well founded. Sacken, perceiving their intention, set sail with all possible speed for Globoca; but the lighter vessels of the Turks came up with him, and the unwieldiness of the floating battery under sail prevented his fire from taking effect, and destroyed all hope of escape. Captain Sacken, therefore, with the greatest gallantry, put all his best men into a boat and devised

some pretext for sending them to the neighbouring shore. He then set fire to his powder with his own hand: the ship blew up, the surrounding vessels sustained a certain amount of damage, and Captain Sacken saved himself from imprisonment by this courageous act of desperation.[15] If he had done his duty, and obeyed the orders of the previous day, nothing would have happened to him. If I had followed his example, and delayed to obey mine, I should have been in the same plight as he. One is often reminded, by chances and reflections of this kind, that there is a straight line, a regular course in a soldier's duty, from which he should never deviate at any time of his career. I think experience has often shown that the men who adhere to this principle are those whom fortune favours the most.

On the 6th June the Prince of Nassau, desiring if possible to see for himself the position taken up by the Turkish fleet, set out with me from Globoca for Kinbourn, leaving orders for the flotilla to come down the river as far as the mouth of the Bug (formerly the Hypanis). We crossed the Liman, and mounting some Cossack horses soon arrived on the tongue of land where Kinbourn is situated. At that very moment the Turkish fleet was preparing to enter the Liman. The Prince of Nassau could not bring himself to believe it could make such a blunder. However, a frigate entered; she was followed by three ships of the line and finally by the whole Turkish fleet. We were on the little point of the tongue of land, and as each ship appeared the Prince of Nassau said gaily: "There's one of them for me!" and prophesied their fate with a degree of penetration and coolness that did him the greatest honour. All the ships that had entered the Liman drew up in line of battle, with Otchakow on their larboard side and their bows towards the mouth of the Bug.

It was at once arranged between General Souvarow and the Prince of Nassau that a strong battery for guns of large calibre should be constructed that night on the point of the tongue of land; and we then returned to our flotilla, which we found drawn up in line at the mouth of the Bug, in accordance with the orders it had received. The

ships were lying with the river mouth on their starboard side.

A squadron of three ships of the line and two Russian frigates, commanded by the once famous Paul Jones,[16] formed another line behind our flotilla; but neither the Prince of Nassau nor Paul Jones was under the other's orders. They were requested to act in concert, but they declined to grant the request and hated each other cordially. Paul Jones, distinguished as he had been when in command of a frigate, was totally incapable of commanding a squadron. He made a great display of usefulness, but never gave the smallest help to the Prince of Nassau.

On the 17th June the Prince of Nassau made a very dangerous reconnaissance with three large gunboats, with a view to discovering the best way to attack the enemy's flotilla, which had anchored at a short distance away from the ships of the line and the frigates. He perceived that this flotilla could not receive any help in time from the large ships, as the shallowness of the water would limit their movements to a small area.[17] On the morning of the 18th we made the attack. So skilful were the tactics of the Prince of Nassau that the Turkish flotilla could neither defend itself nor retreat, and the ships were dashed one upon another. The Prince of Nassau bombarded them with fireballs: three large ships were blown up, several sank, and fifty or sixty were entirely disabled, while the loss on our side was not worth considering. The engagement lasted for four hours, after which the Russian flotilla again formed up in line in front of Paul Jones's squadron, to carry out the little repairs that were necessary and to prepare for fresh successes.[18]

The Prince of Nassau was on board a very pretty yacht, where he made me sleep in his own cabin. He showed the greatest confidence in me, but did not like me to contradict him. Sometimes he was sulky with me, but always thought better of it, for I contrived to convince him of my very true attachment by giving him many proofs of it. He possesses more penetration and talent than real knowledge, but his extreme courage, his enterprising character, and his indefatig-

able energy make him capable of great deeds. He finds out by instinct what another man would have to learn gradually, and when his vanity does not blind him he sees better, acts more wisely, and decides more quickly than most of those whose reputation is greater than his. He is one of those men whose gifts especially qualify them for acts of sudden bravery and expeditions that call for promptitude: his patience would not suffice for the sustained effort of directing an extensive plan of campaign, and I do not think him capable of doing so, but as an independent volunteer or leader of a detached corps he is one of the most remarkable men of our day. The command of a flotilla in a gulf demands a knowledge of military rather than of naval tactics, but the acquaintance with the latter acquired by the Prince of Nassau by observing M. de Bougainville throughout a long voyage certainly served to increase his usefulness, and made him the best man for the post that Prince Potemkin had chosen to give him.

At noon on the 27th the entire Turkish fleet set sail with a view to attacking us. We knew from some of the prisoners taken in the recent action that the intention of the enemy was to grapple with us whenever an opportunity of engaging us should arise; and as they were to windward of us we expected a terrible affair. They were already within range of our fire, or nearly so, when one of their ships of seventy-four guns ran upon a shoal, and heeled over to an appreciable degree. The fleet hove-to in order to help her, and shortly afterwards we saw them taking in their sails. If the wind had favoured us the Prince of Nassau would have attacked them at this moment, but that was impossible. The daylight was gone before the Turkish vessel was righted; but nevertheless we were expecting the enemy to engage us every moment, all through that night.

The whole of the night the Prince of Nassau and I were in a boat, hurrying from one ship to another, seeing that they all were prepared for action, giving orders, and putting everything in a state of defence. Every man was at his post. Suddenly, as we were traversing the short distance between one ship and another, I saw the prince pull out his handkerchief, and let it flutter in the wind. He exclaimed that it was now

favourable. "Now it is for us, my friend," he cried, "to make the attack: our fortune has changed, and we must profit by it!" We returned to the yacht as fast as oars could take us. He made his plans: told off a sufficient number of ships to surround and capture the grounded vessel, if she were still aground; and others to account for the ships of the line; and yet others to cut off their flotilla and destroy it by driving it ashore. He put me in command of eighteen gunboats, each of which carried a 24-pounder in the bows and fifty armed men. These were to lead the attack and cover the manœuvres of the flotilla. The orders were given and clearly understood; every man was in his place; the signal was given and the sails were set. When day dawned we were within range of the Turkish guns, and I opened fire with my gunboats. The grounded vessel was in the same position as on the previous evening. The Turks, in their alarm and surprise, became confused in their manœuvres and collided with one another, and their entanglement enabled our fire, especially the fire-balls, to reduce them to a state of complete disorder. The Prince of Nassau ordered Colonel Ribas [19] to board the grounded vessel, and gave him for the purpose twelve gunboats similar to mine, as well as two large ones that were meant to rake her from stem to stern; but the colonel was unsuccessful. I was at that time in a little six-oared boat directing the operations of my gunboats through a speaking-trumpet, and dashing as fast as my oars could take me to any spot that my voice could not reach. The Prince of Nassau called me, showed me the ship that was aground, told me that Colonel Ribas had failed to carry out his orders, repeated them to me, and urged me to execute them. I could not refrain from making one remark: "Prince," I said, "you ought to be sure that I shall die content if I can carry out your wishes, but if I should find insurmountable difficulties do not suspect me, I entreat you, of having omitted anything that was humanly possible, for if you do I shall blow out my brains." He reassured me, promised to trust me whatever might arise, and I left him.

I approached the ship on the side where she had only one

broadside available; I fired several rounds of grape-shot, and the enemy's artillery and musketry killed a number of my men; I went from one gunboat to another, encouraging the troops, and at last, giving the signal for a general shout of *Hurrah!* I succeeded in boarding the ship. As I went up the side the crew, who had been vainly trying in their confusion to haul down the flag, cut the rope so that it fell, amid cries of *Amman! Amman!* (the Turkish cry for quarter). I put enough men on board of her to secure and disarm the crew; I demanded the flag, which turned out to be that of the admiral in command (the capitana-pacha), and I took it to the Prince of Nassau, who was already coming to meet me. This moment, one of the happiest of my life, was estimated at its full value by the Prince: he returned with me to the captured vessel, and we went on board of her.

The capitana-pacha [20] himself was in a light *kirlandgi*, in order to move about more freely, but he had already hopelessly lost the day. Another ship of the line and two frigates were on fire; the greater part of the flotilla was disabled and aground, and we had not enough vessels left in ours to carry out the work of destruction and capture at the same time. Moreover most of the light craft of the Turks had run aground near the fortress of Otchakow, where they were safe, as we could not go and tow them away. This circumstance put an end to the finest affair of the kind that could possibly take place. Two ships of the line and two frigates were blown up; the rest were huddled under the batteries of the forts, and the Russian fleet formed up again in line before nightfall, in the midst of all the *débris*.[21]

On the morning of the next day, the 29th June, the Prince of Nassau, who doubtless hoped to follow up his success of the previous day with fresh triumphs, took the risks of another engagement. He again surprised the Turks, who were absorbed in an attempt to form a line of battle with the remnant of their flotilla, and the reinforcements that had arrived from the fleet anchored at Berezanne. His unexpected attack renewed the enemy's confusion, but as the lower batteries of Otchakow again prevented him from going near

enough to make any captures, he confined himself to destroying the ships by fire. Seven of them fell a prey to the flames; four thousand men perished by fire and water, but we contrived to save the rest, who swam to our boats and clung to them. One galley that was farther than the others from the shore was cut off and captured; and our flotilla did not retire till all the vessels so imprudently and unwisely taken into the Liman by the Turks had been completely destroyed.[22]

There is no doubt that if the Russian fleet then arming at Sebastopol in the Crimea had been ready in time to attack the Turkish forces at Berezanne, while we were so fortunately engaging the ships under the forts of Otchakow, there would have been no more left of the fleet that sailed from Constantinople than would suffice to carry the news of its total destruction back to the Divan. But it is through the want of concerted action that wars are most commonly prolonged. If the governments concerned were careful to neglect no precaution nor plan that could advance their interests, there are few contentions between Powers that might not be settled in one campaign.

The land forces had now left their winter quarters, and Prince Potemkin was encamped on the banks of the Bug. When our action was over the Prince of Nassau deputed me to take an account of it to Prince Potemkin, with the admiral's flag captured on the previous day. He received me with the most flattering signs of satisfaction: "It would distress you too much," he said, "if I were to ask you to take this flag to the Empress yourself: you would not like to be separated from the army at this moment: I take it from you in her name, and you may be sure she shall know everything that led to my receiving it from your hands." I returned the same day to the Prince of Nassau, who himself went to the camp on the morrow. After that time we very often dined there, but always returned in the evening to sleep on board.

One evening we had left Prince Potemkin's tent very late, and the night was extremely dark. We got into our boat, and the Prince of Nassau fell asleep. I do not know what chance prevented me from doing the same; the monotonous

sound of the oars made me thoughtful rather than sleepy. I observed that the distance between the shore and the flotilla seemed longer than usual, though there were no obstacles in the way that had not been there on the previous days. Yet far away I thought I saw the yacht's light, the point towards which we were in the habit of steering. The regular motion of twenty-four oars was bringing us appreciably nearer, when I idly turned my head to look astern of us, and thought I could perceive a number of black objects forming a line. When I bent down I could see them more plainly, but neither the coxswain nor the boat's crew noticed what I was doing. At last my observations seemed to me so important that I ordered the men to stop the boat and I awoke the Prince of Nassau. He looked attentively at the objects in question, and fortunately saw what I wished him to see. He ordered our course to be changed at all hazards, and as we drew nearer to the black spots at which we were looking our flotilla gradually came into sight. The yacht's light had gone out: the coxswain of our boat—either because he missed the point by which he was accustomed to steer, or because he was asleep—had passed between the shore and the last vessel of the right wing of the flotilla, and was steering straight for the light of the Turkish guardship. The fate we had just escaped, with so many chances against us, made our hearts beat violently; and even now, as I write, I am conscious of the same sensation.

The sight of the Prince of Nassau was still offended by a line of Turkish vessels, for after each engagement the capitana-pacha replaced his losses with ships from the fleet at anchor off the Island of Berezanne. On the 12th July the Prince decided to attack them again. He made the same dispositions, showed the same audacity, and won the same success; but this time he was still nearer to the walls of Otchakow, and under those very walls, so to speak, nine ships were burnt or sunk. This time there were no ships of the line. The affair lasted for eight hours. As soon as it was over I landed and settled down on shore, as was Prince Potemkin's wish.

The uses of the flotilla were now secondary. On that same day, the 12th July, the army set out upon its march across

the Bug, in order to encamp quite close to Otchakow, with the Liman on its left and the road to Bender on its right. I had been as happy as my heart could wish while under the orders of the Prince of Nassau, but even this happiness could not make me prefer employment at sea to the service for which I was intended. It had been a delightful preliminary to the campaign, and it was only thus that I could regard it, grateful though I was to fate and to the Prince of Nassau for all their favours.

Before parting from the Prince of Nassau I should like to describe an incident that will throw some light upon his character. A few days after the last engagement I was standing on the deck of the yacht when the prince came out of the stern cabin looking very much annoyed. "I am going ashore for a walk," he said; "will you come with me, please?" I had just been talking to a certain lieutenant-colonel who was serving in the flotilla and was a Pole by birth. We all three took our places in the yacht's boat, and the Prince said to the coxswain: "Take us over to the opposite shore!" It was by no means my habit to make any objection when he did a dangerous thing, but I confess I was surprised and even annoyed by his imprudence: so much so that I observed, if he meant to land so close to Otchakow and so far beyond the outposts of the army, he ought to let me take some armed *chasseurs* on shore. "You are right," he said; and told the coxswain to change his course and land us on Russian territory. This ardent desire for a walk combined with so much indifference as to its direction struck me as very surprising, especially in conjunction with so ill-humoured a countenance. As we had some distance to go and I wished to sit at my ease, I moved a cloak that his servant had placed between us: beneath it were two large horse-pistols. "May I ask, without being indiscreet," I said to him, "what we are going to do?" "I am going to fight with monsieur," he answered, indicating the Pole, who spoke French very well. "He came to my cabin and spoke to me in a tone that I consider insufferable, and I hope to make him adopt a different one." As I had been chosen to act as second I had a voice in the matter, and

took advantage of the fact. "I should never dream," I said, "of attempting to interfere with your wishes in such a matter, but nevertheless I have the right to observe that you are ruining monsieur irretrievably and are too good-hearted to do so. On the other hand I must make bold to add that you have no right, seeing that you are to attack the enemy to-morrow or next day, to expose yourself in this way without first finding some one to take command in your place." I then addressed the Pole. I swore that if he lent himself to this unpardonably irregular proceeding, at so critical a moment as this, I should make it plain to Prince Potemkin and the Empress that I had given him fair warning. The wretched man was in despair. He frankly represented his cruel position to the prince, and begged that the affair might at least be postponed. He hoped, he said, to convince the prince that he could never forgive himself for doing so great a wrong to him and to the whole army. Without further ado I gave orders for the boat to return. The Prince of Nassau assured the Pole that he would injure him on every possible occasion, until he, the Pole, should come and demand satisfaction of him, and that he would prevent him, by this means, from forgetting to do so. I took my two combatants back to the yacht as quickly as possible, and never really understood what had occasioned their quarrel. For more than a month the Prince of Nassau kept his word. He put every annoyance he could devise on the Polish prince, but the latter behaved very well in the last engagement, and as his subordinate rank enforced silence on him and he had not dared to call attention to himself the Prince of Nassau forgot his offence, brought his name forward as he deserved, and ended by having him promoted and rewarded.

III

The Russian camp—Imprudent ride with the Prince de Ligne—Comparison between the Turkish, Austrian, and Russian armies—Rewards conferred upon Damas by the Empress—Siege of Otchakow: fierce sorties by the Turks: the author is wounded in one of them, and soon afterwards is wounded again by a cannon-ball—Potemkin's inaction: three more of his nieces come to the camp: the Princes de Ligne and Nassau, being dissatisfied with the army's delays, leave the Russian service—Cold and famine—First news of the revolution in France: Potemkin's opinion.

ALTHOUGH I had been with the army for six months I knew nothing of it. In a country so sparsely inhabited as this the cantonments and houses where the soldiers live are so widely scattered and far away from one another that it is very difficult to bring the men together during the bad season of the year: and, except the garrison of the fortress of Elisabeth-Gorod, I had as yet seen no troops. I leave it to the reader to imagine how keenly I was interested in a camp that contained fifty thousand men, without counting ten or twelve thousand Cossacks—for this light and irregular cavalry is always reckoned separately from the regular troops, who are alone considered to constitute the strength of the army.

The twenty-four hours of the day did not suffice me to examine, and observe, and consider everything that struck me. The pleasure of being constantly with the Prince de Ligne and the Prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg—whom I had first met when my fate was hanging in the balance and whom I have loved ever since with my whole heart—the delight of camping out in the finest weather in the world, and experiencing everything that I had hitherto only seen shadowed forth and counterfeited in my own country and in Prussia, all combined to make my happiness greater than I had imagined possible. My tents were pitched in the part of the camp allotted to Prince Potemkin and the Prince de Ligne: my leisure moments were

spent with them, and they both contributed every day to the perfect felicity I was enjoying.

I must not forget to tell an anecdote of the Prince de Ligne, which makes me laugh even now as I recall it, alone though I be. He was as brave and enthusiastic as a man of twenty, and as impatient as I to see the Turks. He suggested that he and I should make a reconnaissance together in the direction of Otchakow, and try our luck beyond the outposts: he said, with a delightful mixture of boyishness and friendly feeling for me, that he wished me to be with him when I saw the enemy for the first time on land. I was charmed with the suggestion, and we rode off side by side, accompanied only by his Hungarian outrider, Sunta (the name is essential), and his two hussars, who brought led-horses. As for me, I had only a groom. We reached, and passed, the Cossack outposts; and after riding for some way beyond them came within sight of the minarets of Otchakow and the gardens that surround the town. The Prince de Ligne is not very long-sighted, and never uses anything in time of war except an opera-glass. I could already see some horsemen riding about at the outskirts of the gardens, though not coming towards us; but the Prince de Ligne saw none of them, and continued to advance until at last we came to a very slight rising ground, such as is called a *kourgan* in these vast and absolutely level deserts. He ascended it, dismounted, looked through his opera-glasses, and assured me that what I took for men on horseback was merely the movement of the fruit-trees in the wind. Being quite convinced by his own eyes, without taking mine into consideration, he chose that moment to attend to a certain urgent need at the foot of the rising ground. The Turkish cavalry, whom our proceedings made far livelier than the fruit-trees would have been in any hurricane, grew tired of waiting for us, and coming out of the gardens in crowds rode towards us. It can easily be imagined how I shouted to the Prince de Ligne to mount his horse without any regard for his appearance, and how much ground was covered by the Turks before he was in the saddle. At last, however, we were galloping towards our outposts as fast as his horse could carry him; but the

Turks were much quicker than he, and were visibly gaining upon us. There seemed every chance of our being taken prisoners in a very few moments. The Prince de Ligne, who was disturbed by the alarming situation and at the same time annoyed at being forced to fly, while recognising that there was nothing better to be done, called out in Latin to his Hungarian outrider, who understood no other language that the prince could speak : "*Sunta, vide si veniant!* "—"*Veniunt, serenissime princeps*," answered Sunta. Then the prince belaboured his horse with spurs and stick, to make the beast bestir himself; and the sight of him repeating this performance every moment, with exactly the same number of blows, sent me into peals of uncontrollable laughter, in spite of the fate that threatened me. At last the prince's horse allowed himself to be urged, and beaten, and persuaded into maintaining a gallop, until the outposts, seeing our distress, came out to help us and cover our flight. A skirmish followed, and we were able to pull up, protected by the lances of the Cossacks. "Don't you think, my dear prince," I said then, "that the Turkish fruit-trees have very good legs? Luckily, however, our own are not altogether valueless." "These little things often happen in time of war," he answered, "but custom prescribes that we should not brag about them." I took the hint, and we never mentioned the adventure except to one another. It served to moderate our youthful impetuosity and give us a lesson, and we resolved in future to direct our rides towards some other point than the fruit-trees of Otchakow.

We were able to plume ourselves on having opened the campaign, for until that time not a single pistol-shot had been fired, and from that day forward till the town was regularly invested on the 30th July there was a skirmish every morning between the Ottoman civilians and the picked Cossacks of the Don. Both sides were very numerous, and each in its own way gave a most curious and interesting object-lesson in guerilla warfare. Every morning brought us some Turkish prisoners, whose horses were often very beautiful as well as of excellent quality; and for a very small price we bought animals

that would have been the envy and admiration of connoisseurs in any country.

The Turkish cavalry is not in any way to be compared with that of other European countries: [1] it exhibits drawbacks to be avoided, but never any advantages to be imitated. It is, however, courageous, rapid in movement, and adroit in the handling of arms, and might perhaps show a certain amount of talent in its tactics, if its actions were not always paralysed by the want of discipline and training. It resembles a collection of volunteers, all equally desirous of injuring the enemy but incapable of combining to that end. It never makes any well-ordered attack or defence, but surrounds, harries, pursues, retreats, and returns to the charge until the horses, which eat nothing but oats and consequently have no wind, become tired; whereupon the cavalry retires, skirmishing. At any moment of its manœuvres a squadron properly formed in line could defeat a body of this cavalry a dozen times as strong as itself. Courage and imperturbable coolness are the only qualities necessary for either officers or men when fighting the Turks; but the army that lacked either of these qualities might easily be—indeed certainly would be—exterminated by them in a moment.

The inequality between the Turkish army and the armies of all the European Powers is immeasurable. In discipline, in armament, in tactics, and even in costume there is no comparison possible. Thence arises a problem difficult to solve: why do the Russians invariably defeat the Turks, while the Austrians' success against them is very uncertain? There is no lack of honour nor of courage in the Austrian army: there are good generals, excellent soldiers, and better cavalry of all kinds than the Russians possess. Yet the Austrians often have losses, the Russians never. Is there, I wonder, some mental influence that one nation automatically exercises over another, quite independently of any superiority that has been acquired? The Russian despises the Turk, while the Austrian officer thinks he counts for something and the Austrian private fears him. The Austrian general brings strategy to bear against the Turks, and employs tactics, while the Russian general

simply advances: the former is often defeated, the latter always defeats and routs the enemy. In vain I ask myself why this should be, since the Austrian troops are generally good: I can find no reason. I may be told that the Turks were beaten by Prince Eugène, as well as by Laudon;[2] but the problem still remains unsolved, since, if such talents as theirs were required to secure what can be won by any Russian general, the inequality is more marked than ever. Since then I have seen fifteen thousand Austrians beaten by four thousand Turks at Giurgievo: there is not a single instance of fifteen thousand Turks holding out against four thousand Russians.

It may arouse surprise that I should argue in this way and speak of a problem, when the evidence leaves no room for doubt; but a problem it is, none the less, for any one who has seen the Austrian army in the field must have observed that it possesses foundations and materials that should make it one of the best armies in Europe. I think the Austrian generals must fight in much the same spirit as a gambler shows when he is discouraged by losing twice in succession. The man who loses his head because he has been beaten in his first rubber of whist will assuredly be beaten in the second. The Austrians must have been beaten in the first encounter, owing to some ill-advised plan or inevitable disadvantage in their position: the after effects of this first check must then have produced the second and made the third certain, for an army cannot stop playing like a gambler who pays his debts and goes away. The army pays, but remains where it is in all its disgust and hostility; and its moral inferiority has become an accomplished fact.

At the time of which I am speaking the Russian army was greatly inferior in tactics to the armies of the other first-rate Powers. This was especially true of the cavalry, which was positively ignorant; but the steadiness of the men in the ranks, their handling of arms, their deportment and discipline, were perfect to the last degree. The prompt formation of squares was the only evolution they employed against the Turks: this, and their imperturbable steadiness made their success unfailing. The inferiority of the Russian army in the matter of

training is counterbalanced by its discipline and steadiness, and against the Turks these two qualities are more effectual than the other.

The Austrian army, while it has more knowledge, hesitates and vacillates at the moment of attack, and for this reason receives the charge oftener than it makes it. This is a greater disadvantage, perhaps, when fighting the Turks than when meeting a European army, for special skill in manœuvring may be successful against an enemy that employs manœuvres; but, in dealing with troops whose sole strength lies in numbers and the force of their charge, manœuvres are sheer waste of time. The upshot of this discussion is this: the probability is that if the Russian general and officers who defeated the Turks were to change over into the Austrian army they would beat them again, and if the contrary change were to take place the Russians would perhaps be beaten; while if the Russians and Austrians were to make war against one another the issue would be very doubtful and the successes equally divided. All this shows how important it is to study the national characteristics of the army with which one is at war. The political situation of Europe may often change the enemies and alliances of all the great Powers: they cannot have a new enemy without being forced to alter their tactics and their methods of applying them. The Power that refuses to do this will suffer for it.

I must now return to the camp, which I left to make this digression. I accompanied it when it was moved, on the morning of the 30th July, to invest Otchakow. The left and right wings were both extended along the Liman in the form of an arc, with the Liman as the cord, and the town in the centre.

I should find it far more instructive, and certainly more convenient, if I could at this point give a daily record of a regular and persistent siege; and I should be only too happy if it were possible. I should, at most, have to account for a space of three weeks or a month—sufficient time to capture a town that had no outworks except an entrenchment. This entrenchment had been constructed by a French engineer called Lafitte,[3] who had a great repute in the French corps of

engineers, but had counted on a garrison of thirty thousand men. The entrenchment, however, was only occupied by fourteen thousand, and was weakened in consequence. Instead of a simple and instructive report I have to write a discursive account of seven months of siege, occupied in gaining time, and in trying to appear to be always working for the end in view. I must not compare this feat with that of a famous French horseman called M. de Nestier, who made a bet that he would spend eleven hours in going from Paris to Versailles at a gallop, and won his money. All the methods adopted were opposed to every rule of art, though few days passed without some fresh work being constructed; but they were all so independent of one another, so little adapted to supplement or strengthen one another, that many a man was wounded, killed, or indirectly done to death without any improvement or advance in the state of affairs. The first parallel having been made several hundred yards further back than is usual, it became necessary to make four or five others: its irregularity and insufficient extent involved the daily construction, renewal, improvement, or repair of a traverse, a battery, a breastwork, or a redoubt. In short, it is impossible that so many blunders should have been made unless Prince Potemkin had personal reasons for having them made on purpose, in order to delay matters; and this is quite a likely supposition. No kind of mistake can be made, however, without supplying exercise for one's observation, and this is the form of interest that I take in recalling these days. The unfortunate engineer who had been sent from France at the request of the Prince de Ligne turned out to be only a constructor of bridges and roads, and was consequently dismissed as soon as he arrived.[4] The works were therefore entrusted to an old engineer belonging to the Russian army, a Dutchman by birth, who had a fair amount of knowledge but was always opposed by Prince Potemkin, in whom he inspired no confidence.

In the evening of the 2nd August the Prince of Nassau came gaily into my tent, and seeing that I was sleeping profoundly it occurred to him to play me a trick, by way of making me pay for what he was bringing me. He awoke me suddenly:

"Quick, quick—where's your horse!" he cried. "The Turks have made a sortie in every direction, and are in our camp already!" I shouted to my men to bring my horse; I dressed in haste; in a moment I had seized my sword, flung on my coat, and was ready to go with him. Then, laughing at his success, he fastened to my button-hole the Cross of St. George that the Empress had just sent me. I have never received, and never can receive, a greater pleasure in my life. I embraced the Prince of Nassau with all the more gratitude that I owed the possibility of winning it to his consideration alone, and that he could easily have abstained from procuring it for me, since I had no rank in the army. I slept no more that night: I spent it in gloating over my new decoration: this kind of happiness must be experienced at the age of twenty-one to be fully enjoyed. Early on the following day I went to pay the usual visit of thanks to Prince Potemkin, and found a fresh sign of the Empress's kindness awaiting me, the form of which, perhaps, made it even more precious to me than the other. She sent me a sword of gold, with the following inscription in Russian on the hilt: "For courage shown in the engagements in the Estuary of Otchakow." [5] What delight and gratitude I poured out to Prince Potemkin! I succeeded, I think, in convincing him that all my prayers and efforts would be directed towards devising fresh opportunities to prove my devotion to the Empress and himself.

The Prince of Nassau received, in addition to the Cross of St. George of the second class, a sword of the same shape as mine, studded with diamonds. These were the two first that the Empress presented. She afterwards gave similar ones as recompenses for the actions in this war; but the inscription on these was merely: *For valour.*

On the 5th August the Turks, occupying the gardens that lay outside their main entrenchment, considerably harassed the right wing of the army, which faced them. Prince Potemkin determined to seize these gardens and construct a redoubt in them, which was the occasion of a very warm affair. I recall one incident in which the hand of Providence very plainly appeared. The prince went out a long way in advance of his

camp with a suite of more than two hundred persons. This time he only advanced till he was within range of the big guns, the details of the affair being left to the general commanding in the trenches. A single ball, fired from a height, fell in the midst of his numerous suite and killed no one but Ivan Maxim[ief], Governor of Krementchoug, who had the well-merited reputation, throughout the empire and the army, of being a faithless, lawless scoundrel, the most cruel of all the provincial governors. This judgment from heaven aroused gratitude to divine justice and caused no regret whatever.[6] The Turks were driven out of the gardens and the redoubt was made.

On the 7th another affair occurred; and this time the left wing was engaged. It was commanded by General Souvarow, who had been summoned from Kinbourn by Prince Potemkin, and was in despair at being under his orders. The Turks made a sortie upon the left wing. After dinner Souvarow was drunk;[7] he attacked them, and recklessly pursued them in absolute disorder as far as the entrenchment, where he received such a sharp fire from their artillery and musketry that he lost a large number of men. Then he wished to retreat. The Turks followed him,[8] still in superior numbers, and cut off the heads of a great quantity of his best troops. I ventured to point out to him what disasters might occur unless he sent for reinforcements: but he was obstinate, and lost half his men. I have seldom seen such a murderous affair. At last the Turks, when they had driven him back nearly as far as his camp, were stopped by the sight of the main line of our troops; and this useless butchery came to an end. It was entirely caused by Souvarow's imprudence and the irregularity of the Russian works, which, from their failure to protect one another all along the line of circumvallation, enabled the Turks to make daily sorties, at far greater cost to us than to them. The Prince of Anhalt, the Prince de Ligne, and I spent all our time in groaning over the blunders that robbed the army of so many precious lives, but it was always impossible to make Prince Potemkin change his system: he scattered redoubts everywhere without making

any regular trenches: he extended his operations, but made no advance.

On the morning of the 9th August we saw that the fleet of the capitana-pacha was largely increased. It was anchored off the island of Berezanne. On the 12th, 18th, and 19th, it received further reinforcements, and brought so many light vessels and floating batteries close under the cliff on which Prince Potemkin's own tents were pitched that he was forced to move them further away. I thought it preferable to hear a few shells than to have the trouble of moving my establishment, and was rewarded for my decision, for the Turkish ships did nothing in that direction. We were always hoping that the fleet at Sebastopol would come and attack them off Berezanne, and would be joined by Paul Jones's squadron in the Borysthenes, and that we should see a naval battle; but the fleet never arrived, and that of the Turks incurred no damage save from the Prince of Nassau.

From the 20th to the 29th the time was spent in constructing four new redoubts at intervals along our front, without any communication between them: they could only be reached by running the gauntlet: they were on the open, level ground of the steppes, and those who were enterprising enough to pass from one to the other found the bullets dancing round them, and in many cases went no further.

On the 29th, while we were at dinner with Prince Potemkin, we heard a very brisk fusillade. At the same moment an officer came to report that General Koutousof, who was in command in the trenches, was mortally wounded in the head.[9] The prince sent the Prince of Anhalt, who was with him, to take command; and I rose, and fetching my horse, hastened to the right trench with the Prince of Anhalt, who was in as great a hurry as I. The Turks had never made so furious a sortie; and I must confess I never saw the Russian troops waver as they did that day, especially the officers. The Turks had taken the first battery opposite to their entrenchment, had recaptured a mosque that the colonel of the Cossacks, Platow,[10] had seized two days previously, and were making such a fierce attack that they threatened to carry and over-

throw all the field-works (very defective, it must be owned) that had been raised against them.

The Prince of Anhalt was in real difficulties and many of the officers were absent from their posts. I observed to him that unless we could beat back the enemy at once at the point of the bayonet it would be too late to stop their advance. "You are right," he said, "but at this moment our troops are wavering so much that I dare not risk it. I leave it to you to steady these two battalions, and as soon as I see you are ready I will tell you to make the attack." As he finished speaking a Turk, about fifteen paces off, shot at us: the bullet grazed the right arm of the Prince of Anhalt, who was facing me, and entered my left shoulder at the upper end.[11] I did not fall, but was obliged to retire from the field. The prince had no time to help me: I dragged myself away, saying that as soon as I had had my wound dressed and had taken off my coat I should return. My deep feeling of friendship for the Prince of Anhalt made me very anxious about his position, and I determined to work miracles rather than be absent for more than a few minutes; but his difficulties were ended by the Prince of Nassau. He was on board his yacht and saw the immense numbers of the attacking force: he immediately brought up some gunboats, fired upon the enemy's flank, and killed every one within range. The Turks, repulsed by this murderous fire and by the Prince of Anhalt's wise and energetic measures, retreated to their entrenchment, after losing a great many men. Our loss was considerable also,[12] but no one can tell how great it would have been if the Prince of Nassau had not acted on his own initiative as he did.

I was unable for ten days to use my arm or mount my horse, but, as there was nothing broken, my wound, though it inconvenienced me for two months, did not prevent me from being as active as usual when those ten days were over.[13]

During the night of the 30th the field-guns in the batteries were converted into siege-guns. The Turks, who suspected that the affair of the previous day would make us careful and give us a lesson, made no attempt to interfere with the work: they carried out their own repairs and left us to deal with ours

without putting the smallest obstacle in our way. This peaceful state of things lasted for a fortnight, and the only thing to show us that a siege was going on was an occasional salvo of artillery: for it amused Prince Potemkin, now and then, to fire upon the town with every gun and mortar in the batteries at the same moment—the time selected being the hour of the evening prayer, when the Turk, as his religion prescribes, forsakes every kind of occupation.

All our minds were much exercised on the subject of Prince Potemkin's apparent indifference;[14] and the ardent Prince of Nassau on board his yacht, reduced as he was to thinking instead of acting, conceived the idea of attacking the town by a method that could not fail, he declared, to be successful. He came ashore and confided his scheme to me. The principal point in it consisted in landing two thousand men under the lower battery of the town, on the side near the Liman—the battery of Hassan Pacha, as it was called—and he made me promise to undertake the disembarkation. I considered the thing very difficult, for there were twenty-four 36-pounders in the battery, without counting the little guns that surrounded the foot of it, on a level with the water; but I was too much flattered by the Prince of Nassau's choice to think of raising any objections on that score. After submitting his plan to Prince Potemkin he begged him to make a reconnaissance of the battery of Hassan Pacha on the Liman. This he could do with the more security that the Turks, for the past fortnight, had been so quiet that it was possible to approach much nearer than we should hitherto have thought wise, for the sake of a mere reconnaissance.

Prince Potemkin accepted the suggestion, and after dinner on the 16th September he embarked in a twenty-four-oared boat, taking with him the Prince de Ligne, the Prince of Anhalt, the Prince of Nassau—who was steering—and myself. At first we rowed about at a considerable distance from the battery of Hassan Pacha; then the Prince of Nassau, with a view to explaining his scheme more clearly, went within range of the enemy's carbines, and lay-to while he enlarged on his subject in detail. The Turks allowed us to carry on our

discussion undisturbed, but the moment they saw us preparing to go away they opened a most terrible fire with all their guns. We were surrounded by a hail of bullets, grape-shot, and shell, and at the same moment numbers of Turks, who had apparently been making ready while we were loitering about, flung themselves into boats of all sizes to come after us. We should infallibly have been taken, since we had no means of defence. Prince Potemkin, who was seated alone in the stern of the boat, with his three orders plainly to be seen on his uniform, wore an expression of cold dignity that was deliberately assumed and was really admirable. The Prince of Anhalt seemed chiefly disturbed by the thought that something serious might occur to change his whole future life, and result in his finding himself, before the end of the week, in the Seven Towers at Constantinople. The Prince de Ligne cared little for the danger, and met its attendant circumstances with a touch of swagger: now fixing his eyes upon the battery, now observing the prince, and smiling all the time with an affectation of contempt that did not really express his thoughts. The Prince of Nassau, the person responsible for both cause and effect of our expedition, was obviously much upset: he urged, threatened, and shouted at the boat's crew and evidently expected a terrible disaster to occur. As for me, in my lack of experience I saw no possible means of escape, and had already thought the matter out in detail. It seemed to me that I should be fairly well received in Otchakow, since I should be taken there in such good company; and at Constantinople, whither I should have to go next, I should find the Comte de Choiseul,[15] the French Ambassador and a relation of my own. He would claim me, and would take the greatest care of me. My course was plain and my future settled: I awaited my fate.

In the meantime the shouts of the Prince of Nassau had a stimulating effect upon the strength and perseverance of the sailors: the distance between us and our pursuers was slightly increased, and hope began to revive. Prince Repnin, who saw our position from the shore, quickly brought up some field-guns to protect us at the point to which we were steering.

At last we reached the shelter of our batteries, and, more by good luck than good management, were safe. The Turks abandoned the pursuit, and we landed under the eyes of four or five thousand spectators, who were watching us with great interest, and calmly discussing the chances of our escape as individuals and our success as an army.[16] When the danger was over and the damage repaired the subject was dropped. It was never mentioned to Prince Potemkin, nor—above all—to the Prince of Nassau, whose plan, as may be imagined, had evaporated in that hot fire. No one even asked what we had been doing.

That same night the Turks—being evidently in working order again—made a sortie at twelve o'clock, to attack the battery on the extreme left. They were under Salunsky, the officer in command of the Arnauts. I was present on the occasion, but nothing of any importance occurred. General Samoilof,[17] Prince Potemkin's nephew, was in command of this portion of the investing force, and was a very gallant officer. He sent for reinforcements, opened fire from a neighbouring battery, and repulsed the Turks. The affair was converted into a heavy cannonade, which lasted for three hours, and shook our parapets—which were insufficiently protected from the enemy's fire—without doing any further damage. The Prince de Ligne declared that, judging from the way our trenches were protected, the chief engineer must be a *sousliki* (a sort of little yellow rat, common in these deserts). Repairs were always going on, and the men, unless they were lying down, were no more sheltered than in the open plain.

The cold was beginning to be very severe. Prince Potemkin distributed a great deal of money among the troops in the field, which spoilt them and made them exacting, without relieving their wants. The Prince of Nassau and Prince de Ligne were greatly distressed by the inexplicable delays in the operations, and could obtain no explanation from Prince Potemkin. He hoped to make the place capitulate, and every day flattered himself that it was about to do so; but in the meantime the increase of sickness, as well as of disaffection, was growing alarming. At this time (about the 20th Sep-

tember) forty or fifty men were dying every day in the hospital tents, and the town was not yet sufficiently hard pressed for the end of the siege to be within sight. The fleet of the capitana-pacha was still lying off Berezanne, and whenever the wind was fresh and favourable was able to revictual Otchakow without any possibility of opposition from the Prince of Nassau's fleet. Marshal Romanzow [18] was in possession of Choczim, but had not advanced a step: the treaty between Joseph II and the Empress was not in any way taking effect. The Austrian army had suffered some reverses, but these had been followed by successes, which had resulted in the surrender of various fortified towns. It was difficult, therefore, to account for the delay, which was not justified by any strategical principle.[19] The Prince de Ligne decided to make a final effort, and to join Marshal Romanzow's army if Prince Potemkin could not be induced to hurry matters forward.

But, instead of any means being employed to satisfy our impatience, we were provided on the 27th September with a charming reason for wishing to delay: Mme. Samoilof and Mme. Paul Potemkin,[20] the prince's nieces, arrived at the camp and established themselves in tents near their uncle. This incident, which increased the fury of the Prince de Ligne and Prince of Nassau,[21] gave me a little consolation. After freezing for several hours in the trenches I was able to warm my emotions in the company of these two pretty women. I hoped that a more energetic siege would make them surrender more quickly than the town; and indeed my efforts and attentions had some effect on one of them. I became more resigned to the evils of our situation, and blessed my star for producing, on my behalf, a state of things that had certainly never been seen before in any war, nor in any European army.

On the 4th and 5th October the capitana-pacha's fleet received considerable reinforcements: we could count eighty-seven vessels of every strength and size. Prince Potemkin was alarmed; but to hasten the capture of the town could think of no better means than general cannonades, which took the roofs off the inhabitants' houses without making them any more inclined to give them up to us.

On the 6th I was making a tour round the outer batteries with a friend, when, as I was observing a Turkish battery that was firing at one of ours—the very one behind which I had taken up my position—I distinctly saw the round black form of a ball strike the crest of the parapet. An instinctive impulse, rather than any deliberate thought, made me pull my horse quickly to the right, and the ball, which would have cut me in two at its first ricochet, grazed my thigh. My leg swelled as I looked at it—exactly as a soap-bubble swells as one blows it. It became absolutely numb from the hip to the foot, but I felt no acute pain and did not fall from my horse. The man who was with me took me slowly back to the camp, and I was put to bed. The French surgeon, after examining the spot that the ball had touched, which was grazed and inflamed, announced that he could not tell whether the thigh were broken until the swelling had subsided, and that this would take at least four days. My distress, I admit, was excessive. Even supposing my life were in no danger I had to face the possibility of being debarred from active service, at all events for a long time, and subjected to a degree of restraint that was more alarming to me than death itself. That morning, strangely enough, when the French surgeon came to dress my first wound, which was still suppurating, the Prince de Ligne in his tent had heard me objecting to the delay, for I was in a hurry to be out, and he had called to the surgeon: "Leave him alone; you are only wasting your time. He'll go out and get another wound, and then you can dress them both together." And it was in fulfilment of this prophecy that the surgeon came to my tent a few hours later.

I spent the first two days in a state of acute anxiety, having no more feeling in my thigh and left leg, when I touched them, than if I had possessed none. On the third and fourth days the swelling began to go down, and on the fifth the surgeon assured me there were no bones broken, and all I needed, therefore, was a great deal of patience. The muscles, he said, would recover their necessary powers in time. This removed a great weight from my heart, and I determined to be

guilty of no useless imprudence as long as the siege remained so dull, but to throw precaution to the winds if any decisive action were resolved upon.

On the 8th October the entire fleet of the capitana-pacha set sail and vanished. We hoped it had abandoned its position for one of two reasons: either to fight the Russian fleet, which might have arrived from Sebastopol, or else to make it possible for the *seraskier* [22] of Otchakow to surrender. We were much perplexed; but on the 9th the fleet came back to the same anchorage and destroyed all our hopes.

On the 10th October the Prince de Ligne, who was greatly bored and wearied, and justly exasperated by Prince Potemkin's refusal to adopt measures more in accordance with his instructions, set out to Marshal Romanzow's headquarters, in the hope that he might be more favourably disposed. Naturally I felt the parting very much. His kindness, his support, his unfailing courtesy, and his invariable good nature had until now added a great deal to the interest and pleasure of my life. The physical pain in which he left me was nothing compared to my sadness at losing him, and losing, too, a great deal of enjoyment, of which his companionship was at once the cause and the effect. I was treated with the most consoling kindness by officers of all ranks in the army. Prince Potemkin brought another of his nieces to see me. She had come to spend a few days with him on her way to Naples, where her husband was minister; and he did not wish, he said, that I should be deprived of seeing one of the prettiest women in the Empire. She was Countess Skavronsky.[23] The Empress, too, was kind enough to make inquiries as to my state of health, and to send the general officer of the day to ask me for news in her name, and express the interest she deigned to take in my condition.

On the 19th the prince again resolved to attempt a general bombardment, concentrated on the town only. He ordered the Prince of Nassau to take up his whole flotilla and surround the lower part of the town; and on the 20th this useless attempt took place. The flotilla suffered great losses; several ships were disabled and a large number of men killed. It had been rumoured that the attempt was to be a more important affair,

and was to be accompanied by an attack on the entrenchment by the land forces. As soon as I heard of it I rose from my bed, and conquering my weakness proceeded to Prince Potemkin's tent, leaning upon a stick. "You show a great want of confidence in me," he said. "I should certainly not have made any attack in which you could take part without telling you about it; this was never intended to be anything but a bombardment. I insist on your going back and keeping quiet; and pray believe that the Prince de Ligne's departure will make no difference in my care and my sincere friendship for you." I retired, and devoted some more time to resting and curing myself.

The Prince of Nassau came on shore after the bombardment. He was in a very bad temper, and complained bitterly of being made the victim of such ill-conceived and fatal measures as those he had been forced to carry out. Knowing his character I foresaw the storm that was about to break. And indeed he had a very lively altercation with Prince Potemkin, after which he shut himself up in a tent for three days, and never went near the prince, whom he was expecting every moment to make advances or promise to adopt some more resolute plan of action. But Prince Potemkin's character was incapable of bending, or yielding to any one's remonstrances, especially when they were made with vehemence. He made no advances whatever to the Prince of Nassau, nor even asked what he was thinking, nor yet what he was doing. The Prince of Nassau, in a greater rage than ever, wrote to ask for his passport: he received it in answer to his demand, and without any further explanation or delay set out to Poland on the morning of the 26th October.

I felt the Prince of Nassau's departure very much, but I was deeply touched by Prince Potemkin's behaviour to me on this occasion. That same morning I received a note from him, referring in the kindest and most considerate way to my natural regret at losing the Prince de Ligne and Prince of Nassau, but begging me at the same time to believe that he would only be the more anxious to replace them as my friend and protector, and bidding me ask him confidently for any-

thing I desired. This excellent illustration will show how accurately I depicted his character at first. Prince Potemkin was capable of the most perfect graciousness and courtesy, and of the most morose rudeness and insolence: he was alternately prompted by his vanity and his heart, and as he sometimes yielded to them both simultaneously it was quite possible for him to inspire gratitude, devotion, and hatred at the same moment.

On the 1st November eighteen vessels left the fleet that was anchored off Berezanne and entered the harbour at Otchakow, in spite of the line of frigates and ships belonging to the flotilla at the entrance to the Liman; for the squalls so common at this season made all manœuvring impossible and there was no way of opposing this sort of enterprise. The only thing to stop it was the departure of the Turkish fleet, and we could only hope that the bad weather, which was continuous, would prevent it from remaining at sea much longer. This fresh relief that had reached Otchakow was a splendid justification of the Prince of Nassau, who had several times declared that at this season of the year it would be impossible to prevent the repeated revictualling of the town, and that consequently the flotilla was now absolutely useless.

I should find it hard to give any idea of the sufferings of the army, and of every individual in it, at this period. There was snow on the ground to a depth of two feet, accompanied by twelve or fifteen degrees of frost and violent winds from the sea, which often upset the tents. This accident had become so common that Prince Potemkin had adopted the plan of having holes called *zemlankis* [24] dug in the earth, in which all the men who were off duty buried themselves; and the tents had been sent to the rear. In these immense deserts there were no woods nor resources of any kind, and the inferior ranks were deprived of wine, brandy, and even meat, since they could not pay the price that was demanded. The generals and colonels could only ameliorate their lot with a few comforts by paying their weight in gold; and all the precautions that instinct could suggest did not save a man, if he slept in a tent, from awaking covered with snow. Of the few

horses that we had been forced to keep, when the complete lack of forage had made it necessary to send three parts of the cavalry into winter quarters, some died every day, and men who had no tents for them could not save one. As for me, though I had provided tents I had only two horses left, and I put one of them under the awning of my own tent in order to make it warmer for myself. All our baggage-wagons had been broken up to furnish wood for the modest cooking that was necessary, and for warming our finger-tips; the generals who had several vehicles had only kept one, having sacrificed the rest for fuel.

Being young and less used to the cold than the Russians I found my only means of obtaining a few moments of sleep was to keep a spirit-lamp alight in my tent night and day, though the spirits of wine that fed it cost two louis a bottle. When I was ready to get into bed my men held a sack of my own size over the lamp, and when it was well heated they put me into it, laid me down in the bed, and covered me with everything I possessed in the way of wraps and clothes. Then I went to sleep, and in the morning my valet removed from my face about a quarter of an inch of snow, which had made its way into the tent during the night. All the men on duty in the trenches had pelisses and furred boots, and non-commissioned officers were constantly going to and fro, in order to awaken the men whom the cold was making torpid. If they fell asleep the cold would congeal their blood, and they awoke no more. It is impossible to give any idea of the misery of our condition. I went to the trenches every morning and evening, but I dined and spent my evenings with the prince, and earnestly as I tried to discover his views I could make no guess at his intentions as to our future.

Up to this deplorable time the prince's nephew, Count Branicky, Commander-in-Chief in Poland, had been keeping house for his uncle, and being within reach of his own property was able to supply all the needs of the prince's establishment. But now he wearied of his position of subjection, and left the army. The prince, therefore, had to depend on his own resources in this respect, and the usual luxury disappeared from

his table. His niece was obliged to go off and camp with her husband, who was in command of the left wing, while I was forced to take my chance of being frozen in the snow, in order to pay her the attentions that she had deigned to accept—more conveniently for me—when we were nearer to her uncle's tent. In short, our discomforts were accumulating; it was impossible that our painful situation should continue; our necessities and our physical strength demanded an end to it, and yet there was no appearance of an end at hand.

There was no other Court nor army in Europe that would not have held the general in command responsible for the time he was losing, for the useless discomfort and suffering he was causing, and for the many men who daily succumbed to want and sickness; but the person of Prince Potemkin was inviolable; he was himself the Empress's soul, conscience, and authority, and in consequence considered himself independent of all the laws of duty and reason. No man would have dared to compromise himself by trying to enlighten his sovereign; but those who suffered did not do so without complaining and cursing their fate, which forced them to submit to such a painful state of things. The Prince of Anhalt and I secretly groaned at what we witnessed, far more than at what we suffered; and he, who was esteemed by his cousin the Empress and adored by the army, exercised his will in resigning himself and giving a good example, instead of in freeing himself from the restraints of the situation.[25]

On the 6th November a deserter from the town informed us that our perpetual cannonades killed no one, and did no harm except to the houses; that it was to our deserters we owed the *seraskier's* obstinacy in holding out, because they told him of our state of distress; and that the *seraskier* was expecting us to attack the entrenchment and was preparing to defend it fiercely. The men gave us a great deal of information on the subject of the mines, and the preparations that were being made to utilise them: in short he gave us no hope of a speedy surrender. This report put the prince into a very bad temper, but occupied as his mind must have been by his melancholy situation I can testify that he also con-

cerned himself with alien matters, for I shall never forget that on that very day, when I went to dine with him, he kept us waiting an hour for our dinner. When at last he appeared he said to me: "Have you had any news from France lately?" I answered that none had reached me for some time, and that I attributed the fact to the delays in the posts caused by the bad roads at that season. "Do you think," he went on, "that when your King has assembled the States General that he is now convoking he will dine at the hour that pleases him? I tell you he will only eat when they are kind enough to permit it, and if I were in his place I should cut off M. Necker's head *so close to his shoulders* that he should bring nothing more out of it to be a curse to his country, and perhaps to all Europe."

These words, which were uttered on the 6th November, 1788, were the first hint that I received of the approaching Revolution. I had as yet heard nothing of it, but it is true that, had I been of a more far-seeing age, the royal sitting in the Parliament, which took place six days before I left Paris and was followed by the exile of M. le duc d'Orléans to Villers-Cotterêts, might have led me to expect something of a sinister nature.

IV

Picturesque attack on the island of Berezanne by the Zaporogians, and energetic sortie by the Turks (18th–21st Nov. 1788)—Severe cold —Preparations for the final assault—The Count, who has hitherto had no rank in the army, is made adjutant-general and given the command of a column of picked grenadiers, the advanced guard of Anhalt's corps—Capture of Otchakof (17th Dec.)—Reception of the Count, after the victory, by Potemkin and his nieces—The Prince takes him on a tour of inspection.

On the 15th November, at eight o'clock in the morning, we saw the capitana-pacha's entire fleet setting sail off the island of Berezanne, where it was still lying. By three o'clock in the afternoon it had entirely vanished. We presumed that the difficulty of remaining at sea had forced it to go away, and as a matter of fact it returned no more. The prince celebrated this retreat with a salvo of all the artillery in our batteries, and a simultaneous shout of *hurrah!* from all the troops. I was at his side while this performance was going on, and he said: "We must batter them with shot for two days more, and then——" Here he interrupted himself, leaving me to hope that at last he was about to deal the final decisive blows.

On the 18th the prince entertained us with the truly dramatic spectacle of an attack on the island of Berezanne by the Zaporavians.[1] These people are an almost savage horde numbering several millions, and are a branch of the Cossacks, but are subject only to their own rules, laws, chiefs, and customs, and dependent on no civil nor military authority whatever. They live in huts on the banks of the Dnieper, and fight for the Empress when called upon to do so; but they submit to no orders nor punishments that are not derived from their own barbaric constitution. The government counts upon

them, and by lending itself to the formalities they demand is able to secure their services.

The chief embarked fifteen hundred of them in the little boats they use. Forming in a line, they left the shore near our camp and approached the island, uttering menacing cries. In spite of the fire of grape-shot that they had to face they succeeded in effecting a landing, and forced the Turks to take refuge in the fortress. The Turks cried out that they wished to capitulate; on which the chief answered that he could do nothing without Prince Potemkin's orders, and suggested taking back two of them to parley with that general, and hear his conditions. They were conducted to the prince, to whom they surrendered at discretion. Major-General Rachmanof,[2] who performed the functions of the personage known in any other army as the Quartermaster General, was sent to Berezanne to take possession of the island; and I accompanied him. The fortress contained three hundred men, a "one-tailed" pacha,[3] an *aga* of janissaries, and sufficient stores to victual Otchakow for two months. Any nation but the Turks would have made it an impregnable position. The island is about 1600 yards long by 500 wide; the fort is fairly good and has a moat that extends across the whole island. The garrison of Otchakow watched this expedition from the top of the town-walls, but made no proposal to follow the island's example before the same means of persuasion had been adopted. On the 19th we saluted the imperial standard on the island with another salvo of artillery.

In the night of the 20th the prince erected in front of our left wing a battery of 24-pounders, which poured a crushing fire at close quarters into the principal bastion of the town, and made a breach. On the 22nd the Turks made a very energetic sortie and gained possession of the battery for a moment, but were repulsed by the reserve, though unhappily they bore away with them, as a trophy of their valour, the head of General Maximovitch, a man worthy of respect from every point of view, whose death was keenly regretted by the whole army. The prince made the Turkish prisoners inspect the bodies of their compatriots. They recognised three *agas*

of the janissaries, and some of the Anatolians who had come with the last reinforcements put into the town by the capitana-pacha, before he abandoned his position.

The behaviour of the garrison sufficiently indicated that they would consent to no capitulation. The seraskier put his faith in his own perseverance, and in the straits to which we were reduced; and his firmness showed us plainly that nothing but an assault could save us from succumbing to the severities of the climate. At that time there were from twenty to twenty-four degrees of frost: all the army desired was to venture everything, rather than endure the martyrdom of dying from cold and want. But the prince was still immovable.

On the 3rd December some Jews brought us some relief, and a gazette from Leyden which gave me a certain amount of consolation. In it I read that my uncle [4] had just been made colonel of the French Guards; and although this favour came at a moment when I felt rather doubtful of his deriving much pleasure from it, my prevision of the future was not clear enough to spoil my satisfaction in this brilliant tribute from the King to my uncle's distinguished career.

I shall inspire pity, and at the same time envy, when I say that the only flaw in my personal happiness was caused by my physical sufferings. The cold I had been enduring night and day for two months was more than my constitution was fitted to bear; and, moreover, the discontent that surrounded me and the cabals that were rife in the army added to the torments of this arid and glacial region, where, it seemed, we were destined to die of want and rage. Every one knows that the winter of 1788 was exceptional all over Europe. It may be imagined, then, what it was like on the shores of the Black Sea, in a desert where not a single tree was to be found within a radius of fifty leagues, nor the smallest rising-ground, nor a hut, nor any kind of shelter—for a tent buried in snow can hardly be regarded as such. But it's a long lane that has no turning: heaven had still some happiness in store for me, and I was very near it at this moment, when I thought myself one of the most wretched of men.

On the 15th Prince Potemkin decided to make the assault,

and to make it in such a way as to take the entrenchment and the town at the same time. Five columns of five thousand men each were to be employed for the purpose.

The column on the right, commanded by General Pahlen,[5] was to attack the lower part of the town, the suburb and battery of Hassan Pacha. The second column, to the left of the first, under the command of the Prince of Anhalt, was to enter the entrenchment at the point where it came to an end in the suburb of Hassan Pacha, and having taken possession of it was to advance on the town-gate known as the Gate of Stamboul.

The third column, still further to the left, under the command of Prince Basil Dolgorouky,[6] lieutenant-general, was to enter the entrenchment in the centre, extend therein, and advance into the heart of the town.

The fourth column, which formed part of the left wing and was commanded by Prince Volkonsky,[7] was to enter the entrenchment and support the fifth column.

The fifth, commanded by Gorrich the Georgian,[8] under the orders of Lieutenant-General Samoilof, was to escalade the bastion of the fortress—in which a breach had been made by the new battery to which I have referred—to enter the town, and facilitate the opening of the Gate of Stamboul, which was to be attacked by the Prince of Anhalt's column.

Prince Repnin was in command of the whole force. The general attack was fixed to take place on the morning of the 17th December, the feast of St. Nicholas.

On the 15th General Rachmanof, the general-officer of the day, came to me in the morning and said the prince wished to inform me that he had made me one of his adjutants-general. I answered that I was always grateful for everything he was kind enough to do for me, but that I ventured to entreat him to remember that, in that capacity, he could only employ me near his own person, that it could not be for the general welfare that he should be included in the storming-party, since it devolved upon him to direct the whole attack, whereas it would not be suitable for me, considering how much I desired to earn his esteem, to abstain from taking an active part in the assault.

General Rachmanof begged me to write, instead of giving him this verbal message, and promised to give my letter to the prince at once. I therefore wrote, specifying my motives, and entreating the prince to take them into consideration. An hour later I received the following answer: "I think I deserve that you should still have confidence in me: I have never ceased to consider what would be most conducive to your pleasure and advantage. So be patient."

This kind and considerate answer reduced me to silence, but did not remove my anxiety. It was, however, impossible to take any further steps: I could only resign myself to the fate the prince had in store for me, whatever it might be, and build my hopes on the attention and kindness he had so constantly shown me. It was not long before I had a fresh proof of his care and thought of me, which affected me to the bottom of my heart.

On the morning of the 16th the prince put the following notice in the general orders: "M. le comte de Damas, having as my adjutant-general acquired the rank of colonel in the army, will take command, in the assault, of eight hundred picked grenadiers, who will lead the Prince of Anhalt's column."

The moment I heard of this order I hastened to the prince. He greeted me with all the kindness and graciousness that I was accustomed to receive from him, and that all my respect and gratitude could never repay. He explained to me that he could not give me a command unless I had a rank in the army, and that, being unable to give me any rank without the requisite formalities, he had made use of the post of adjutant-general, because promotions of that kind were at his own disposal. He told me the name of the regiment that was to furnish my men (the Grenadiers of Ekaterinoslav), and allowed me to go off at once and inspect it.

The Prince of Anhalt, who loved me as if I were his son, took real pleasure in choosing my men and making up a good corps for me. Having completed our preparations we both returned to dine with the prince, with an expression of satisfaction on our faces that seemed an omen of success. After

dinner I devoted some time to my personal arrangements; for though I had the happiest presentiments I was well aware that the next morning's work would be very stormy. I therefore gave my valet and grooms all the instructions and money they would require if any harm should come to me, and wrote some letters that were to be taken, in that event, to Paris.[9]

This is the letter I wrote to my sister before the storming of Otchakof, and opened on the 1st August, 1789, at Olviopol:

14 *December* (sic).

I do not know, my dear and charming little sister, whether I shall be killed in the assault that we are about to make; if so, it will be in the pleasantest way possible, for I shall be there at the head of eight hundred grenadiers, whom the prince has been kind enough to entrust to me; you can well imagine that I am supremely happy. I give you my word of honour that I am firmly persuaded I shall come out of it safe and sound; I have a presentiment of my own safety, and have, moreover, your little face, which has not yet left off bringing me good luck and will not play me false on the happiest day of my life.

Since, however, nothing is impossible, and I am far from every one I love, I wish to entrust one of the persons I love the most with my little sentimental will and testament, for I have no other kind to make, as you know. If, then, you ever receive this letter, you will say to all the assembled family—that is to say my aunt, my uncle, my brothers, and even my father—we have lost Roger, who loved us all with his whole heart, whose only happiness was his hope of seeing us again, who had his faults, but must be forgiven for them because his heart never had the shadow of one, and because he never thought lightly of any one of us. Then you will break up the circle. The next day you will go to my aunt and assure her earnestly that I adored her, and point out to her that, ever since I was old enough to understand her, her advice and entreaties—though I was sometimes too giddy to attend to them—always made more impression on me than those of any one else, and you must not leave her till she admits this and promises you to mourn for me as a son. You will then go at once to my uncle, and tell him that I swear there has never been a moment of my life when I was not sensible of his kindness and affection, that I may have neglected his counsels too often, perhaps, but that they have always been engraved on my heart, that I should never have taken any step without thinking of its effect upon him, that though I disregarded him sometimes when it only meant annoying him for a moment, nothing would have induced me to do so if I thought it could alter his affection for me, and that I loved and valued him more than a father, since it was from choice and not from duty that he sometimes regarded me as a son. You will embrace our eldest brother a thousand times: he knows how much I loved him: you will embrace the Abbé a thousand times—I loved him more and more every day. You will make my father think better of me, if he should still think little that is good: if I neglected him I loved him none the less. And do not forget Gaston either, whom I also love.

Then, dear love, you will open all the letter-cases in the desk I send

you. All the letters the handwriting of which you recognise—for instance all the letters from Mme. de Coigny—you must return to the writers without letting any one read them. As for your own, keep them, I implore you, with those I wrote to you. The little pocket-book that contains some letters from Constance you must give to her as it is, with my little watch that has the pansy on it ; talk to her about me, and do all you can for her happiness, and, as her life goes on, do not let the family blame her, if you can help it, for having loved me. All this only applies if she still thinks of me, and I do not know if this is so.[10] The letters of which you do not recognise the writing you must burn. You must give fifty louis to Marcandier : everything I owe him will then be paid, and very liberally too. You must look in the desk to see if there are no little things that should go to some one else, and give them to the right person (for instance, the little steel ring to Mme. de Coigny).

That is all, my angel. As for you, I assure you that I have loved you to distraction for the last two years, and only neglected you when I was so young that I was incapable of appreciating your moral qualities, and saw that I was not sufficiently important to you, since you showed no more than a great interest in me. But since I have recognised that you are the most accomplished creature that heaven ever made, and that none the less you care more for me, you have satisfied my vanity and at the same time awakened the love that I have always been ready to give you. This letter, which is meant to show you when I am gone how much I regret not to see you again, will, I hope, never be read by you, for I am ready to wager anything in the world that no harm is going to happen to me : but it was necessary to my peace of mind, and if my grenadiers be as well disposed as myself, I hereby swear to the Turks that they have no means of defending themselves against my attack.

ROGER.

If every one cries out against me for writing this letter to you, tell them that I know all there is to be said on the subject, but that I preferred to disturb your dear heart for a short time to disturbing my own much more by not writing to you.

My eternal homage to the Princesse C. . . ., and my blessing to her children.

I made every arrangement to prevent any difficulty in my instructions being carried out. My valet was chiefly concerned with his own interests and precautions; he repeatedly came back to me with some new calculation of the expenses of his journey to Paris, and while I satisfied all his demands I felt that his rather heartless proceedings made me dislike him. But he was quite unconscious of it, and was satisfied in every respect.

The prince made his niece come back from her husband's quarters, so that, if she should lose him—for he was in command of the left wing [11]—she would have help and shelter close at hand. It was with her that I spent the evening ; and

at about two o'clock in the morning I returned to my tent, to dress myself warmly enough, and at the same time lightly enough, for the assault.

The breaching battery had been firing continuously on the left bastion for thirty-six hours, and the breach was practicable; but the fire could not cease before the very moment of the escalade, because in half-an-hour the latter would have been rendered impossible by a film of ice, due to a slight fall of snow and twenty-four degrees of frost.

In addition to the five principal columns that I have described in detail, there were three others to fill the intervals between them; but these were flying columns and not so strong, and were intended to support or assist the attack of the others.

On the 17th,[12] at four o'clock in the morning, the troops assembled in front of the camp, and received the blessing of the pope: the men had permission to leave the ranks one by one, go up and kiss a relic held by the pope, leave a copper coin on a dish, and return to their places. Three-quarters of the troops conformed to this religious exercise. By six o'clock the columns were formed, and each of them was at its appointed starting-place. Absolute silence was enjoined, and was to be observed throughout the advance from the trenches to the entrenchment of the town. The firing of three shells was the signal that was to set the troops in motion, at the first indication of the dawn. At the first shell the men were to throw their pelisses and furred boots on the ground, and at the third they were to advance.

Each column was supplied with a sufficient number of planks, on which to cross the ditch of the entrenchment. The fifth, or escalading column, was provided with ladders.

The prince, that night, came to sleep in the hole that had been dug in the ground for the generals in the trenches; and his valet, who was posted at the entrance and was accustomed to leave him undisturbed till he heard him call, on this occasion actually made a difficulty about admitting Prince Repnin, the general in command of the storming-party, who had come to tell the prince that the assault was about to begin. This is

an example of passive obedience unimaginable in any country but Russia.

When day was on the point of breaking the first shell was fired; we were all in our places; we threw off our cloaks, and held ourselves in readiness. On the firing of the third shell the troops advanced, but not in the silence that is so necessary in an attack and so difficult to obtain from the Russians. Repeated shouts of *hurrah!* gave notice of our approach to the Turks, whom, if it had not been for this irregularity, we should have surprised.

In spite of the deep snow we covered the distance between our own camp and the enemy's entrenchment in a few minutes, which were employed by the Turks in making their guns ready for our reception.

As I have already said, I led the advanced guard of the Prince of Anhalt's column. I and all my men reached the ditch of the entrenchment; the planks by which we were to cross it were at the rear of the column; the fire of every kind that we had to face left us no time for waiting. I knew, too, that I had to cross, between the entrenchment and the gate of the town, the mines of which I had been privately warned; and the terrible slaughter their explosion would have caused made it all the more important to lose no time. I therefore made my grenadiers jump into the ditch of the entrenchment. I dragged the foremost men in with me, and the rest followed: then, with the help of their bayonets they pulled one another up, and aided by the firmness of the snow in the hard frost, I succeeded in surmounting the palisades of the entrenchment, and forming up within. Without waiting for the rest of the column, who were following us closely, we proceeded at the double towards the Stamboul Gate, with the irregular ranks of the Turks who opposed our advance falling back before our bayonets.

We thus reached, in close order, the extremity of the moat near the gate. The Turks, hearing the sound of the attack in all directions, had opened the gate in order to bring out a strong column to aid the troops in the entrenchment, and did not think we were so near. They were waiting, closely

packed, under the archway of the gate, which was about 200 yards long. Although I had now carried out all my instructions it seemed to me that the success of the general attack would be greatly forwarded if I could force an entrance on this side of the town. Without losing a moment I advanced upon the archway in close order, with bayonets at the charge; and the most horrible and unparalleled massacre forthwith began. The Turks were struck down and killed one upon the other; and my men, climbing, treading, and trampling upon the piles of dead and wounded who had fallen before their bayonets, forced their way through darkness and blood to the other side of the archway. We found ourselves, covered with gore and shattered brains, inside the entrance to the town.

The column that had scaled the breach in the bastion on the left, in the meantime, had been entirely successful, and I could see the head of it at the end of the street opposite to me. The success of the assault was therefore certain.

As I crossed the bridge over the moat I had observed, in the thick of the fight, the match burning near the saucisson at the entrance to the mine, ready to explode it in an instant if it should occur to a single Turk to set the powder alight. I sent some one to extinguish the match, and the tail of the column was saved from this danger.

One alarming accident occurred, and for a moment the carnage and the tumult of voices ceased: a powder-magazine in an angle of the inner rampart was blown up, and so violent was the explosion that for several seconds the air was thick with the stones, dust, and smoke that rose around us. But no sooner was the light restored than the massacre continued on every side. It was not till every drop of Turkish blood was shed that the Russian soldiers would consent to stay their hands. We had left the trenches at seven o'clock precisely; by a quarter to nine absolute peace was reigning, the whole town was in a state of submission, and eleven thousand Turks had been put to the sword. There were only between two and three thousand Russians killed and wounded.

My one and only wound was a bite upon the heel. As I made my way through the archway, stepping from corpse to

corpse, my left leg slipped into a gap three or four corpses deep, and the man who was underneath, being still alive, seized my Achilles tendon with his teeth and tore away a piece of the boot and the stocking. The skin was merely reddened, not broken. The Prince of Anhalt, who saw this curious wound, said to me: "I shall give myself the pleasure of telling the story, but you must say nothing about it yourself, for no one will believe you."

The seraskier [13] was taken, and his life spared. The Prince of Anhalt assembled his troops, and as we stood at attention and listened to his final orders, we were full of joy and satisfaction at the thought that the end of our troubles was at hand. During that half-hour of waiting we suffered tortures from the cold, which we had not felt during our two hours of energetic action, but became very conscious of when stationary. "How annoying it is," I said to the Prince of Anhalt, "that we did not devise some means of bringing our cloaks with us. Perhaps, on the whole, it is worse to be frozen than killed." The words were hardly out of my mouth when my Polish lackey, whom I had engaged on my way through Warsaw, appeared with my cloak held open for me to put on. He had thought it his duty, though he had received no orders, to follow me silently all through the assault, as he would have followed me to the theatre in Paris or Berlin. This shows a degree of punctiliousness and faithfulness that one could not have imagined possible, and could not on any account omit to mention. Is there another man in the world, of any class whatever, capable of such a disinterested, courageous, and kind-hearted action?

The Prince of Anhalt received orders to take his column back to camp. Only a few troops were told off to occupy the town, as it was necessary to clear away the dead bodies before taking the risk of quartering soldiers there. For several days such of the inhabitants as had escaped death were employed in conveying the dead to the middle of the Liman, for the earth was frozen so hard that it was impossible to bury them. They remained on the ice, at the mouth of the river, until the first thaw of spring; when the water, on resuming its natural course,

carried them out to sea with the ice. The sight of these horrible bodies, frozen into the position they had assumed at their last breath, was more ghastly, as they lay on the surface of the estuary, than any words can possibly describe; but it was the severity of the frost that saved us from the tainted air, which would otherwise infallibly have wrought havoc among us.

The tactics adopted by Prince Potemkin for the assault were excellent, as one could easily see on examining the entrenchment in detail. The French engineer, Lafitte, whom M. de Choiseul, ambassador at Constantinople, had recalled before the campaign began, had made the egregious mistake of not carrying on the entrenchment into the waters of the Liman: the gap that he foolishly left, between the shore and the entrenchment, exposed the bastion and gave facilities for breaching and escalading. Moreover, with less than thirty thousand men in the entrenchment it was inevitable that several points of defence should be weak; and the whole garrison of the town only comprised fourteen thousand men. It was this that assured the success of every attack, whether on the suburb of Hassan Pacha or on the entrenchment. The seraskier had attempted to defend every point at once, and had consequently made his defences too weak everywhere. It is all the harder on this account to understand why the prince should have wasted six months on a siege of this nature: the town, having no exterior works but the entrenchment, demanded no more than a fortnight's work after the completion of the trenches, and indeed would have been more easily taken before receiving the reinforcements that the fleet, as we have seen, brought to it on several occasions. And yet, as I think I have already made clear, not a day passed without a siege-work of some kind being constructed or repaired. It required more skill to make the siege last so long than to finish the whole affair in three weeks.

To explain the prince's conduct one must look for some political or personal motive, and I believe he was actuated by reasons of both these kinds. Moreover he desired to lay the chief burden of the campaign on the Austrians; he desired, too, to paralyse the movements of Marshal Romanzow, who,

for his part, was greatly to be blamed for not advancing towards the Danube, whereby he gave Prince Potemkin an opportunity of showing his hostility; and in the third place he desired to prolong the war with a view to retaining his military supremacy—the position he preferred to all others—and ending the campaign with an achievement that was made to appear all the more difficult and notable by the faults of inexperience, and the really unpardonable blunders that had preceded it.

But nowhere, save in Russia, and to no general, save an Empress's favourite, would this futile sacrifice of time and men be permitted with impunity. And only a general who was his sovereign's lover could arbitrarily bestow military commands without any regard for order, seniority, or rank. Gorrich, the man I mentioned as commanding the column appointed to attack the breach, was a Georgian, who wore an Asiatic costume that made him sufficiently remarkable, and who had no kind of rank in the army. It is true that he was under the orders of Lieutenant-Generals Muller and Samoilof, but the major-generals and colonels were offended, and not without reason, by the prince's preference for a man who knew so little of this kind of warfare. He showed how ill-suited to it he felt himself to be, for he was seized by a presentiment, which is noteworthy from the fact that it was fulfilled. The man who went to warn him in the trenches that the signal for the assault was on the point of being fired found him absorbed in thought, with his head bowed upon his hands. It required several minutes to bring him to himself; but at last he rose, saying that he would do his duty, but that he felt he was going to be killed. He advanced, steadily enough, to the foot of the bastion, but while superintending the placing of the ladders was struck by two bullets, and fell dead.

Prince Volkonsky, a major-general, who had given evidence of the most reckless courage all through the siege, had a similar presentiment and was also killed. This fate befell very few of the generals, and not a single one of any prominence in the army.

An hour after bringing the troops back to camp we reported

ourselves—the Prince of Anhalt and myself—to Prince Potemkin, who received us with all the graciousness that he knew so well how to assume. We were charmingly greeted, too, by his pretty nieces, one of whom it gave me the most intense—if unavowed—pleasure to see again. This particular form of happiness, which is well known to be especially sweet, has never before rewarded any man so promptly for a morning of such cruel joy. Most men have to wait for it till they return to quarters or to the capital; but it was granted to me to enjoy it without delay, and this delight, I think, has never been experienced by any one but myself.

When the prince's first demonstrations of kindness were over he said to me: "And now we must think about Petersburg. Are you intending to go there?" I assured him that I regarded it not only as a great pleasure, but as a duty, to pay my court to the Empress as soon as possible. "Well then," he answered, "I shall take you there myself. We must not be separated: I will undertake all your arrangements. All you have to do is to send away in advance everything you do not need: let me take care of the rest."

I had already fared too well under his guidance to hesitate about accepting his suggestion, and it was arranged that he should spend a few days in making an expedition to Vitofka, to inspect the works connected with the new port he was establishing there. He would then return to Otchakow for three days; after which we would set out to Kherson, from thence to Krementchoug, and finally to Petersburg.

The prince did not return from his visit of inspection till the 27th December, and was then installed in the town of Otchakow, where the house that was least in ruins had been made ready for him. Cold as I was, with twenty-three degrees of frost in my tent, I bore it with resignation, knowing that my patience would be tried only a very little longer; but on the 2nd January, 1789, the prince insisted that I and the Prince of Anhalt should take up our abode in Otchakow. Poor as was the shelter we found there it seemed a palace to me after the one of canvas that I had just left; and moreover there is a certain piquancy in living in a town that one has

been besieging for a long time, and wherein one has bought rest with very acute sufferings.

On the 6th January we left this horrible desert in sledges, blessing the hour of our escape from it, thanking heaven for saving us from all the dangers that had threatened us, and turning our backs upon the past to fix our eyes upon a future full of hope. On the morrow we reached Kherson.

There I sorted out my baggage and sent off to Petersburg everything that was not an absolute necessity, together with my carriage and my valet. I kept with me only two of my servants, and left everything else to be cared for by Prince Potemkin.

After spending three days there we went to Elisabeth-Gorod, the place whence I had set out on the 8th April. As I dwelt on the past, and remembered all my doubts at the beginning, and all that had resulted from my perseverance, the sight of this place filled me with happiness and gratitude: I had nothing to wish for but the Prince de Ligne, who had given me hospitality here in such a charming way, and would have shared my pleasure so sympathetically in this happy hour.

The prince's business here was promptly settled, and we proceeded to Krementchoug.

We divided our time, during the fortnight we were there, between the enjoyment of the greatest luxury, the finest concerts conducted by Sarti, the pleasures of love, assignations, and repose. Every hour I encountered some fresh fantastic instance of Prince Potemkin's Asiatic peculiarities; there was nothing, either in his amusements or in the exercise of his authority, that resembled the customs of my country; everything was new to me; everything charmed me and made me happy; I found his arbitrary actions and proceedings intensely interesting and attractive to watch. If I had examined them philosophically I should have seen that they had their objectionable side, but as it was not my business to reform his methods I had nothing to do but observe and enjoy them. He would move a government, demolish a town with a view to building it somewhere else, form a new colony or a new industrial centre, and change the administration of a province all in a spare

half-hour, before giving his whole attention to the arrangement of a ball or fête. For this strange but able man had many sides: he could attend at the same time to the most important affairs and the most juvenile amusements. I owe to him the most instructive and the most agreeable moments of my life. Above all I owe him those that were the furthest removed from the natural course of my life. There is as much food for thought in comparison and contrast as in the observation of methods that the judgment accepts as worthy of imitation. Everything that is beyond and outside the ordinary area of one's own career is so much material and training for one's mind. As life goes on, experience classifies and distributes these materials, and, directly or indirectly, they influence and colour the whole course of one's occupations, actions, and thoughts.

V

Damas leaves the camp and arrives at Petersburg—Friendly reception by the Comte de Ségur and Count Cobenzl—Flattering reception by Catherine II—The Russian Court: the Empress, the Grand Duke, the principal ministers: Ségur and Potemkin—The favourite Mamonof—The author joins Potemkin's army on the river Bug (17th May, 1789).

THE Empress was impatiently awaiting the prince at Petersburg, and begged him to hasten thither.

He decided to set out. Three sledges were prepared for our journey of six hundred leagues, the distance that we still had to travel in addition to the journey from Otchakow: one sledge for the prince, one for me, and one for the French surgeon [1] who accompanied him everywhere. We were to cover this distance at such a pace that a larger retinue would have been inconvenient. It was in the evening that we started off from Krementchoug in our sledges, with a lackey seated outside at the back of each sledge, and a large escort of Cossacks holding torches. As soon as we were packed up in a quantity of pelisses and muffs and foot-muffs, and covered over with snow-proof leather, the prince called to me from his sledge: "Are you ready? I have given orders that you are to stay close to me." On my answering in the affirmative we shot away as fast as any horse could fly in quest of freedom: for the first moment I was frightened, for the speed was such as I had never imagined likely, nor even possible. We reached the first posting-house before I had hit upon a comfortable position, and left it before I had time to move again.

As ill-luck would have it one of the traces of my harness broke, and we had to pull up; and by the time it was mended the prince was several versts in advance of me. The road, which was covered with snow, and ill-defined at the best, was hard to see without the help of the torches: the *moujik* (or

postillion) missed the track, left the road, and plunged me into several feet of snow in the middle of the plain: the horses were unable to drag the sledge out, and struck work altogether: the driver began to pray, the lackey to cry, and I to despair, for I saw no remedy for the situation. For three hours I was a prey to the most acute anxiety: I could expect no help from the man who was driving me, and not a traveller is to be seen in that part of the world at that season of the year, and especially at such an hour. There was nothing before me, it seemed, but to die of cold and impatience. I had at last resigned myself to await the dawn when I saw on the far distant horizon a point of light that I took at first for a shooting star; but one moment of observation showed me it was terrestrial, and another moment was enough to indicate its distance and direction. I told my moujik to take one of the horses, to make straight for that light, and to bring some one back to me. After he was gone I was more lonely and alarmed than ever; but all evils have an end, and when an hour had passed he brought back a peasant who had a close resemblance to a savage, but who, by helping us to lift the sledge, enabled us to proceed at a foot's-pace, and finally to reach his house. I found an entire family sleeping on top of a stove, in a little room six feet square, but I was only too happy to be there: some black bread and some straw fulfilled all my requirements, and when day dawned the peasant led us back to the right road, from which I strayed no more.

At the posting-house I found evidences of the prince's anxiety, and the orders he had left behind him to insure that the accident should not be repeated. On the following evening, without any further misadventure, I reached Mohilev, the capital of White Russia, where the prince had already been for twenty-four hours. At the first house in the town I met one of his aides-de-camp, who had orders to await me there and take me to the place where I was to alight. I never doubted that I was to go straight to my bed, which the fatigue of this novel experience had made my most pressing need. But instead of this I was taken to a large house, whence I heard sounds issuing that completely robbed me of all hopes of rest.

I was led into a hall where the whole town and garrison were assembled to take part in a magnificent ball, which the province was giving for the prince. He came to meet me, and refusing to accept any excuses on the score of my costume, proceeded to introduce me to all the women. Then, without further ado, he brought me a partner; whereupon I made up my mind to it, and danced without leaving the place till six o'clock in the morning.

On that same day, at noon, we entered our sledges again. The prince warned me as we started that he fully expected to reach Petersburg twenty-four hours before me, but assured me that he would at least see to it that I lacked nothing on the journey. If he should gain on me so far, he said, he would use the time to give notice of my arrival to the Comte de Ségur, and to find out for me where I was to stay.

At the third stage the prince began to leave me behind; so much so that he arrived in Petersburg thirty hours before me. When I reached Tsarskoie-Selo, the Empress's summer residence, one stage away from Petersburg, I found a carriage that the Comte de Ségur had sent to await me there, with my valet-de-chambre, who had been for the past month in the Comte de Ségur's house, where I was invited to stay. I left my sledge, and an hour and a half later reached the French Embassy in the Rue de la Millione (17th Feb. 1789).

I received from the Comte de Ségur the welcome, the courtesy, and the support that his natural kindliness gave me reason to expect: I enjoyed in his house an amount of attention and comfort that I could only have claimed from my own family. My star granted me another favour in giving me, as my natural guardian in Petersburg, one of the men most capable of securing for me all the privileges that were at that time open to the French; while the additional privileges that I had earned in my recent campaign made my visit completely satisfactory in every respect. Since my happiness was in the hands of Prince Potemkin, the Comte de Ségur, the Prince of Anhalt, and all the distinguished people whose friendship I had been fortunate enough to win, I could have no anxiety as to my future fate.

I was hardly out of the carriage before the Comte de Ségur came into my room with Count Cobenzl,[2] the Emperor's ambassador, to whom he presented me. I was scarcely allowed the time to dress myself before they carried me off to supper with Count Cobenzl, whose pleasant, genial nature soon removed all the stiffness of a new acquaintanceship. I had just travelled six hundred leagues without rest, but I was too much excited to think of that, and was ready in a moment.

All the best society in the town was assembled at the Embassy, and I cannot deny that I was profoundly pleased to appear in my French uniform, adorned with the Cross of St. George and a sword of gold, the evidences of Catherine II's approbation and favour.

There was nothing here in the dresses, nor the manners, nor the language, nor even the accent, to remind me that this gathering was not in Paris. The customs and outward observances were so similar, the women in most cases so modish and agreeable, the men so polished, the master of the house so courteous that I was greatly struck; for here, so far from my country, was everything that had hitherto made me think it preferable to all the other countries of Europe. The happy auspices under which I was making my début gave me every advantage from the first moment, and secured for me a general feeling of friendliness. If such moments as this were often repeated in the course of a man's life his happiness might be increased, but his character would suffer; for there are few impressionable natures that are not spoilt by success, and after due reflection I would not answer for my own. I was very sorry when that evening came to an end. It is engraved on my memory by gratitude, and perhaps to a certain extent by vanity; and I frankly confess that when I returned to my own room I was moved, by an involuntary impulse, to thank heaven for all the happy moments I had been granted during the past year.

On the following morning I waited on Prince Potemkin. I found him enjoying all the evidences, new and old, of the Empress's feeling for him, and as kindly disposed towards myself as ever: he appointed an hour, that very evening, for

my presentation to her. I went to the prince's house in Russian uniform, and he took me, by his private entrance, to the Empress's room.

Every one who was ever in her presence was no doubt struck, as I was, by the dignity and stateliness of her bearing, and the kindness and gentleness of her expression; she had the gift of impressing those whom she addressed, and at the same time reassuring them; of inspiring respect but removing all feeling of embarrassment. The first words she spoke to me I have never forgotten, and I will repeat them here: "I am charmed," she said, "to see you again: I say *again*, because you have made yourself known too well for me to think I am seeing you for the first time. In noble hearts valour is independent of age."

She then deigned to go into every detail of the campaign, to praise me in the most flattering terms, and to express, in the kindest way, her wish that I might find sufficient amusement in her capital to compensate me for my sufferings in the desert. Never had sovereign such a gift for elating men by her words, and at the same time subjugating them by her dominating personality. When I retired I left at her feet the tribute of an undying devotion, and was deeply touched by her winning way of accepting it. Prince Potemkin had taken the greatest interest and special care in obtaining the Empress's favour for me, and he was equally gracious in introducing me to M. de Mamonof,[3] the favourite at that time, whom he begged to regard me and treat me as a relation of his own.

On the following day the Comte de Ségur, as French Ambassador, presented me at Court in French uniform. I have never doubted that I owed all the pleasures I enjoyed in Russia to the incalculable advantage of possessing an independent existence elsewhere. The character of the Russians is suspicious, envious, and not very frank: they observe and fear the foreigners who enter their service, and do their best to thwart them. It would be unjust to be surprised at these natural feelings, which one may honestly admit are permissible to their national vanity; but they could not deny their cordial

indulgence to a Frenchman who had only come to their country for a time, without any intention of renouncing his own, and had no ambition but to acquire knowledge and possibly some glory, without proposing to use the fruits of it as a means of rivalling themselves. It was his recognition of this that made the kind, good Prince of Anhalt insist, when I had worn the Russian uniform for two consecutive days, on my spending the third in a French coat, and this hint of his was remarkably useful to me. The Grand Duke,[4] whose kindness to me I owe mainly to his deep affection for the Prince of Anhalt, begged me to enter the Russian service definitely. "Am I to see that white coat many more times?" he said to me one day. I told him the reasons that determined me against making this change in my career, without omitting the polite regrets that his kindness demanded of me. "Those are not your best reasons," he rejoined; "I know what they are, and I cannot say I disapprove of them." My affections, my duty, my ties in France, were all equally good reasons against cutting myself off from my country; but, independently of these predominant motives, it became plainer to me the more I thought of it that I should put a sudden end to the attention and kindness I was enjoying if I were to turn my services into a duty,—services that at present I could perform voluntarily, merely to satisfy my zeal and love for my profession.

The Empress's Court combined a great display of magnificence and state with the good taste and charm of the Court of France. The splendour of the ceremonial was enhanced, too, by Asiatic luxury,—by the costumes, for instance, of the envoys of peoples tributary to the Crown, who were to be seen, when Courts were held, in several rooms of the palace. To see Catherine II, among her surrounding courtiers, bestowing, with her unfailing tact, discretion, and dignity, a glance here, a mark of favour there, and a few words everywhere, gave one some idea of the great qualities, the genius, and the charm with which she was endowed. Her manners, her kindly wit, and her gaiety influenced Society in general, and Petersburg was one of the pleasantest towns in Europe to live in. She

loved to amuse herself after dealing with public affairs; the great nobles, encouraged by her example, gave fêtes in which she often condescended to take part. She had lovers; and other women became easy to win. It was the same in everything: her character, her qualities, and her tastes were reflected in others. This woman even retained her superiority in her affairs of the heart, for none of her favourites acquired sufficient empire over her to weaken her ascendancy. The definite way in which she proclaimed their position as favourites was exactly what limited the amount of honour that she bestowed upon them, and showed the point beyond which she would not go. They overruled her daily in small matters, but never took the lead in affairs of importance.

Of all her favourites Prince Potemkin was the one who influenced her opinions the most, and yet he knew that it was never in the Empress's vicinity that his power was greatest, since there he had to share it with her: this was why he preferred, latterly, to be away from her. When he was at a distance from her all the details of administration and of military affairs were in his hands. His absolute power extended only to domestic policy; all foreign affairs were directed by the Empress, and it was in the details of such matters, and in details only, that it became apparent that a woman was on the throne. Europe had to deal with a very virile, very resolute spirit, which combined great firmness in negotiation with keen pleasure in its results, and great determination in maintaining them. A very versatile genius and a very despotic temperament are rarely found in conjunction with strict morality, and the Empress had much with which to reproach herself. However, if she pardoned her husband's death she never ordered it, and never gave her favour to its perpetrators. The injustice, the severity, and indeed the cruelty of her dealings with Poland are, morally, the darkest stain upon her memory. The determination to make her lover King of Poland led her into adopting measures that tarnished her greatness; but in the whole course of her reign she committed no act of barbarity nor of cruel severity against her rightful subjects.

If public opinion on the death of Peter III is unjust, and

the Empress is sometimes blamed for his assassination, it must be remembered that she would infallibly have suffered the same fate if it had not taken place; and perhaps this alternative, while it is no excuse, may at least make one wish to remain in doubt.

His memory overshadowed the life of the Grand Duke, her son, who, all through her reign was absolutely powerless and disregarded. He was reduced to leading the emptiest of lives, with no distraction but the command of two battalions, whom he tormented in the Prussian mode, invariably and unremittingly. She detested him, which is not surprising, for he was detestable. Yet he was not unintelligent.

In addition to a formidable war against the Turks the Empress was engaged in another with Sweden; and the first campaign, which was just over, had been to Russia's advantage both by land and sea. She was carrying on hostilities, moreover, with Persia and several of the Caucasian peoples: there was a cordon of her troops, therefore, stretching from Petersburg nearly to Ispahan, and everywhere her successes were the same. She owed them, I think, to the well-concerted and opportune measures she adopted, rather than to the talent of her generals, who at that time were not very remarkable; but her foresight, prudence, and perseverance compensated for the imperfections from which her army was not exempt, especially as regards the way it was officered. Her character never weakened in the face of difficulties, and she always ended by surmounting them, with the help of her genius and her lucky star.

The Empress worked with her ministers from six in the morning till noon, and the first of them to interview her was the Minister of Police. He informed her of the most minute occurrences in her capital, which would have been no more under her own eye if the houses had been transparent. I shall never forget a certain day, when I was at my window on the ground-floor, and watched two battalions of the Guards marching past on their way to Finland. No one can have been in my room but my servants, and in my admiration for these splendid battalions I cried involuntarily: "If the King

of Sweden were to see those troops I think he would make peace!" I addressed this remark to no one, for I thought I was alone. Two days later, as I was paying my court to the Empress, she put her lips close to my ear, and said: "So you think, if the King of Sweden were to inspect my Guards, he would make peace?" And she began to laugh. I assured her that I well remembered thinking that truth, but imagined I had not put it into words, unless indeed I had been thinking aloud. She continued to smile, and changed the conversation. This opportune example served me as a lesson, and made me very careful ever afterwards as to what I said.

The men who occupied all the most important posts at that time were sufficient evidence in themselves of the Empress's self-reliance in directing affairs and making decisions.

Count Osterman,[5] the Vice-Chancellor, was a man of no ability, and only held the office nominally.

Count Bezborodko,[6] who worked under him in the department of Foreign Affairs, was a man of routine, who carried out the Empress's orders intelligently and accurately. He had formerly been secretary to a general, and was accustomed to hard work, but had no gift of imagination.

Prince Vesemsky,[7] Comptroller-General of the department of Finance, was considered worse than mediocre by his own party.

Count Nicolas Soltikow, who was Minister of War, and at the same time governor of the young Grand Dukes, was far more suitable for the second office[8] than the first, with which he concerned himself very little.

The Senate, who timidly noted and registered the Empress's decisions, were originally intended to make representations when the sovereign violated the laws; but they meekly wrote down whatever it pleased the Empress to dictate to them, and would have subscribed to their own dissolution if she had given them the word.

In the Ministry of Marine there were two departments, one for the Baltic and one for the Black Sea. The Grand Duke was the head of the first, and Prince Potemkin head of the second, and they were entirely independent of one another.

The Grand Duke adhered to the old regulations drawn up by Peter I; Prince Potemkin made new ones every day.

In spite of this lack of ability among her agents, that of the Empress herself, combined with her assiduous application, was sufficient for the conduct of affairs, and her reign was distinguished among the political influences of Europe by the great conceptions which she successfully carried out.

Notwithstanding the intriguing temperament that prevails in Russia, more than in any other European nation, intrigue was less pernicious at this Court than elsewhere, because its fires always died down in the Empress's presence. She was superior to everything that tended to nourish it, and remained untouched by the powerful influence of the secret and deceitful dealings of which ministers and their underlings are capable in every country. This pest, therefore, was kept in check, and never rose to the upper strata of public affairs, nor affected the reputation nor the fortunes of any man worthy of the Empress's attention.

She proved a truth that many instances have since confirmed: namely that a sovereign, of more or less greatness and more or less capacity, by looking into everything himself and being his own prime minister will more easily prevent malversations and abuses, will make wiser decisions, and will govern his dominions better, than a minister who is but a short time in favour, and bases all his calculations on the probable duration of his power, without troubling himself about the future.

And there is another truth that was demonstrated by the Empress: that the passions have not so powerful an empire over a sovereign who is a woman as they have over a man, and are infinitely less harmful in her case than in his. The Empress's passions were strong, but she was never dominated by any of her favourites to the extent that Louis XIV and Louis XV were subjugated by their mistresses.

It is impossible to judge how many reigns must pass before the different institutions in Russia assume the aspect of age common to the rest of Europe: everything in the place looks new. The effects of Peter I's haste to make himself a European have not yet disappeared: everything resembles a

powerful sketch rather than a finished picture. The industries are all young; the houses are all frontage; the officials have had insufficient experience and have not learnt their business. The costumes, which are Asiatic for the people and French in Society, look as if they had never been quite finished; ignorance still exists even among the upper classes; the national character is only muzzled, not tamed; the national genius is imitative to perfection but not at all inventive. One meets a great many intelligent people, but very few agreeable ones. In short the past seems to be in the act of retiring in favour of the present, and in consequence nothing is settled.

If some future sovereign were to withdraw from the enterprise, or were less great than the present one, it is plain that there would still be time to return to the old order of things, and I believe the majority of the nation would not be heart-broken. There are numbers of Ninettes at the Court who would have no objection to returning to their villages; there are shaven chins that would still be glad of the warmth of a beard; there are merchants who would deal in furs with more satisfaction than in jewels or finery. However, now that the change has been made several reigns must pass before it is consolidated, and, if Catherine's successors should happen to be much less remarkable than herself and her model, it will take several centuries to accomplish the work.

It was my wish to observe all these interesting matters, so remarkable in every way, that made me turn a deaf ear to the Comte de Ségur when he urged me to go and spend the rest of the winter in Paris. His attempts to persuade me were expressed in a language that I did not understand: "Mark my words," he said, "and go off and enjoy the fruits of your labours; you have only time for a very brief glance at the France that you know; if you delay for a year you will not find the country the same by a long way; the States General are assembling under the most alarming auspices; we are on the brink of events that may be fatal, and will, in any case, be most extraordinary."

His constant prognostics could not have been more incomprehensible to me if they had been in Hebrew. Until I was

twenty-two my ideas had all been centred in the government familiar to my fathers, while, since I left Paris, I had thought of nothing but my new career. During the fourteen months I had spent in the desert, moreover, I had been deprived of regular news, and I could not bring my imagination to bear upon an upheaval that I had no means of conceiving. Otherwise I should certainly have gone. But at that time nothing would persuade me to go; I wished to continue fighting; I felt that as long as I lived I could never find a more favourable nor delightful moment for a visit to Petersburg. I therefore irrevocably determined to postpone my journey to Paris till the end of the second campaign, and even, unless it were absolutely impossible, to return and take part in the third. Thenceforward I treated the Comte de Ségur's representations with complete contempt, and thought of nothing but satisfying my curiosity as a traveller and amusing myself as a young man. I concerned myself only with the Court, the town, and the army; and France (except in the matter of sentiment) seemed very far away. I had three mistresses and the prospect of a campaign or two: this was all I needed to satisfy my desires and my tastes, and to occupy all my time.

The Comte de Ségur gave up all hope of persuading me, and the question was dropped. I had solved a problem that had been puzzling him and the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier for the past two years, in their respective Embassies at Constantinople and Petersburg: on which side of the scale, namely, France ought to put her weight with regard to the war. "Pray tell me," said the Comte de Ségur laughingly, "what led you, since you have a mania for fighting, to join the Russian rather than the Turkish army? For as yet we are not quite certain, in the cabinet at Versailles, which side we have the most sympathy with." "I had two reasons only," I answered; "the first is that in case of failure I would rather be beheaded than impaled. The second is that in case of success and glory I am nearer, in Russia, to the journalists."

I had, moreover, to support me, an evidence of goodwill between the Russian and French governments, in the form of a commercial treaty that had just been concluded.[9] Judging

from what I heard from several of the leading merchants I came to the conclusion that it was disadvantageous to France; but it was very gratifying to the Comte de Ségur's vanity, for it had been discussed before, but never brought to a successful issue, so the ambassador won the credit of achieving it, as well as all the profit and advantage that accrued from it. I had told the Comte de Ségur the simple truth: as may easily be believed, a Frenchman of twenty-two did not concern himself very much with the political aspect of the matter, in those days, especially after a peace of thirty years' duration. It would never have occurred to me to join the Turks, whatever their relations with my country had been; but happily France at that time was inclined to favour Russia, and the Court therefore approved of my joining the Russian army.

In their methods of dealing with public affairs Prince Potemkin and the Comte de Ségur, owing to the differences in their characters and points of view, were not always in accord. The prince thought that the count had not a sufficiently wide outlook, and on the whole I agree with him. I saw evidence of this want of harmony more than once, and if I ever in my life had occasion to complain of Prince Potemkin's behaviour it was owing to his irritation with the Comte de Ségur.

I once saw the prince take revenge for some of the Comte de Ségur's diplomatic proceedings in a very whimsical and amusing way. They had been having a conference that was not satisfactory to the prince. The dealings between the two Courts could not be direct, in the nature of things: they concerned the influence that the Court of France might exert to persuade Austria into more strenuous efforts against the Turks, or the injuries that France might inflict on the commerce of Turkey. But on this occasion the Comte de Ségur's answers had been unsatisfactory or obscure, and the prince was annoyed with him. The comte, he determined, should be teased by a fool who was domesticated in his house [10] (for this ancient custom was still kept up in many of the Russian houses). This fool skilfully began by making the count believe he was conversant with the most secret despatches of all the Powers, and after gradually revealing the stage that the corre-

spondence had reached he ended by reciting to the Comte de Ségur the last despatches that had been received from his own Court. The prince laughed at his fool's performance, and the Comte de Ségur was pale with rage and embarrassment: he took leave of the prince with marked ill-humour, and returned to the house no more till the prince himself made conciliatory overtures to him. There was often friction between them, which the Comte de Ségur, I think, might have avoided by taking a wider view of affairs, instead of confining himself to minute details that the prince did not understand.

However, the latter was always bewitched and conciliated by the Comte de Ségur's charm, which will surprise no one. My position forbade my sacrificing either of them to the other, but none the less I was the victim of one of their tiffs. The list of honours accorded for the storming of Otchakow was to be published in a few days, when the prince sent a member of his staff, a man in whom he had special confidence, to find out from me what I should like to have. There was no doubt about my answer: an opportunity of doing something to deserve the kindness that the Empress and he had lavished on me was all I desired: a command in the approaching campaign was the most certain means of securing it: I asked, therefore, for that and nothing else.

The officer declared that the Order of St. George, of the class above the one that I already had, was not included in Prince Potemkin's inquiry, because it was due to me for my behaviour in the assault; that he had seen my name on the list himself; and that on the following Sunday I should be decorated with the order at the Court. After receiving the customary thanks and protestations the officer left me, and between that day and Sunday the constant congratulations of every one in Court and town assured me that I should soon be wearing round my neck the cross that I then carried at my buttonhole. But, by a chance that was rather annoying at the time, the Comte de Ségur had another of his squabbles with the prince over public affairs on the eve of the appointed day; and, when I arrived at the Court, the Empress, the whole

of the royal family, and every one present congratulated me, with obvious embarrassment and surprise, on the promise I had received of a command, without saying a word of a Commander's Cross of St. George. I admit that inwardly I was very much piqued, but the thought of public opinion fortified me to such a degree that I was able to preserve an air of resignation, and no one could see what I was feeling.

When the Court was over I went home, and found that the Prince of Anhalt, under whom I had been serving when I earned the distinction in question, had arrived there before me. He was more offended and hurt than I was myself; the Comte de Ségur was furious; I took the affair more calmly than either of them. The Prince of Anhalt said that he would be entirely guided by me; that the statutes of the order gave him the right to protest to the chapter against this injustice; that I had but to say the word, and the result was certain. I pointed out to him that, true as that might be, it was still more certain that if I were to force Prince Potemkin's hand by means of the laws I should fall out with him for good and all. The support of public opinion was all I desired, I said, and I was determined to take no steps in the matter. I further observed that as a foreigner I had no rights at all, that general approbation was the only reward I could claim, and that I should demand nothing more.

The Prince of Anhalt approved of my decision, but the Comte de Ségur insisted on having an explanation with the prince. The right moment had gone by, and I had become indifferent; but he was obstinate, and the interview took place. He had a regular altercation with the prince, whom I knew better than he, and who never explained his course of action. As I foresaw, the Comte de Ségur left him more irritated than he found him, and achieved nothing. I put an end to the embarrassing situation by affecting indifference and satisfaction, which I contrived to assume quite successfully. I treated Prince Potemkin with the same deference as before, and he was equally kind and attentive to me; and so the matter ended. Fortunately for my vanity on this occasion every one knew that I had merely been the victim of a

momentary irritation with France, or with the French Minister, and that I had lost favour neither with the Empress nor the prince; and I received fresh marks of general esteem on account of having made no overtures to the chapter.

The Grand Duke, who detested Prince Potemkin, thought it was safe to abuse him to me, since he must have alienated me by this last incident. I answered every count of the Grand Duke's indictment, however, one day when we were chatting together, in a way that left no doubt of the lasting nature of my gratitude. But I could not refrain from indulging in a joke, when replying to one of his questions. "In which section of M. le maréchal de Vauban's book did you ever read that, to capture a town, it was necessary to have one's nieces with one at the siege?" "Possibly in the section on *horn*works," [11] I answered, "though, after all, nieces are not indispensable." He ended this conversation, in which I persistently upheld the prince, with a compliment that gratified me very much. "I see that you only know one way of avenging yourself for an injustice: and that is to look for opportunities of having another to complain of, and the approaching campaign will supply you with plenty of them."

He invited me to go and see the drilling of his two battalions, which he commanded himself, and, a few days afterwards, to dine at his little country-house at Pawlosky.[12] With his troops he resembled a Prussian major, exaggerating the importance of every trivial and minute detail, without considering the end that might be obtained by more simplicity. In the country he was like a good bourgeois, a good husband and father, with no further ambition; and it was thus that he showed to the best advantage. None the less, when he was with the two or three persons he liked best, he showed a tendency to hardness and revenge that filled them with alarm. The Prince of Anhalt, for whom he had the closest and most intimate friendship, once heard him say: "I will teach these wretches what it means to assassinate their Emperor!" in allusion to his father's death. The Grand Duchess [13] moderated his violence, but could not wean his thoughts from this subject, which made him beside himself;

she had a gentle and excellent nature, which for a long time was useful to her husband. The Empress recognised this and showed her gratitude by many marks of studied consideration. The Prince of Anhalt said to me several times at this period: "Let us be happy in this country during this reign, but if it should come to an end let us be off: the place would be uninhabitable."

I never went to see Peterhof, the favourite residence of Peter III, for I did not wish to speak of it to the Empress, who often asked me what new things I had seen. It was natural that the memory of this place should affect her painfully, in spite of all her self-control; and to spare her this was but a small attention in return for her kindness. I owe it to the friendly interest she took in planning my expeditions that I never saw Cronstadt, one of the most interesting spots, but though I several times fixed a day for going thither she insisted on my postponing the visit till the ice should break up, so that I might the better judge of the port. In the end I left Petersburg unexpectedly, and was not warned in time to complete, in this respect, my knowledge of the interesting points of that town.

The winter slipped by, and the Comte de Ségur's charming house, the pleasures of society, the performances at the Hermitage, and the delights of love, made every moment of it happy. I often spent the evening at the house of M. de Mamonof, the Empress's favourite, in the company of the Comte de Ségur, Count Cobenzl, and the Prince of Anhalt. Mamonof would have been a distinguished man if he had not been in a most degrading position. His office, the duties of which were as singular as they were despicable, had been constituted a post of honour, and conferred on him, as on his numerous predecessors, rank, precedence, and the highest honours at the Court, where he lived and had the Empress's household at his beck and call.

This post, which was accorded with a glance, lost by a tactless word or deed, and kept by skill or force of character, always led to an immense fortune, the highest distinction, and every decoration of the Empire. Those who held it were

assured of mingled deference and contempt; and, though a man might feel such a prodigy of scandal and immorality to be inconceivable, yet he would not hesitate to bow down before an idol that the Empress had adorned with a halo. A whole-hearted admiration for the Empress destroyed all feeling of disgust at the idea of paying homage to her tastes, to the object of her choice, or even to her passions; which were justified, in Mamonof's case, by his charm of manner, his courtesy, and his handsome face. From devotion and respect for Catherine II, those who recognised the importance of her ministers of State did not blush to do the same for the minister of her pleasures.

The relative worth of a courtier's character, however, was revealed by his manner of cultivating the favourite: the homage of some was expressed by deference of a comparative kind that is impossible to describe, but is attainable by persons of tact; while others were simply and humbly servile. It must be confessed that the majority were in the second class.

Mamonof at this time was nearing the end of his life at Court, though no one (least of all the Empress) suspected the fact. But he was secretly indulging in a passion for a certain Princess Menchicoff,[14] and a few months later he threw himself at the Empress's feet and confessed his feelings. Though *cruelly wounded she was too proud to complain*, and gave her consent to the marriage, which was celebrated, by her wish, in her own chapel. She made Mamonof leave the Court, after loading him with kindnesses.

He was regretted by most people, because he indulged less freely than many another in the insolence that is appropriate to this office. Yet I myself once saw him delay to pick up his cards at the Empress's card-table while his collar was being mended by a page, and this without making the least apology. She talked to me while he was making his toilet, and then went on playing without any sign of surprise.

As was only to be expected, the supremacy of Prince Potemkin made it possible for him to show a far greater degree of familiarity in every way. To illustrate the difference between them I must describe an incident that happened one

morning when the prince was receiving, as was his habit, all the great nobles of the Court at his *lever*. They were all wearing their decorations upon their coats, while he sat in the centre of the circle, with his hair unbound, and a great dressing-gown round him, beneath which he had no breeches. The Empress's valet-de-chambre came and whispered in his ear: he quickly wrapped his dressing-gown more closely round him, dismissed every one with a bow of farewell, and, disappearing through the door that led to the private apartments, presented himself to the Empress in this simple apparel.

The spring introduces many changes into the dissipations of Petersburg, and also into its appearance. The melting of the snow, the breaking up of the ice on the Neva, and the softness of the air produce an extraordinary and very beautiful transformation. The period when the nights are hardly perceptible gives one a most curious sensation: one scarcely knows how to distribute the twenty-four hours, and one feels an embarrassing kind of vagueness in one's occupations. The amusements hitherto concentrated in the palaces are now scattered in various places out-of-doors: the pleasures and games of the people in the public squares, the races and pastimes on the river in boats of the most attractive appearance, combine to form a very pleasing spectacle. Most of the great nobles have country-houses on the road to Peterhof, and the Empress at this season lives at Tsarskoie-Selo, at a distance of eighteen versts from the town. There she gathers together the whole of her own circle at the Hermitage, and invites to dinner all whom she honours with her favour. I had hardly tasted the pleasures of this new kind of life when Prince Potemkin's departure to join the army was said to be very imminent. I was beginning to await it with great impatience: the sufferings of the last campaign were forgotten, and I felt myself no longer in my proper sphere.

On the 10th May the prince announced to me that he was going to take me with him, and that I must be ready to start at any moment. I went to take leave of the Empress and the Grand Duke at Tsarskoie-Selo and Pawlosky. After dinner the Empress took me into her private room, where I remained

for a quarter of an hour alone with her. I could not repeat all the kind expressions she was gracious enough to use as she promised me good fortune and success; and I parted from her, greatly touched by the cordiality of her wishes for my happiness.

Kaminsky's Corps [15] had already had a successful encounter with the Turks in April, when three pachas were captured. Count Stedingk,[16] too, a Swede who became known in France at the same time as M. de Fersen, had just been defeated in Finland.[17] The Empress spoke to me of him, asked me if I knew him personally, and what I thought of him. When I had told her of the good opinions I had heard expressed of him in France, she answered: "I shall repeat that to the general who has just defeated him; it is an additional satisfaction to get the better of a distinguished man, and I shall give him pleasure." This was a kind and delicate thought, and was characteristic of the Empress, who deserved all the ardour and enthusiasm with which she was served.

VI

State of the army—Misunderstanding between Russians and Austrians, and Potemkin's delays—Damas colonel of the Voronezh Hussars, and afterwards of the Toula Infantry Regiment—Capitulation of Bender, of which the author is sent to take possession—Visit to Marshal Roumiantzof—Damas goes to France on leave.

I SHOULD have preferred to go to the front by way of Moscow, and it would not have delayed me at all. I had already missed one opportunity of seeing this astonishing town, but the same reason prevented me again from doing so: Prince Potemkin wished otherwise. He insisted on my going with him, and I was obliged to yield to his pressure.

On the 17th May I left Petersburg, and parted from the Comte de Ségur with all the regret that his consideration and kindness demanded of a grateful heart. The three months I had spent in Petersburg had slipped away like three days, but this was not because I admired, beyond a certain point, the manner in which the Russians employed their time. Their very pleasures seem to show an artificial desire to imitate others rather than a natural inclination of their own: they wish to amuse themselves, it appears, because it is the custom in capital cities, rather than because their tastes run away with them. They give one the impression of saying: "Let us do this or that, since people do it elsewhere." Otherwise it would probably not have occurred to them; for in everything the genius of the Russians is merely imitative. They have neither inventive power nor initiative, as I think I have already said.

I met the prince at Doubrovna; thence I accompanied him to Mohilef, Krementchoug, and Elisabeth-Gorod, where we spent three weeks. During that time we made an expedition —the prince, General Ribas, general-officer of the day, and myself—to Kherson, Otchakow, and the banks of the Ingul.

On our return from this little journey I had a very lively conversation with the prince on the affairs of France. He burst forth into a torrent of invective against the policy of the cabinet and everything that was being done by it, and he showed me very plainly why he had been so much irritated with the Comte de Ségur during the latter part of our sojourn in Petersburg. He gave me what he considered to be proofs of the duplicity of our Court in its dealings with Russia, and of the fact that it was secretly aiding the Turks; he roundly abused the States General, which were then assembled; and he ended by saying that if I were taken prisoner in the course of this campaign France would not dare to claim me, for fear of being compromised. The country was in a state of decadence, he declared, and could no longer be counted on. I made him moderate his views, but could not deny that France was in a violent state of crisis. I held out hopes to him, however, that the meeting of the States General would only result in placing the King's authority on a more stable basis, and enabling him to give his whole-hearted adherence to the principles that his own inclinations, as well as those of the cabinet, bade him embrace openly.

The prince was in command, not only of his army of the preceding year, but of the army that had then been under Marshal Romanzow, from whom the command had been taken. The troops were to muster first at Olviopol, a town situated on the Bug at the point where the Russian, Turkish, and Polish frontiers meet. Here the prince established his headquarters in the early days of June. At Olviopol we first heard that the favourite Mamonof had been replaced by Zoubof, and the prince confirmed the news by choosing one of his brothers as an envoy to Petersburg.

Poland at that time seemed disposed to break a lance with Russia, and in the circumstances it required a great deal of diplomacy to cope with the situation; for if Poland had chosen that moment to employ all her resources, to combine with Turkey, and openly to rise in arms, Russia would have been in a very embarrassing position. Owing to the precautions taken, however, and the prudent diplomacy employed, Poland

did not in any way hinder the operations of the Russian army.

The Austrian army had suffered great losses, largely owing to sickness. Joseph II's interfering methods, moreover, had brought all Marshal de Lascy's [1] wise plans to nought, and there was plainly no hope of the Austrians taking any very active part in the coming campaign. The frank satisfaction shown at headquarters whenever the Austrian army received a check was sufficient proof of the lack of union between the allies, and of the prevailing desire to let the Emperor Joseph bear the brunt of the war. The Prince of Anhalt and I soon saw very plainly that the campaign would be confined to demonstrations.

The news received by the prince on the 25th July, however, to the effect that the Grand Vizier had crossed the Danube with his army and that a considerable fleet had been seen by the corsairs in the Black Sea, induced him to hasten the assembling of the army. I was placed in command of the Varonitch [2] Hussars, consisting of six squadrons; and considering the style of warfare in which we were about to engage, there was nothing I could have desired more. General Ribas was sent to inspect the defences in the direction of Otchakow and Hatchibey, whence a descent was feared, and General Goudowitch started off to take up the command in that district. The Troisky Regiment, which was cantoned near Vitofka on the banks of the Bug, received orders to march in that direction, as well as the Kherson light-horse; but these slight preparations would have been very inadequate if the Turks had attempted a descent. Happily this was not included in their schemes.

At the end of July the formation of the lines and the stations of the various generals were still undecided. It was said that the centre was to be formed by the army-corps whose headquarters were at Olviopol; that the Moldavian army-corps, under Prince Repnin, was to form the left wing, and the Elmt corps the right wing; but nothing was certain. The regiments had been restored to their full strength since the last campaign, but none of them, whether infantry or cavalry, had

been drilled or trained. The colonels were forbidden by the prince to give the smallest instruction to their men, or to carry on any kind of manœuvres, and beyond the art of shouldering arms not a regiment so much as knew its right hand from its left, a state of things that amazed the whole army equally. It had been very differently drilled by Marshal Romanzow, who perhaps carried the contrary method somewhat to an extreme.

As at this time the colonels were the contractors and purchasers for their own regiments, and the uniforms and remounts were supplied, in accordance with certain government regulations, entirely at their expense, they fully appreciated this régime: the horses and coats lasted longer and cost less. But the service suffered in proportion, and right-thinking men took alarm. Prince Potemkin was only led to adopt this method—an absolute absurdity from a military point of view—by his hatred for Marshal Romanzow, unlike whom in every respect he delighted to be. His intellect and reason were dominated by this antipathy, which he could not overcome, even in small matters. It gave one some hope that, in order to make the marshal the more blamed for his inactivity in the previous campaign, the prince would adopt a diametrically opposite course in the present one; but the whole summer was passed in skirmishing with the Turks, without a single encounter worthy of mention.

The regiments remained as ignorant and inactive as ever, and the colonels indemnified themselves for the hardships and famine of the last campaign by indulging in luxurious living and feasting, to which they were then very much addicted, and which was greatly facilitated by the profits they made on their contracts, especially in the cavalry. The kind of tent allowed to the colonels and used by all the generals lends itself to all the conveniences of a house. Enclosed in the ordinary awning that covers the tents of all the officers in the army is what is known as a *domique:* that is to say a little square house, with corners of wood, and walls of stretched canvas concealed by cloth. One or more glazed windows are made in it, a chimney is added if it be late in the year, and it is often fitted with a wooden floor. When the camp is moved everything folds up

like a screen, and is as easily erected again. The care of setting up and taking down these houses devolves upon the first squadron, or the first company in the infantry, who perform the task, after stacking their arms, before thinking of their own needs, or those of their horses. I have seen, and have myself had, little houses of this kind taken down and set up again day after day, and as well furnished as a pretty room in a town. But I much doubt whether such a luxury would be possible in an energetic campaign against a European army.

The private soldiers have a kind of two-wheeled cart for carrying their tents, which is excellently designed and should be imitated by every other army. The camp is pitched and broken up more quickly than elsewhere, but on the other hand the amount of baggage permitted is beyond all reason. A great deal of latitude in this respect is allowed to all ranks in a war against the Turks, on account of the facility of transport and the abundance of forage furnished by the deserts; but this must lead to a habit of waste and luxury, which, in any other war, must necessarily hinder the operations of a Russian army in any country.

I was constantly alarmed by a habit to which I could never accustom myself: the practice of sending the horses of a whole regiment to feed in the desert with the *taboun*,[3] even if the enemy be close at hand. This custom takes the place, for the whole army, of the foraging usual in every war. The horses of one squadron in each regiment are all that are kept in the camp: the rest are left out at grass as long as the camp remains stationary, and are not even picketed at night. Only the men who guard the pasturages are changed, and this proceeding is more or less frequent according to the distance the horses are sent, which varies with the proximity of the enemy. This strange and harmful custom can only obtain when the Russians are fighting the Turks, but it is bad for the troops' education in one of the most important departments of their profession. It can profit no one but the horses, which are always in perfect condition.

About the middle of the autumn Prince Potemkin made the army cross the Bug and advance towards the Dniester, with a

view to investing Bender. The army remained for some time at Doubossary, on the left bank of the Dniester, before a portion of it crossed over to the right bank. It was here that I learnt of the first insurrection of the French Guards and the consequent sorrow of my family. The prince suggested sending an officer to Paris to procure information for me, but as I was on the point of accepting this immense kindness, a letter from my relations rendered it unnecessary. The prince, to distract my thoughts, took me alone with him on an expedition to Otchakow: we travelled in a little two-seated vehicle, called in Russia a *drochky*, and returned to Doubossary on the sixth day. Our light-horse and cavalry were engaged once or twice in insignificant skirmishes, and we drove into the town all the Turkish scouting-parties who had come out to observe our movements. When the moment arrived for us to invest the place, the prince took away the regiment of hussars of which I was in command, and gave me the Toula Infantry Regiment, an old and excellent corps. The place was blockaded for some weeks before it was attacked at all, but at last, in November, the trench was made, and after twelve days of a fairly regular attack the town capitulated. The prince did me the favour of sending me to take possession of it. I went in with my regiment, posted guards at all the town-gates, and occupied the inner guard-houses. The first of which I took possession was connected with the seraskier's harem; but most unfortunately, by the terms of the capitulation, covered carts were allowed for the use of the besieged, and the seraskier had put all his wives into them. I found their rooms and furniture, and all their little possessions still in their places. I appropriated some splendid pipes and embroidered tobacco-pouches belonging to the seraskier, and the cup from which he daily drank his coffee; for I wanted a pledge of our success to take back to my friends in France, whither I hoped to go as soon as possible. I wished to spend the winter there, and return at the beginning of the third campaign.

I was not likely to find a more convenient moment for this journey, which I desired to make on many accounts. The troops were about to take up their quarters in the newly-

acquired towns and in Moldavia; I was as near to Paris as to Petersburg, and I had too many ties and too many interests in France to abstain from at least putting in an appearance there. Prince Potemkin, to whom I submitted my plans, quite approved of them, and at the same time begged me to return to him at the beginning of the summer. I set out with him to Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, where I spent a fortnight.

Marshal Romanzow, who had fallen from favour and was at daggers drawn with the prince, was living in a little country-house near this town. The prince did not go near him, but, being as much concerned with my affairs as any affectionate relation, he told me it would not be at all seemly for me to be so near the marshal without doing homage to his reputation, and he suggested that the general-officer of the day should escort me to the house. I found the marshal in his bed, from which he had not risen for several months, but more from eccentricity and caprice than on account of illness. He spoke of the army with enthusiasm, but coldly of the prince, and seemed anxious to think as little as possible of a subject that disturbed him. I could discover nothing as to his real opinion on the campaign that was just over, nor on the one that preceded it, much as I should have liked to sound him on the reasons for his procrastination, for which there was no apparent explanation. It seemed to me that he was equally disingenuous and embittered, with an artificial veneer of shrewdness. In my very brief interview with him he did not impress me favourably, but I could not form a really accurate opinion of him, since the presence of the general-officer of the day necessitated a degree of discretion that hampered us both. I bade him farewell, and have never seen him since. I prepared to part from Prince Potemkin with all the regret that was natural, considering the care and attention he had lavished on me for two years, during which time my whole fate had been in his hands. But he understood my reasons, and indeed urged them himself. I left him during the last days of November, pledging myself to return before the beginning of the campaign. He promised that, when the time came, I should have agreeable and active employment, and assured me that there could not fail to be

more opportunities for useful service than in the recent campaign.[4]

I set out, therefore, to Vienna, taking the road to Galicia. On arriving at Czernovitz, on the frontier of that province, my valet, who was suffering from a slight catarrh, begged me to let him spend the day there, as he wished to rest and employ certain remedies. I summoned a doctor, who bled him. He became worse after this treatment, upon which the doctor concluded that it should be twice repeated. The same evening, after being bled for the third time, he died. I was sorry to lose this poor man, whom I had engaged in Paris and was taking back with me; and it was also very inconvenient to lose his services. I continued my journey with my Polish servant only, and fortunately his health and intelligence were enough for all contingencies. On the eighth day after leaving Yassi I reached Vienna. As I had a very cordial letter of introduction from Prince Potemkin to Prince Galitzin, the Russian Ambassador, and had the Marquis de Noailles, the French Ambassador,[5] for my natural protector, I spent ten days there, enjoying splendid dinners, suppers, balls, plays, and everything that could give me a wide knowledge of the amusements and etiquette of this capital. I saw a good deal of both, and in that short time I perceived that the best way, in the end, to amuse oneself there, would be to give up many of the large gatherings, and chiefly frequent private circles. In the latter one can always find consolation for the boredom of the former.

VII

Arrival in Paris (29th Dec. 1789)—First contact with the Revolution—The new spirit in Society—Visits to the Court and to La Fayette—Distressed by the changes that have taken place, the author leaves Paris (10th May, 1790) and visits the Austrian army (Clerfayt, Coburg, Lauer, Siege of Giurgievo), which makes a bad impression on him—He returns to Potemkin.

On the 29th December, 1789, I arrived in Paris. I was, unfortunately, doomed to be tormented by the effects of the French Revolution in these its early days; and at the very moment of my arrival I was annoyed by one of its results. As I entered the Rue Saint-Martin I found myself at the tail of an enormous column of new cavalry, whose general had just been reviewing them, and they kept me driving at a foot's-pace for more than an hour; for I had no means of making these wretched bourgeois—who looked most uneasy on horseback—understand my impatience to be in my own home after an absence of two years. As I had as yet but a very vague knowledge of this terrible Revolution, this was my first important reason for being violently opposed to it; and I was still complaining when my postillions took me into the courtyard of our house.

I shall not attempt to depict my feelings of delirious joy when I found myself in the arms of all my nearest and dearest: I was intoxicated, and the moment dwells in my memory as a beautiful gleam of the purest happiness, amid all the trouble and sorrows that were to come after this incomparable moment. My uncle was not present to receive my first greetings, because he was, they told me, at a sitting of the *National Assembly* (my second grievance against the Revolution). He would not come home till four o'clock, because the dinner-hour in Paris was later than it used to be,

on account of this Assembly (a third grievance against the Revolution). It was this whimsical succession of petty annoyances that gradually prepared me to learn all the details, and circumstances, and results of these fatal changes; to face the sorrows of my family, of France, of Europe, and of my own life; and to detest, until my dying day, the words *revolution*, *insurrection*, and all the abominable fury that has embittered my heart for ever.

That same evening all my friends came to see me; and the conversation soon became general, and extremely noisy. "Have you ever seen," said one, "a more extraordinary apparition than a man who knows nothing about the Revolution?"—"We must post him up in it!" said another.—"Nothing is easier," answered a third. "We will give him Mounier's book [1] to read at once." On this there was a general outcry. "Mounier's book!" shouted half-a-dozen at once: "that is the very thing to give him the most untrue and absurd notions imaginable!"—"Absurd?" retorted another voice. "If the deputies had all had the same views as he, how happy we should be!"—"We have got past that now," said some one else; "Mounier is behind the times; Damas must read the *Moniteurs* since the 14th July, and he will know all about it." One of the party very sensibly suggested that it might be as well to find out exactly how much I knew of the events of the day, before deciding upon my course of reading. "What is your position," I was asked, "and how much do you know?"—"I know," I answered, "that there are some new horse-guards (very ill-at-ease on their horses), who delayed my arrival by two hours; I know that there is a National Assembly, which meets every day and is the reason for our dining at four o'clock instead of three; and I know that the King lives in the Tuileries instead of at Versailles, where I expected to pay my court to him as usual. That is all, ladies and gentlemen, that my observations have so far enabled me to fathom."—"There is not a doubt," cried four voices simultaneously, "that he will be an aristocrat!" Then the clamour became general: "Indeed, I trust he will!"—"I trust he won't!"—"We shall see!" And,

as no two people in this drawing-room seemed to be agreed, I came to the conclusion that there would be still less agreement in Paris at large. I promised to read Mounier and the *Moniteurs* too, but pledged myself to be a royalist with all my heart and soul, both before and after my studies.

I had imagined, as I alighted from my carriage in Paris, that I was returning to the same place that I had left; that I should find the same things, the same minds, the same characters; that I should resume my old position, with the additional advantage of a picturesque episode of two years, which would serve to put me on a par with other young men of my age. A very short time sufficed, however, to show me that I was still wandering in a strange land, and that perhaps I should find it even more strange than those other lands that I had hitherto regarded as mere stepping-stones to bring me back to my own, and make me appreciate it the more. Every one had made a new career for himself, a new future, a new hope of fame; the gaiety of youth had been transformed into a silly kind of rationality; and the rationality of mature age was replaced by chimeras. Those whom I had left absorbed in thoughts of social success, or of women, or of their professions, I found changed into legislators, or journalists, or intriguers—a ridiculous combination, it seemed to me, of pretension and incapacity. My language was no longer theirs: I had been a Frenchman till I went away to Russia, and was now nothing but a Russian in Paris. The events of the past year, which were now disturbing me for the first time, seemed to be accepted by every one, and so familiar that no one was alarmed at the thought of what might follow; conversation had become habitually serious and profound, and the grace and geniality that used to constitute its charm had altogether vanished; the conflict of opinions had killed all confidence and intimacy; the opposition of interests and the determination to attain an end made men indifferent as to the means they employed in achieving their object. Society had degenerated into factions, conversation into debate, and pleasures into a mere means of distraction. Everything was subservient to the question of public affairs; and as for me, I had not been

gradually familiarised with this total subversion of Parisian society, and did not know whether I were on my head or my heels.

A few days after my arrival I went to spend a week in the country with my aunt, whose affection, and care, and advice had been dear to my heart all my life. I found her saddened, preoccupied, and disturbed. My brothers had accompanied me to her house, and it was in this intimate and affectionate circle that I received an account of our fatal position, and of all that might be expected to happen in the future, in consequence of the disasters that had already produced so much evil. Every step I took towards a deeper knowledge of the state of things seemed to me like a dream, and with the greatest pain I resigned myself to the loss of my illusion that my return to Paris would be the very acme of satisfaction and joy. No one, however, could have yet foreseen that this Paris of ours, which was already so unlike itself, would in the future become equally unlike any human abode—that it would produce yawning graves and a host of monsters, to destroy, and devour, and swallow up all the habits, the principles, and even the human beings that were the anchors of my soul and of my very existence. It is true that the path by which we had already travelled from the past to the present had covered more ground than could possibly lie between us and any future that was conceivable; but no one dreamt of the distance to which we were fated to go. I will not attempt to describe here the events that have never yet, in all the volumes that have dealt with them, been portrayed in sufficient detail. At the time of which I am speaking there were men so blind that they had not yet lost hope, and many who did not even see that when parties have become mere factions, and neither the supreme authority, nor the basis of the government, nor the law of the land is any longer immutable, there is no dyke left to keep out the devastating waves. Events have shown this to be only too true.

When I returned from staying with my relations in the country I went to pay my court at the Tuileries. It was only gradually, and with difficulty, that I accustomed myself to

finding the royal family guarded by bourgeois, without any bodyguard, or any of the impressive pomp and circumstance that made Versailles distinguished above all the Courts of Europe; to seeing the apartments of the King and Queen crowded with the kind of people who would not have been allowed to enter them in the old days; to perceiving, in short —though the observation could not be put into words—that the remnants of dignity still apparent were merely the death-throes of the monarchy, which had been too splendid and too strong to be extinguished in a moment.

The kindness with which the King condescended to welcome me I shall never forget: he took me into the embrasure of a window, discussed every detail of my two recent campaigns with as much accuracy as I could have shown myself, and praised my behaviour. But he said nothing of the changes around him. The Queen, who was at her card-table when I saw her first, called me to her side with all her usual charm of manner, and I thought her more attractive than ever. She asked me for news of her brother Joseph II, and when I hesitated to tell her of his real condition she begged me to speak the truth frankly, in view of her many reasons for being interested in the matter. I then admitted that he had but a short time to live; probably, it appeared, not more than two months. She seemed deeply affected by the news, though it has since appeared very doubtful whether he would have taken any measures to avert her fate. The Queen then bade me observe a man in a black coat who was facing her beyond the card-table, and told me that when she rose from her seat she would say why she wished me to notice him. When the time came she informed me that the man in question was M. de Beaurepaire,[2] the bodyguard who had saved her life at Versailles at the risk of his own, by preventing the frenzied mob from entering her bedchamber. The loyal and devoted expression of the man's face, the gratitude with which the Queen remembered his action, the thought of these past catastrophes combined with her submission and resignation to her melancholy position, filled me with emotion. I hoped she might be able to read in my face all that was in my heart, and

I was devoting far more attention to her troubles than to the happiness her kind words should have given me, when she deigned to praise me for the way I had been employing my time since I parted from her. She spoke approvingly of every little thing I had done during my absence. I left the Queen's presence with my heart full of the deepest melancholy, and found it hard to believe that such changes could have taken place in the space of two years.

M. de La Fayette, who was the key to all the doors that led to anything at that time, and had as yet by no means reached the end of his activities in the Revolution, had shown me marked kindness all through my boyhood, and had been on terms of close friendship with my family. I went to see him. I had always known him to be ambitious, and even before my departure his ambition had begun to take a wrong direction, but I was not prepared for the height to which it was now soaring. His house, which resembled a general's headquarters, exhibited so much of the paraphernalia of war that it would have been impressive if the object in view had been legitimate. During the few minutes that I was waiting in his aides-de-camp's room I heard language of the most incendiary and alarming kind, and phrases of which I did not even understand the whole meaning, since the subjects of the conversation were as yet very imperfectly known to me. M. de La Fayette summoned me to his own study, and met me there with all the cordiality that I should always have expected him to show me. "What changes there have been," he said, "since we met! What discoveries you will make! Do not judge hastily, I beseech you; the things you will see can only be understood by following their progress in every detail from their earliest beginnings." A remnant of the modesty and trust that are so becoming in the young, in default of experience, made me slow to form the opinion of him that I have since been forced to adopt; and I was making him revert to a style of speech that he had long forsaken when I held this simple, moderate conversation with him—a man who, for more than a year, had been complicating and elaborating every measure, to attain an end that was as chimerical as it was

wrong. He informed me that the decoration he wore was the Order of the Bastille, a trophy of one of the first revolutionary proceedings. Any further explanation would have been embarrassing, and I was careful not to ask for one. I left him; and in future I preferred to remember him rather than renew my acquaintance with him.

Thus every day brought me all kinds of surprises. A number of musical instruments with all their strings transposed, a town with all its sign-boards changed, would not have given me a greater sensation of confusion and discord than I received every moment of the day. I had heard far more of China than of Paris as it then was, but, as the disastrous circumstances of the times had made me feel myself a visitor there rather than an active citizen, it devolved upon me to observe everything and see everything. And always, at the back of my mind, was the thought of the life abroad that I had made possible for myself, and that my fate, it seemed, would permit me to enjoy, far from this stormy sea.

I followed, fairly closely, the doings of the National Assembly, over which a spirit of evil presided. Providence and chance had distributed the ability of its members so unjustly and disproportionately that all the intellect was plainly on the side of crime, and all the stupidity on the side of good intentions. Owing to this unfortunate division, which was almost invariable, every sitting had the most dangerous results, and I attended very few meetings that did not conduce to the dissolution of the Monarchy, and of all authority and every kind of legal government. But the eloquence and talents that sometimes sparkled so brilliantly round this fountain of disaster filled one with involuntary curiosity and interest, and often, indeed, with admiration; for there are more kinds of admiration than one, seeing that genius, in whatever form it may appear, always commands respect.

The conversation in private circles was merely a summary of these meetings; for it was in the drawing-rooms that the debates of the various clubs were originated, and the clubs were the crucible and hotbed of the opinions that the Assembly turned into laws. It resulted from this devotion to public

affairs that every social gathering became a mere committee, a series of discussions, which embittered all who took part in them, divided society into factions, and severed the bonds of friendship and the tie of blood. All the duties, sentiments, and relationships of former days were reduced to the level of mere political opinions, and the heart had no refuge left but secrecy and solitude.

My relations, whose love for me was incapable of change, had less time for showing their feelings than once they had; they were constantly preoccupied, and sad, and anxious, and I always outdid them in demonstrations of affection; it seemed to me that the language of the heart, which I had learnt from them, was stranger to their lips than of old. I am certain that their thoughts were with me, but this did not satisfy me, and I often found myself feeling isolated among the very people whose influence, before I went away, had been the motive-power of every action of my life. Surrounded as I was by those whom the Revolution was burdening with many different ills, this sorrow, I admit, was the one that troubled me the most. As I look back upon my feelings at that time I remember that the complete upheaval of my native land, the probable loss of all hope of personal fortune, and my own precarious future disturbed me not at all in comparison with my more or less reasonable fear of losing the delights of a dearly-loved home, which had always been, from my earliest years, the centre of my happiness and my affections. Before the age of twenty-three, however, one can find distractions from such thoughts as these; and the distractions I found were very sweet. I was madly in love with an angel of goodness and enchantment, and my trifling infidelities to her were mere distractions too, since I loved no one else with real passion. All through that winter I never awoke in the morning without being obliged to call up a vision of her, to dispel the dark and troubled thoughts that tormented me—thoughts that were all concerned with this outward alteration in my closest ties.

During the two years of my recent absence I never came to any decision without considering how far it would receive the approval of my relations; and if I withstood their ascend-

ancy over me sufficiently to separate myself from them it was in the complete and unconquerable certainty that, when once the first step was taken, I should acquire new claims upon their unfailing interest and concern in my affairs. When I was alone in my tent in the desert, near Otchakow or Bender, I consulted them mentally on every step I took, and felt, so to speak, that I was acting under their eyes and by their advice. It seemed to me, therefore, that in the coming campaign, for the first time, I should be obliged to face the words *absence* and *independence*, the very idea of which wearied and oppressed me uncontrollably. Even now, as I write, I can recall the pain that this thought gave me.

The more deeply France was involved in trouble, however, the less I could hesitate as to the part I had to play. When the life that was natural to me, my life in my own land, was perhaps on the point of being wrested from me, there was all the more reason to foster and cherish the life that depended on myself alone. It was this argument that made me firmly refuse to take any step likely to hinder my return to Russia.

The kindness of the King and Queen and the efforts of my relations secured for me the offer of a regiment of dragoons. I expressed my desire to remain with the Russian army till the end of the war, and begged that if I were appointed it should be with the proviso that no obstacle was to be put in my way.[3] When, however, a design was formed to create some new regiments of chasseurs, composed of two battalions of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry, it was thought advisable to wait, and give me one of these. I gladly consented to the change, and waited patiently; but the course of events made it impossible for these regiments of chasseurs ever to be formed in the reign of Louis XVI.

Another command, of the most unpleasant description, fell to my lot. The post was altogether a sinecure, if one wished it to be so, and though there was no honour attached to it, was styled honorary; but it was impossible to refuse it without risking the property, and even the lives, of those whose position was the cause of the appointment. At that time all the provinces were forming corps of National Guards, which were

really nothing but agents of the Revolution, though the ostensible approval of the King gave them a superficial kind of legality. The province of Gâtinais, where my uncle had some property, proclaimed him commandant-general, with myself as second-in-command: he was obliged to accept the post, and it was impossible for me to refuse when he had consented. We were formally received into the corps at Montereau-faut-Yonne and Varennes, and, if the ceremonial on the occasion differed from the ceremony performed for the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, it was because the persons concerned were transposed into *gentilshommes bourgeois*. Since the day of that ordeal, the memory of which makes me shudder even now, I have never set eyes upon the province.

Every day I was revolted and wearied by everything I saw, and more entirely persuaded that the new abuses—which had replaced the old ones, the causes of the Revolution—would lead to events as yet incalculable, but certainly terrible. I was disgusted to see so many circles of friends, who had had no thought, two years before, except to give one another pleasure, now divided into factions; and I cursed the day that the charms of the most delightful country in the world had been frittered away, and the finest kingdom in Europe allowed to run to waste. For these reasons I began, very early in the spring, to speak of my approaching departure, and with the help of my relations, who were always interested in my welfare and anxious to carry out my wishes, I found it quite easy to make the necessary arrangements. On the 10th May, 1790, four months after my arrival in Paris, I set out again to join the Russian army, regretting nothing in the new Paris save the vestiges of the old, feeling strong enough to renounce the past while not strong enough to forget it, and being well aware that I was now to shift for myself, without any of that moral support that is such a help to the imagination. I was leaving those I loved to sail a stormy sea, where there were so many hidden reefs that they must inevitably be wrecked; they had no choice but to drift with wind and tide; they could not tell upon what shore their bark would be shattered, nor to what spar they could cling to save themselves. If I could

have hoped to be of use to them, no personal considerations would have made me leave them, but I had little real understanding of the situation, and was merely an additional cause of anxiety and danger to them. The best thing I could do, therefore, was to relieve them of all responsibility on my account, and give them, in the fact of my absence, the one consolation that was possible to their affectionate hearts.

I relieved my conscience by putting in an appearance at Nancy with the King's Regiment, which I had joined at the age of twelve. I spent four days there with my fellow-officers, and inspected my company, whom I had not the least hope of ever seeing again. I had attained to the rank of colonel at the age of twenty-three, since I had parted from the regiment. They all congratulated me very sincerely on my campaign in Russia, and gave me the most cordial welcome. I parted from them with the saddest feelings, and proceeded to Metz, to Strasbourg, and thence to Vienna. At Metz I saw M. le marquis de Bouillé, who was in command there, and my eldest brother, who was there temporarily with his regiment. I accompanied him on parade, and saw the King's troops march past for the last time in my life, though neither he nor I could bring ourselves to believe it. I only remained in Strasbourg for a few hours, and crossed the Pont de Kehl with my thoughts full of the dream in which I had just been living in my native land, a dream that was rendered very bitter and very dark by the fear that I should never awaken from it. My own personal future, for the time, fell into the background of my mind; I felt crushed, and bewildered by an outlook that seemed insupportable. As time went on, however, I became more resigned; and with nothing but my own character to support me, and nothing but my star to guide me, I reached Vienna. The Queen had given me a letter for the Emperor, who had ascended the throne since my last visit:[4] this I delivered to him, and he discussed the last campaign with me, and the one that was about to begin. Two army-corps of considerable size were occupying Banat, and were to attack the Turkish possessions in the neighbourhood of the Danube. M. de Clerfayt,[5] who was encamped near Praiovo, on the

banks of that river, was to open the siege of Vidin, and Marshal Coburg was to invest Giurgievo. The Emperor suggested that, on my way to the Russian headquarters at Yassi, I should make a detour and visit his own army. He gave me his assurance that, if I could make up my mind to lengthen my journey by four hundred leagues, I should arrive at the very moment when General Clerfayt was beginning the attack on Vidin.

The operations of the Russian army made this delay possible for me, and the Emperor gave me orders of admission to his camps. I left Vienna on the 26th May, taking the road through Hungary, Transylvania, and Banat, which would lead me finally to Moldavia by way of Wallachia. This route showed me the whole theatre of the war between the Austrians and Turks from its very beginning.

I saw the scene of the famous retreat from Mehadia, effected so precipitately by Joseph II in 1787, which confirmed the general opinion that military talent was not one of his strong points. Mehadia lay on his left hand, and Weisskirchen on his right, when he received warning that he was about to be attacked by the army of the Grand Vizier.[6] With the greatest promptitude and definiteness he gave the command *Sauve qui peut!* and hurried through the defiles of Mehadia. He was unable to gather up the scattered fragments of his army till he reached Sakal, where the river Temes lay between him and the Turks, who had pursued him as far as Caremsbey.[7]

I saw the fortress of Orsova, one of the most interesting in existence on account of its position, and one of the most remarkable as regards its construction. It had been blockaded by the Austrians from November 1789 till April 1790, and only surrendered for want of provisions, after causing the ruin of the Austrian forces from sickness, and obliging them to use an incalculable quantity of ammunition.

Orsova is situated in the middle of the Danube, and is dominated on one side by the mountains, whence the fortress can be cannonaded without any power of retaliating on the attacking batteries. The strength of the place consists in the immense number of its casemates, which are especially well

constructed, and in the width of the Danube, which makes an assault almost impracticable. All its fortifications are well contrived, and even supposing a landing could be effected the storming of the place would present the greatest difficulties. It was reckoned that, in the two campaigns they had just finished in this part of the world, the Austrians lost eighty thousand men, of whom as many died of various diseases as were killed by the enemy.

On leaving Orsova I proceeded to M. de Clerfayt's army, which was encamped on the right bank of the Danube near Praiovo, at the point where the Temes flows into that river. This spot is only one good day's march from Vidin, including the crossing of the Timok. M. de Clerfayt received me with all the courtesy of which he was capable, but immediately showed me an instance of the vacillation of the Council of War at Vienna, in the form of a despatch he had received two days earlier by courier, counter-ordering the siege of Vidin. He begged me to spend a couple of days with his army, and we employed the time in examining every detail of it, and of the flotilla as well. The latter deserved the closest attention: the boats were well built and well navigated, and presented a very pretty spectacle. Being disappointed in my hopes of seeing some active service with this army-corps I wished at all events to justify my journey by taking part in the operations of Marshal Coburg's forces. I set out, therefore, in Bucharest, where his headquarters had been fixed during the winter; but, hearing on the way that he had gone off to invest Giurgievo, I followed him thither directly. As a colonel in the armies of two Powers allied with his own country I laid claim to a welcome from him, and he allowed me to be present at the siege. General Thurn,[8] of the artillery, whom I had met in Prague in 1786, escorted me to the trench, which had been made at a distance of a hundred and twenty yards from the covered way. He introduced me to General Lauer[9] of the engineers, who was superintending the construction of the siege works, and together they took me over all the works, and explained all their projects, which plainly proved at that time that the siege could not last more than six or eight days.

The place holds a strong position, if the besieging force have not cut off its communications with Roustchouk, which, being situated on the opposite bank of the Danube, can easily revictual Giurgievo. It is very difficult to prevent supplies from crossing, either by the river or by the bridge that connects the two places, for the approaches to the bridge are defended by all the batteries of the fortress; and Marshal Coburg, who was intending every day to take the measures indispensable for success, had not yet made up his mind to do so when a catastrophe occurred which I will now describe.

On the morning of the 8th June I had been round the trenches with General Lauer. This man, who was full of knowledge, but pedantic and slow to an unparalleled degree, insisted on my closely observing the minuteness of his precautions, and the correct construction of the works. When, however, we reached the extreme left, I ventured to point out that there was a considerable interval between the last *boyau* and the Danube, which would make it easy for the Turks to flank the works, should they succeed in seizing this gap by an unexpected and energetic sortie. General Lauer was good enough to approve of my remark, and said—so just was my criticism—that he had already given orders for the construction in the course of the night, of a battery that should command the river and the trench, and completely close the gap.

When we had inspected everything from the right to the left, and I was wearied and bored by the prosiness of this man, I took my leave of him, and returned to dine with Marshal Coburg.

On leaving the table the marshal mounted his horse, and went off to see some Turkish caiques, which had come along the Danube to fire a few shots at the rear of the camp, and try to sink some armed boats that the Austrians kept at that point to protect the right bank of the river. I accompanied him, and we were less than a mile from the marshal's tents when an aide-de-camp caught us up, and announced that the Turks had just made a sortie. The marshal, who saw little cause for alarm, and was too phlegmatic to agitate himself without very

good reason, continued on his way with the barest acknowledgment of the news. Scarcely ten minutes had passed before we were joined by another aide-de-camp—wild-eyed and distracted—who informed the marshal that the Turks were in possession of the trenches, that the guns were taken, that the general in command in the trenches was wounded, that the general of artillery, the Comte de Thurn, had had his head cut off, and finally that all the troops were in a state of the greatest confusion.

This time the marshal thought it worth while to repair to the scene of disorder, and we galloped back to the outskirts of the suburbs. I then witnessed the very climax of everything that incapacity could produce in the way of disasters and blunders. The marshal, having entirely lost his head, appealed to any one who would come to the rescue, to tell him what orders should be given, though he still clung to the shame of the responsibility, it appeared, for he still wore the uniform of his rank. Colonel Fischer, his adjutant-general—an incapable governess for this wretched child!—nominally took the reins of authority into his own hands, but left it open for every individual in the army, of whatever rank, to come with his advice to the marshal. The marshal forthwith laid this advice before Colonel Fischer.

The first measure decreed by this imposing council was to strike tents, harness the horses, and drive the baggage-wagons out of danger: the second was to put the fifteen thousand men of the army-corps under arms, in case the four thousand who constituted the whole garrison should wish to risk an engagement in the open. The army, in consequence, was formed up in seven squares in rear of the suburbs, with the cavalry in the intervals and the pickets in advance of them. But the trenches had been evacuated, all the ordnance was taken, and the Turks were not mad enough to go any farther. Thus the army remained without making any attack, from six o'clock in the evening until the next morning, not a man being allowed to fall out nor lay down his arms. At dawn an attempt was made to disentangle the various regiments, which were mingled in hopeless confusion: battalions of the *Pellegrinis* among the

Belgiojosos, of the *King's* among the *Carl Toscanas*, of the *Colloredos* among the *Anspergs*, and so on.

Even when the troops had been reduced to order they remained as they were until ten o'clock, ostensibly to show their defiance of the enemy; but the Turks had never dreamt of following up their success, and were firing off powder from all their batteries in token of rejoicing.

By mid-day the army was in full retreat, marching in squares. They burnt the wooden hospital that they had built in rear of the camp; they set fire to their shells, as though there were not time to carry them away; and they went off to a position on the heights, three leagues away from the town. While this inexplicable manœuvre was in progress I approached the marshal, to question him with regard to his choice of a position. He answered me coldly: "I think we are going a very long way, for the first day's march." And he turned to Colonel Fischer, to ask where he intended to pitch the first camp. At that moment I recollected, with some surprise, that when I was in Vienna I had seen shopkeepers trying to attract customers by painting Marshal Coburg on their sign-boards, and had also met with medals struck in his honour, and several other forms of homage, all of which indicated the gratitude of the public. And this was the man who thought himself defeated by four thousand Turks, when he had fifteen thousand men at his disposal; the man who had lost his guns and ammunition, and felt obliged to raise a siege that had at first been reckoned as an affair of ten days' duration.

I was counting on having a conversation with General Lauer on the subject of this strange event; but though I addressed him several times I failed to arouse him from the state of stupor and depression into which he had sunk. At last, however, I succeeded in dragging from him the causes to which he attributed this shameful affair. He complained that as the streets of the suburbs had not been cleared away, nor indeed a single house taken down, the troops who came to support those in the trenches could not be deployed, and had only served to increase the confusion; and that the reserves were not proportionate to the troops on duty. He admitted that

the flanks of the trenches were not sufficiently protected, and that the works were too weak there—a fatal mistake that I had pointed out to him myself on the left flank, exactly at the point attacked by the Turks. He assured me, too, that none of the regiments in camp had received any instructions as to the course they should pursue if the reserves were repulsed, and that when he sent to ask for reinforcements no one could decide which battalions should go to his help. By the time a few battalions had at last made up their minds to advance the mischief was done.

However important these blunders may have been there was certainly not one of them that could justify raising the siege of a fortress of the third order, with a garrison of four thousand men, when the besieging force numbered fifteen thousand; and, supposing so fatal and extraordinary a course of action to be inevitable, it was owing to the lack of discipline, and to the indescribable confusion that reigned among the troops, and to the want of ability in the commanding officers. Their capacity was not even sufficient to enforce subordination, essential as it is in every rank of the army.

Lauer, the general of engineers, deserved to be cashiered; since the man who conducts the siege can demand the troops he requires and insist on any course of action that is necessary.

Marshal Coburg deserved to be pensioned off on the score of incapability, as the most useless of all the Emperor's generals. Yet I was to see both these men in full career later on, and see them lose battles, moreover, that would have caused less suffering to Europe if the generals in question had sooner received their deserts.

When the army-corps was encamped in the new position I went to take leave of Marshal Coburg. His manner was somewhat embarrassed, and he asked me why I was leaving him before seeing the reparation of the disaster I had witnessed. I observed that it would be very imprudent to make any fresh attempt before replacing some of his artillery, and that I could no longer delay my return to the Russian headquarters. The marshal was afraid that I should give a poor idea of the Austrian army's efforts to carry out the terms of

the alliance, and of the amount of success that they were likely to achieve. As for me, I was distressed to think that, owing to a few vicissitudes, a treaty between two Powers could lead to such operations as this, which could have no effect on the progress of affairs nor on the special projects in view, and moreover involved an immense and useless expenditure of lives and money by both empires.

I parted from the Austrians without gaining any advantage from having lengthened my journey to see their methods of warfare, beyond the disagreeable lesson they had just taught me. This kind of experience is far from being useless, however. One can often judge of what ought to have been done by the things that are left undone; and there was nothing in the episode that I had any personal reason to regret.

VIII

Damas colonel of the Arkhangelsk infantry regiment, and afterwards of the light-horse of Alexandria—News of the Princes of Anhalt and Nassau—Sieges of Akkerman and Kilia: strange panics among the Russian troops: death of General Müller—Siege of Ismaïl: final assault and carnage of the 22nd December, 1790—Charles de Ligne, Langeron, Fronsac—In order to be near his relations the author leaves the Russian army, but preserves his rank in it—Visit to Vienna — The Marquis de Noailles ambassador — The author's opinion of the Emigration—Calonne's mission and the Emperor Leopold's indecision—Visit to Aix-la-Chapelle.

After travelling across Wallachia and Moldavia I reached Yassi on the 13th June, 1790. Prince Potemkin was not expecting to see me: he was in a little country-house near the town, and when I entered he seemed greatly surprised. His greeting, it seemed to me, was not as pleasant nor as cordial as usual. To make sure of this I observed him closely for several days, and being confirmed in my opinion I wrote to ask him for an explanation. His answer was as frank as it was kind. He admitted that, having been told I was trying to obtain permission to take part in the war with Sweden, he had felt hurt, being conscious of never having failed in consideration for me since we first met. But my letter, he said, had put his mind at rest as far as that matter was concerned, and he hoped to prove to me soon that his friendship for me was not subject to change. And indeed from that moment his goodwill showed itself in word and deed as plainly as in the previous years. A few days later I was placed in command of the Arkhangelsk regiment of infantry, one of the best and finest corps in the army.

On the 1st July the prince issued orders for the army to assemble near Bender, whither he was moving his headquarters. On the 6th I set out with my regiment across the steppes that lay between me and my destination, and found the march very

trying in the heat, which was extreme. On the 7th I crossed the Pruth, and on the 22nd camped beside the Byc, a little stream that flows into the Dniester. Here I was to await fresh orders.

I do not believe that any troops ever suffered more in the Egyptian desert, from the heat and the sand, than the Russian army endured on this occasion. Several times, when we were no more than a thousand paces from the camping-place where our day's march was to end, I was obliged to let my regiment rest, because the men were absolutely unable to take another step; and I should have found it difficult to choose between my sufferings then and the cold of Otchakow. The Russians feel the heat far more than the cold, and are far more injured by it. Their generals ought to take many more precautions in this respect. Being unaccustomed to the harmful effects of heat they make the mistake of doing nothing to counteract them, and the soldiers in consequence suffer from maladies that are unknown in their own climate—maladies that the doctors no more know how to cure than the officers know how to avoid them.

There were epidemics in all the regiments, and numbers of the men died. In mine the mortality was less than in others, owing to a few precautions that a little thought suggested to me, and to my very strict enforcement of certain rules, which I made the men follow for the sake of their health.

The distance from my camp to Bender was four leagues; and Prince Potemkin, without thinking of the torrid zone that lay between the two places, begged me to visit him frequently. It is, I believe, owing to the habit I acquired of mastering the horrible heat in order to carry out his wishes that I have never been so much afraid of heat since that time as I was before.

I spent two months isolated in this same camp, where I settled down to lead as pleasant a life as possible. The regimental band was perfect, and I made use of it a great deal: I drilled my men when the sun was low. Every evening I took a walk; and being fortunately gifted with the power of transporting my thoughts to the place where my affections were

centred, I always found the days very short. And yet, during this campaign, I had none of the companions with whom I had enjoyed, in the previous ones, the delight and consolation of exchanging every thought and emotion of the heart.

Although, after the first campaign, I had lost the Prince de Ligne and the Prince of Nassau, I still had the companionship in the second of the Prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg, the most accomplished man on earth. But I had been the first to advise him, in the correspondence we carried on between Paris and Petersburg, to accept the post of second-in-command of the army that was being sent against the Swedes. He had every reason to expect that all kinds of advantages would result from this appointment, but to my great sorrow my affectionate interest in his welfare had led me to approve of a course of action that brought about his death; for he fell a victim to his zeal and courage. He was killed in an affair in Finland, and was mourned by his sovereign and by the whole army, and still more by the friends whom his goodness and lovable qualities won for him wherever he went. I have already related how I made his acquaintance. From that first moment we never misunderstood each other for an instant, nor failed to consult one another on every matter that concerned us.

Since the Prince of Nassau's departure from the camp during the first campaign, while the siege of Otchakow was in progress, my correspondence with him had not been very regular: he is not fond of writing, and an exchange of letters demands absolute reciprocity. But at the period to which my recollections have now brought me I received a letter from him, in which he told me with the greatest straightforwardness and open-heartedness of the terrible battle he had just lost against the Swedes in the Gulf of Finland, and of the destruction of a part of the flotilla. The Empress had placed him in command of it, in the hope that the success he had won in the Black Sea would follow him in other waters; but he found the Swedes more capable than the Turks, and his determination—his most notable quality—was the cause of his misfortune. I remember that his letter began thus: "I have just been beaten, *mon cher*, and beaten devilishly well." [1]

It was this unfortunate affair that brought about the most generous and honourable treaty of peace that was ever made between two sovereigns. After his victory the King of Sweden made advances to the Empress, who responded in the same conciliatory spirit; and the peace was concluded.[2]

While a variety of advantages were gained by the Russian army there was one moment when Gustavus, with a little more foresight and promptitude, might have triumphed over the Empress's persistent good fortune and caused her a great deal of embarrassment, if her star had not always watched over her. By a blunder Petersburg was left unprotected; by a blunder Gustavus failed to make himself master there; and three days later the opportunity was gone and Petersburg was safe.

If there was one reason more than another that should have prompted the Empress to make peace as speedily as possible with all her enemies, it was the deplorable state of her finances. If she was not entirely without resources it was owing to her personal credit, far more than to the credit of the Ministry of Finance. The notes that represented the currency and were used as money throughout the empire were depreciated as much as sixty per cent., and all through the third campaign, as I can bear witness, the troops of every rank, even the private soldiers, were paid with them at the rate of their *nominal value*. What a storm of indignation would be roused by such a proceeding in any other European army! And yet not a word of complaint was heard, and I regarded this attitude of resignation as the most convincing proof of the passive subordination peculiar to the Russians. Nothing could show it more clearly than this.

Quite at the beginning of September certain movements on the part of the Turkish army made the prince think that it was desirous of engaging with us in a pitched battle, and was about to approach us with that object. He begged me to change my regiment, and take command of a corps of light-horse, reminding me with perfect truth that, as he had always guided me for the best, I could do no less than abide by his decision. I did not hesitate to obey his orders, and was

appointed to the Alexandria Regiment of light-horse, which numbered one thousand, and was excellently mounted and equipped.

On the 22nd September a portion of the army set out upon the march, in the direction of the mouths of the Danube. As I was part of the advanced guard I was ordered to beat back any bodies of Turkish troops I might meet, in order to facilitate the approach to the little fortified town of Akkerman, situated at the mouth of the Dniester. A few days sufficed for the reduction of this little fortress, which capitulated as soon as a shot or two had been fired at the suburbs.

I was immediately despatched to a place called Tatar-Bounar, to act as an advanced guard to the troops encamped before Akkerman, and it was not until early in October that the prince decided that the fortress of Kilia should be invested. We arrived there on the 15th, with our commander-in-chief Baron Müller, a brave and excellent officer, the general-commandant of the artillery.[3]

This place, which is situated on an arm of the Danube, was not even as strong as most of the Turkish fortresses, but had a well-designed entrenchment and contained a garrison sufficiently large to make a regular attack necessary. General Müller did not hesitate to undertake it, and, having a great dislike for Prince Potemkin's procrastination, was determined not to imitate it as long as the direction of affairs was in his own hands. The trench was made on the 15th and 16th, and the attack on the entrenchment fixed for the following day.

The command of a regiment of light-horse gave me the right of taking my turn in the trench, in accordance with my seniority as a colonel, but did not entitle me to take part in the attack on the entrenchment. However, General Samoilof, who was second-in-command under General Müller and had the practical management of the enterprise, wished me to be employed on the occasion, and suggested that I should ask permission of the commander-in-chief to select three hundred men from my regiment and lead one of the columns. General Müller refused my request, and would only allow me, if I wished to be useful to General Samoilof, to accompany him

with fifty volunteers from my regiment. To this I agreed, and had no reason to regret it.

On the night of the 16th the troops were formed in two columns, with a view to escalading the entrenchment a few moments before dawn. At the appointed moment and at the prearranged signal the advance was made, and we arrived at the ditch of the entrenchment.

The incident that then occurred has never been paralleled, I believe; and this unique event should be remembered as a warning whenever there be any possibility of its recurrence.

General Samoilof, an extremely fat, extremely tall, and very heavy man, happened to fall as he entered the ditch, and caused several other men to fall on top of him, trampling upon him and bruising him. They called out to the men next to them to keep back, lest the general should be crushed beneath the entire column. These shouts were misunderstood by the head of the column, who could see nothing clearly in the darkness, and conceived the idea that the Turks were making a vigorous defence. Without waiting for orders all the companies at the head of the column opened fire on the palisades, *where there was not a single Turk.* The men at the rear, thinking that this was the enemy's fire, scattered in confusion, and fired as soon as they believed it possible, without knowing at whom they were firing. They took aim, as well as they could, at the men they saw in front of them—none other than the troops at the head of our own column, who had paused at the edge of the ditch owing to the mistake I have just explained. The most appalling confusion then became general: bullets were whistling in every direction: men fell dead, shot by their own comrades: it was impossible to hear any word of command, for the cries of *ourra!* so conducive to disorder among the Russians, combined with the noise of the firing to drown the voices of the officers. No one could foresee how long this state of things would continue, and all the Turks had retreated to the fortress. There was not a single one of them within range of us.

General Samoilof, though he had been picked up, was not in a condition to issue orders. He deputed me to carry out his

intentions, and implored me to set matters right *in his name*. The only means I could devise, to put an end to the disastrous uproar that was going on, was to disperse my volunteers among the troops, with orders to slip quickly through the ranks, upsetting and emptying the men's cartridge-boxes; for this curious performance was the only thing that could stop the confusion. In this way I succeeded in making the men at the head of the column cease firing, and as soon as they could hear me I made them cross the ditch, and deployed them inside the palisades of the entrenchment. Not a single Turk made any opposition; the only difficulty I had to encounter was the confusion and bewilderment of our own troops. I set them to work, with the few implements I could collect, to strengthen the position; and by the time the daylight was fully come there was sufficient protection to serve as a defence against the enemy's first attack.

As soon as order was restored among our troops each regiment took up its post within the entrenchment, without any opposition from the Turks save the fire from the batteries of the fortress.

I have seldom seen, in the whole course of my life, an affair so dangerous as this; and certainly it is the only instance of a fight in which the enemy played no part, and had an entirely imaginary existence from first to last.

A trench was made at once round the whole town; Müller, the commander-in-chief, came to superintend the works, and being rash enough to show himself in the open without taking any kind of precaution, he was struck by a bullet in the middle of his badge of the Order of St. Andrew, and fell dead on the spot. He was a real loss to the army.[4] Although actually a man of advanced age he had all the presence of mind and activity of youth, and was perhaps the only general capable of disregarding Prince Potemkin's various systems, and scrupulously following the rules of his profession, of which he had a profound knowledge.

The prince, on hearing of these events at Kilia, gave the command of the troops to Lieutenant-General Goudovitch,[5] and recalled General Samoilof. The regiment of grenadiers

that formed the head of the attacking column was deprived of its distinctions. At the same time the prince thanked me in the most flattering way for the trouble I had taken to repair the mischief as far as was possible, though it was in no way my duty to undertake the task that his nephew had so confidently thrust upon me.

The siege was carried on without intermission. The batteries were well managed, and the garrison, being reduced to defending the fortress itself, seemed disposed to await an assault. The breaching battery was already completed when, on the 29th, twelve days after the construction of the first parallel, I happened to be commanding in the trenches, and, in the middle of the night, saw a light emerging from the fosse of the fortress. I hesitated as to whether I should give the order to fire upon it, but seeing that it was coming appreciably nearer I fortunately waited till I could better distinguish its destination. It transpired eventually that the light was carried by an envoy from the pacha, who came to suggest terms of capitulation: he had chosen this hour in order to conceal his intentions from the garrison. The conditions were accepted by General Goudovitch, and I received orders to take possession of the place at break of day.

If General Samoilof—a very brave man—deserved any blame with regard to the attack on the entrenchment, it was through an excess of ill-directed zeal, the effect of which I foresaw, and on which I commented to him at the time. When the troops were formed up in column, and were awaiting the signal to advance upon the palisades, he began to hold forth to them in the most emphatic style, recalling their illustrious deeds in the past, and stirring them up with a graphic account of the dangers that lay before them, and of the courage they would require to succeed in their enterprise. His speech must have given the impression that they were expected, on this occasion, to achieve something far more difficult than any of their previous exploits. This form of encouragement is always useless and very often harmful, and on the night in question was the sole cause of the troops' imaginary peril; for the danger, by a very unusual chance, was absolutely non-existent.

The result of seizing their imagination in this way was a terrible panic, which led to the confusion I have described. There is never any object in stimulating the troops when their courage is on the point of being put to the proof: a few encouraging words, while the fight is in progress, to help them from one point of danger to another, can do no harm and often acts as a spur, but it is wiser to give even the best troops no opportunity nor time to reflect in cold blood, for I can assure their generals that, ten times out of twelve, the result will be very bad.

Prince Potemkin's contempt for the Turks made it very easy to conclude terms of capitulation with them, for he never refused to allow the garrison to march out, and serve elsewhere: provided the pacha surrendered the fortress he made no difficulties about the conditions. The great disadvantage of this method was that there was always more resistance at each siege than there had been at the last. Thus Ismaïl, a much stronger and more extensive fortress than the three others, had been reinforced by the garrisons that had evacuated them, and the siege promised to be a very difficult matter. The Russian Court hesitated for a long time before giving orders for the investment, and the prince was not at all anxious that it should be undertaken.

For some time operations were suspended. The Russians, having reached the mouths of the Danube, were now in a line with the Austrians, whose general, Marshal Laudon, had taken Belgrade.[6] But the Austrians, foreseeing that the affairs of France would end in providing them with a new sphere of action, were taking no further steps, and had been trying for some time to make a separate peace. The treaty was actually signed in the course of that summer, at Reichenbach.[7]

On the other hand, Prussia and England were beginning to show a desire for the war to end. The Russian and Austrian Courts were therefore reduced to aiming at an honourable peace, and had absolutely renounced the ambitious schemes they had at first entertained. Joseph II, in concert with whom the Empress of Russia had planned them, was now no more; the state of political affairs was changed; and as the misfor-

tunes of France were likely to complicate the circumstances of all the European Powers it behoved Russia to proceed with great discretion, especially since the Emperor Leopold was retiring from the alliance.

I returned to spend this period of indecision and idleness at Bender, where Prince Potemkin, surrounded by women and all the comforts of life, was waiting quite patiently till his despatches should rouse him, perforce, to a state of more or less activity. The end of November brought the certainty that the Russians could not hope to conclude a peace on tolerably good terms before taking Ismaïl; and the Empress imperiously bade the prince begin the siege and carry it to a successful issue.

The fortress of Ismaïl was built of earth, but had been newly repaired; and the outworks were very high and well designed. The garrison, which comprised thirty-five thousand men, was commanded by a seraskier [8] and four pachas of the imperial family. The majority of the troops were janissaries, the flower of the Grand Vizier's army, and as the season was already advanced the siege presented difficulties that would not have existed if it had been undertaken earlier, and if the garrison had not been reinforced by the troops from other fortresses, who were allowed, as soon as they capitulated, to increase our difficulties wherever they thought it advisable. In this way Prince Potemkin created for himself many an obstacle and labour that the ordinary chances of war might have spared him. But the orders were definite: he was forced to obey. General Souvarow was appointed to direct the siege, with General Ribas as second-in-command. A little flotilla was to co-operate with the troops, on an arm of the Danube which represents the cord of the arc formed by the fortress on the left bank; and this flotilla, and all the troops on the right bank—twenty-two thousand men—proceeded to the spot under the orders of General Goudovitch. On the 1st December General Souvarow arrived, and the place was invested.

The trench was made in front of the outworks of the main body of the fortress; and several batteries were constructed on the right bank of the arm of the Danube, facing the whole

length of the building on that side, where the fortress presents a plain surface, with no bastions nor outworks.

Prince Potemkin had made me hand over my regiment of light-horse to another officer, and ordered me to take part in the siege. He told me he had instructed Generals Ribas and Souvarow as to the nature of my duty, but personally I knew nothing of it as yet.

The first battery erected in the position I have described was entrusted to me. It contained twenty-two pieces of ordnance, and I was given two battalions of grenadiers for its defence.

The situation of this battery being important, and exposed to all the attacks of the Turks, I requested and obtained permission to remain on duty continuously: the troops were changed every twenty-four hours, but I remained on the spot throughout the siege, which lasted for twenty-two days. It was when the army was on the point of leaving Bender that it was joined by Prince Charles de Ligne[9] and MM. de Fronsac[10] and Langeron,[11] who had permission to take part in the siege.[12] Prince Charles, as a colonel of engineers in the Austrian service, was given the command of the first battery erected to face the right bastion, in view of an attack on the left bank; and the two others served as volunteers under various commanding officers, and were near me for the greater part of the siege.[13]

The surface of the fortifications being of earth it was impossible to make a breach; the guns merely crumbled the earth; the damage was repaired during the night; and so no progress was made. At last, on the nineteenth day, General Souvarow, in accordance with Peter I's regulations, held a council of war with a view to hearing the opinions of the other generals. The state of the fortress and its outworks having been considered in detail, it was unanimously decided that an assault was out of the question. When the decision of the council had been ratified and signed by all the members General Souvarow rose from his seat, and produced an order from the Empress to the effect that *the place was to be taken, whatever the cost.* The council was instantly dissolved, and General Souvarow made his final dispositions.

When the place was closely blockaded, and had suffered all the injury we could hope to inflict on it with our batteries, it was formally summoned to surrender. In response to this summons an *aga* of the janissaries came out of the fortress, and announced in laconic and very definite terms *that between the Muscovites and Turks there was no intermediary but the sword.*

On the 20th December, therefore, General Souvarow made his plans for the assault, and on the morning of the 21st announced them to the army, the following words alone being added to the official orders: "To-morrow the Turks or the Russians will be buried in Ismaïl."

The attack from the landward side was to be made in six columns; the attack from the right bank in four. One of the latter, composed of a regiment of Livonian chasseurs numbering two thousand men, was given to me: it was the last on the right, with the exception of the right wing. The last column, forming the right wing, was given to Colonel Valerian Zoubof,[14] brother of the favourite, a brave and excellent officer. The centre column was entirely composed of Zaporovians, led by one of their own chiefs. The column on the left was commanded by General Ribas and Prince Charles de Ligne. Of the twenty-two thousand men composing the strength of the army, five thousand were to remain in reserve.

The whole of the 21st was spent in disabling the Turkish batteries as far as possible, and in reconnoitring the points of attack.

All the columns on our side of the river were provided with a sufficient number of boats, which were to proceed to the appointed spot in the night, to embark the troops. A quarter to six, an hour before dawn, was the moment fixed for the general attack by the six columns stationed round the fortress on the left bank, and the four columns on the right bank, who had to cross the arm of the Danube.

General Souvarow's severe discipline made it certain that his arrangements would be carried out to the letter. The troops received the general benediction on the evening of the 21st, and had the whole night at their disposal for rest, or, if

they wished it, for the exercise of their various religious observances.

At four o'clock every man was at his post, and by half-past four the troops were embarked.[15]

As I did not know exactly the depth of the river on the opposite side, beneath the escarpment on which the fortress stood, nor whether it would permit of our landing easily, and as I knew all the batteries would endeavour to prevent our doing so, I had secured a four-oared boat, to convey only myself. With this I was able to land without difficulty, and avoided having to wade chest-deep through the water.

At a quarter to five, eight minutes after the pre-arranged signal of three shells, fired by the attacking force on the river-bank opposite to me, all the boats conveying my troops reached the shore. But in the eight minutes occupied by the crossing the grape-shot of the Turkish batteries had robbed me of two of the senior officers of my column, four junior officers, and about fifty men. I then superintended the disembarkation: the troops jumped out of the boats holding their muskets on a level with their heads, for the water was nearly up to their shoulders. I was already on the beach with fifty men, the first to come ashore, who formed up round me; and an instant later we were joined by the rest. I then escaladed the escarpment, which was extremely steep and slippery, and could only be climbed by two abreast at the most.[16] A few minutes sufficed me, however, to reach the summit and form up my men in line.

I was a few moments in advance of the general attack, and when I found myself at my post on the height there was not a sign on either side, not a single sound, to indicate that the other columns had landed. I could hear nothing, in the absolute darkness, but the voices of the Turks, and the sound of their hurrying footsteps as they assembled in haste to attack me. As may easily be imagined, it was an impressive moment, and one not quickly forgotten. At last, after several minutes of waiting, I could distinguish the shouts of the attacking party on the other side, and the drum of the column that was to be formed on my right side and support me with its left.[17]

At the same moment the Turks attacked me. I advanced to receive them with bayonets fixed, and sent to ask for reinforcements from Colonel Valerien Zoubof, who sent me, before his troops were in line, two companies of grenadiers. I then ordered the batteries on my left to be attacked in the rear, and they were at once occupied. I had the guns turned upon the Turks in the fortress, but could do nothing with them before daylight, because the darkness had already occasioned a certain amount of confusion. Some of the soldiers had been killed by their own comrades, and I heard sounds of complaint and anxiety in the ranks, on account of these mistakes.

However, when the daylight came everything was put right; and, as it was now possible to communicate with the column on my right, we made an attack together, supported by the batteries we had taken. The fight became terrible. After repulsing the Turks for a considerable distance I thought it indispensable, before pursuing them, to know whether the attacking columns had been successful elsewhere. I therefore called a halt. I heard a very lively fire and a sound of shouting at the end of the town, but I did not know whether the Russians had escaladed the ramparts.

The Turks, who had been repulsed by my fire and the advance of my troops, now returned to the attack, and for a moment my ranks wavered; but I was able to rally them at once and again secure the upper hand. However, it was plain that the other columns were meeting with a resistance that they could not as yet overcome, since I could not see a single Russian coming from the other side to meet me. This showed me that the issue of the affair was becoming extremely doubtful. I was joined by an aide-de-camp of General Ribas, who begged me to hold firm as long as was possible, because none of General Souvarow's columns had as yet been able to descend from the ramparts, though several had succeeded in reaching the summit, after losing half their men and climbing from corpse to corpse. They could not, however, beat back the Turks, who defended themselves from the inner base of the parapet, without losing ground. This murderous fight lasted until half-past eleven. The whole of the Russian army was

engaged: even the reserve was brought up, led by a *pope*, or army-chaplain. Seeing the difficulties encountered by the leading columns, he held up a crucifix before the troops, and made them follow him to the aid of the attacking force.

At mid-day the issue was still quite undecided: the efforts of both sides were redoubled, without any marked advantage to either. At last, however, the column nearest to the town-gate, which was closed and barricaded, succeeded in descending from the ramparts and forcing eleven thousand men to lay down their arms—troops whom the pachas were holding in reserve. They were now entirely surrounded by the column in question, my own column, and Zoubof's. I marched forward, beating back all opposition, and established communications between the first of these three columns and my own. Some workmen were immediately employed to clear the gateway; and as soon as the gate was opened General Souvarow sent in two cavalry regiments, who completely assured our success at every point. The most horrible carnage followed—the most unequalled butchery. Two hours were employed in a hand-to-hand fight, which only ended when all who made the least resistance had been entirely exterminated. Every armed man was killed, defending himself to the last; and it is no exaggeration when I say that the gutters of the town were dyed with blood. Even women and children fell victims to the rage and revenge of the troops. No authority was strong enough to prevent it.

This butchery was followed by the pillage of the town. Precaution was no longer needful, for there were no combatants left alive; and the soldiers dressed themselves up in every kind of garment that came their way. Calm was not restored till four o'clock in the afternoon.

We received orders to assemble the regiments and take them out of the town. There was not a man in the ranks who was not wearing some article of Turkish attire, either masculine or feminine, and the effect was more extraordinary than words can describe.

By five o'clock the troops were in camp and guards posted all over the town. *Twenty-four thousand* Turks—janissaries

and other soldiers—were killed; *eleven thousand* were spared and taken prisoners; a royal pacha, a relation of the sultan, was killed, and four were taken prisoners. *Nine thousand* Russians were killed and wounded, including several generals.[18] Such was the result of the most memorable assault, I believe, that ever took place.[19] It gave me great satisfaction to have been present and to have had good fortune, but I should be extremely sorry if it were my fate to go through it again.

The twenty-two days of December that I had entirely spent in the battery—where I slept at night in the angle of the parapet, and even made my toilet—with this laborious day's work at the end of them, had quite exhausted me. It was absolutely essential for me to find some place in which I could rest, but it was difficult to discover a single house in the town that was not surrounded by dead bodies nor full of dying men. General Marcof, who was seriously wounded, offered me a refuge. I arranged a kind of bed for myself in a quiet little room, and slept upon it for nineteen consecutive hours without once awakening. When I recovered from this lethargy I was dying of hunger, but there was nothing else the matter with me; and after I had had some food I was perfectly well.

In gratitude to my star, which protected me all through this terrible massacre from even the slightest scratch, I must describe the most striking instance of its watchfulness over me. The day was won, the carnage over, and we were engaged in assembling the troops to leave the town. I was passing through one of the narrow little streets, followed by some of my men, when a janissary, who had taken refuge in a house after the massacre and was drunk with blood and opium, dashed out like a madman with his pistol in his hand, seeking a way of escape from death. He met me in the street, and rather than be taken tried to run past me, firing at me point-blank, with his pistol at my chest. The powder ignited, but the pistol did not go off. The poor wretch was killed at once by the men who were with me, and I had the curiosity to look at his pistol, to see whether it were loaded. It was so. How curious it would have been, after escaping all the natural dangers of the morning, to be killed by a useless chance of

this kind! But this favour on the part of fortune gave me confidence in my future.

The Comte de Langeron was with me in the assault, and, not content with the obvious dangers, had gone out of his way to find another, having fallen from the top of the escarpment to the bottom while escalading it. He had not, however, a single wound; and equally unscathed was the Duc de Fronsac, who received his baptism of fire in the column commanded by General Ribas and Prince Charles de Ligne. The latter was wounded in the knee.

The success of the storming of Ismaïl did more than all the arguments of the council of war to prove that it was a most imprudent enterprise to undertake with twenty-two thousand men. Had it been unsuccessful not a single foot-soldier would have returned to tell the tale, since even the reserve took part in the assault. General Souvarow and his cavalry would have retreated alone. But if it be ever right to take the risks of an attack of this kind it is with Russian troops, for when they have confidence in their general their courage and perseverance are enough to surmount any obstacle.

Two days after the assault I started for Bender, where Prince Potemkin, in his pleasure and satisfaction, added greatly to mine by giving me the most gracious and flattering reception. The campaign was over; the troops were about to return to their winter quarters; it behoved me to decide whether it were best to accompany Prince Potemkin to Petersburg or to return to France.

If I had known the exact state of the circumstances, and especially if I could have read the future a little more plainly, my reason would have prompted me to go to Petersburg; but I had only a very vague knowledge of the beginnings of the Terror in the French provinces, and of the emigration that was becoming so general. I knew that my relations were still in Paris; I believed them to be in a precarious and alarming position; and it was my natural impulse to hasten to their side. Moreover, if I must admit it to myself, I was deeply in love, and at the age of twenty-four every argument is born of that sentiment: everything gives way to it, and a young man will

sometimes even think he is being governed by reason, because he is blind to the fact that reason involuntarily yields to the dictates of the heart.

I had certainly no doubt that on leaving Bender I should proceed directly to Paris. As it happened, however, I never returned to France at all. My love-affair kept me near the frontier as long as it was in my power to cross it, and public events very soon concurred in preventing me from entering my own country. These circumstances robbed me of the happiness of seeing those of my relations who fell victims to the Revolution; but perhaps it was all the better for my future destiny that I did not join them at this time.

If I had only been concerned with my own interests, and had preferred to consider my own advantage before everything else, it would have been a favourable moment to profit by the favour that my conduct in Russia had won for me, especially at the storming of Ismaïl. I might have settled in that country, and obtained from the Empress a sufficiently large grant of money to make me altogether independent, and enable me to cut myself off from France for good and all. In doing so I should have acted wisely. But calculations of this kind were quite foreign to my character and temperament: a natural feeling of affection summoned me to my relations' side, while an irresistible inclination summoned me to the side of my fair friend: a certain sentiment of patriotism made me wish to follow at close quarters all these events that meant so much to the King and my country, and a touch of the volatile in my nature cast a glamour over the course of action that would bring the greatest amount of excitement and change into my life. It was not, therefore, owing to a false calculation that I forsook, at this period, the road that would have been the safest to follow. I can still recall the feelings that led me to leave it, and I cannot regret my decision. Whenever I have mentally compared the fate I might have chosen, at various epochs of my life, with the fate I actually experienced, the result has always been that I could find no reasonable cause for regret. The *pros* and *cons* are always, in my opinion, quite equally balanced; and I have the satisfaction of feel-

ing certain that if the decision had to be made again I should make it in the same way.

Prince Potemkin gave me the choice of accompanying him to Petersburg, or being free to act as I would. I did not hesitate, but decided to go back with him to Yassi, and thence to set out to Vienna, where the news I received should regulate my future actions.

At the beginning of January 1791, we started for Yassi from Bender; and about the 15th I parted from the prince. He gave me his promise that, at any future time, I should find him and the Empress as willing as ever to show me attention and kindness, and that, in spite of any circumstances or length of absence, I should never lose my rank nor my seniority in the army. I gave places in my carriage to Prince Charles de Ligne and Fronsac, and we travelled together to Vienna as gaily and pleasantly as possible.

When we arrived there the Emperor was marrying the archdukes to the princesses of Naples.[20] The King and Queen of Naples were in Vienna. The whole town was merry-making, and, as I have never neglected any opportunity of amusing myself that has happened to arise, I spent three weeks there.

The Marquis de Noailles was still there as French ambassador, but his deportment had entirely changed: his stock phrase, *the King my master*, which had adorned his speech at every turn when I was last in Vienna, was far seldomer upon his lips. The words *nation*, *decree*, *constitution*, were much more prominent: he ornamented the dishes on his table with tricoloured ribbons, and insisted on all the French in Vienna wearing the tricoloured cockade. I made up my mind to wear the Russian uniform always, and thus be faithful to the white; but everything that came to my knowledge at this time made it easier to foresee, in part, the sorrows that were on their way to us.

Those who were the most alarmed had already left France, and among them was the family that concerned me more nearly than any other, except my own. My relations had remained in their own country. The Emigration was beginning to be

preached by the Princes and necessitated by circumstances, if indeed this important movement have ever been properly understood. In my opinion, I confess, it was a movement in which frivolity, lack of foresight, and fear played a large part, and was only turned into a political measure as an afterthought, when the first step had already been thoughtlessly taken. I made no attempt at the time to fathom the matter, and later events made me wish to leave the problem unsolved: uncertainty is preferable to the pain of being enlightened, when circumstances have such heartrending causes and memories. But since one cannot dissemble to oneself—since the mind, before it has time to reflect, forms a spontaneous opinion founded on feeling and character and instinct—I will not deny that from the *first moment* I regarded the Emigration, reduced as it was to a system and a principle, as the first step towards the destruction of the kingdom and the King. Since there was no longer any law nor authority to counterbalance the vacillation and fury of factions, the nobility of France, as a body, was the only thing left to play this part in the country: to remove this body was the greatest service that could have been rendered to the ill-intentioned. The French nobility in the mass, regarded as an Order of the State, was imposing enough; but when it had been distilled, so to speak, by the process of the Emigration, and its moral, ideal, and political force separated from its purely physical force, its essential and useful qualities evaporated. All that left France was a few thousands of brave fellows and bad soldiers—undisciplined and impossible to discipline—and a few hundreds of idlers, bristling with honour and other inconveniences, who were very often a burden and, save for the exceptions, very seldom of use.

The Emigration was a way of escape from immediate danger, and for that very reason should have had no attractions: it destroyed the political significance of individuals whose strength lay in their union, and for that very reason it was futile: it made them dependent on foreign powers, and for that very reason was a cause of weakness. It robbed the King of every man on whom he could count. What then was its object, and wherein lay its advantage? It must have required a great deal

of skill, I think, to present it to the Powers in the guise in which, for some time, they accepted it; for in itself it was bad, and it is but just to say that the course adopted was the only way of giving an appearance of brilliancy and romance (in case of success) to an enterprise based on such a false and harmful principle. But the sovereigns proved only too clearly that they regarded the Emigration merely from the point of view of their own interests, and paid attention solely to the circumstances that might make it useful to themselves. How could any intelligent man believe otherwise, even before it was proved to be the case?

M. de Calonne [21] came to Vienna while I was there, and the Emperor, who did not wish to commit himself so soon, refused to hold a conference. He would only allow himself to be addressed by M. de Calonne at the masked ball, and it was under the stairs of the assembly-room that the first overtures were made on the subject of a congress. M. de Calonne's energy and abilities, which had done so much harm of various kinds since the Emigration began, evidently served in the end to bring about the Treaty of Pilnitz, of which he merely laid the foundations in this assembly-room. When he left Vienna he had not yet persuaded the Emperor to decide anything. The position of the King and Queen seemed at this time to be the Emperor's only concern, and M. de Calonne's outlook was by no means limited to that.

The armies of Austria were exhausted by the unfortunate war that had so recently come to an end, and they needed time to recover themselves before beginning another. The uselessness of all their efforts against the Turks gave small reason to hope that they would easily win any great success against the French.

The Emperor Leopold, therefore, delayed as long as possible before undertaking the defence of the royal authority of France; and when the time came for him to act perforce, it would have been greatly to his advantage if, instead of adhering to his system of moderation and economy, he had employed all his strength in stifling the flames at the first outbreak, in accordance with Marshal de Lascy's advice.

Early in February I left Vienna and went to Aix-la-Chapelle, where numbers of my friends were already gathered.

The various motives that prompted me to go to Paris yielded to those that bade me stay where I was: the latter were of the kind that one cannot resist. For only here could I find any consolation for sorrows that were becoming irreparable: the ties that might have drawn me to Paris were equally strong, but the circumstances and anxieties and agitations of the times would have made them uselessly and intolerably galling, whereas the cause that kept me at Aix sweetened every thought and every moment of my life, and helped me to forget all the miseries that I should have found so agonising in Paris.

I settled down at Aix-la-Chapelle, therefore. It was easy, there, to correspond with other places: one was near enough to Paris to be kept informed of the course of events, without being involved in the commotion. With a view to keeping up affectionate relations with my own people, and having the pleasure of seeing some of them, I arranged in the spring to meet my sister and two of my brothers in a château belonging to the Prince de Ligne, called Belœil (near Mons).[22] My eldest brother was unable to come, as were the rest of my relations. During the week I spent there [23] I learnt to appreciate and foresee all the disasters that were at hand, and congratulated myself more than ever on having decided to remain beyond the French frontier, since a general and rather incomprehensible movement was sweeping out of the country the whole of the class whose fidelity, perseverance, and time-honoured influence might have served the Monarchy, and more especially the King, within its boundaries. This class, which was sufficiently influential and numerous to delay the explosion, was also the only class in a position—at the last moment and as a last resource—to decide upon civil war, the only measure that could have saved France and kept the King upon the throne, after the various factions and the spirit of Jacobinism had been allowed to make so much progress. The King, it is true, feared civil war and wished to avoid it: but this was an occasion when some prince of his house should have risen in revolt against his apathy and natural passivity, and tried to

save him in spite of himself. If it were now too late to recover the upper hand in the capital—an enterprise that a man of real capability might perhaps have undertaken—he might at all events have seized one of the frontier provinces, and from thence have summoned the aid of the allied Powers. The latter, in that case, would not have had to solve the problem in the form it acquired after the nobles had abandoned the country and appealed to them at their own Courts: there would have been no need for them to consider and discuss whether France in power or France in disorder would be the more profitable to themselves. They would have decided the question in favour of the royal family if their own advantage had not been hanging in the balance.

The King, in the month of July,[24] wished to carry out a plan that had been arranged for him by M. le marquis de Bouillé, the Duc de Choiseul, and Comte Charles de Damas[25] —a plan that ought to have been prepared and made absolutely safe for him beforehand by a prince of his own house. The story of his arrest at Varennes is too well known for me to tell it here in detail: even if he had attained his object it is very doubtful whether he would have been in time to reap all the advantage from it that he expected. But his capture decided his fate, the fate of the French nobility, and the fate of the Monarchy.

Monsieur, the King's brother, was more fortunate, and succeeded in leaving France. He was joined by M. le comte d'Artois, and together they settled in Coblenz, in the territory, and in one of the palaces, of the Elector of Treves.

This series of events made me renounce all idea of returning to Russia. My relations wished me to return, but I refused. The war was coming to an end: nothing occurred in this last campaign but the affair at Matchen,[26] and the treaty of peace was signed on the 21st December, 1791.[27] I could not, of course, determine, for the sake of a mere chance of active employment that would soon be over, to leave the centre of so many interests, all of which concerned me very nearly.

The Princes, when they passed through Aix-la-Chapelle on their way to Coblenz, had no doubt that they were on the

point of beginning the campaign. M. le comte d'Artois appointed me to a post near his person: there was no motive that could have led me, in the face of their hopes, to part from them. I received a most flattering letter from the Empress of Russia, on the subject of the storming of Ismaïl; and with it the cross of a Commander of the Order of St. George. So plainly did she see that my duty must keep me in the neighbourhood of France that she authorised me, through Prince Potemkin, to "give the preference to any opportunity of serving the Princes that should commend itself to my zeal, without prejudice to my rank in her army, and even with the possibility of acquiring, in this manner, additional claims upon her favour."

I waited at Aix-la-Chapelle while the circumstances desired by the factious party were in course of development. The King of Sweden [28] came to take the waters, and, in several conversations that I had with him, told me in his own enthusiastic way how earnestly he desired to have a share in changing our position, and to make common cause with Russia in improving it. At the very moment of his departure he was gracious enough to inform me of his plans in the matter, and of the number of troops he could employ. There can be no doubt that, if he had escaped his fate, his character and abilities would have effected a great improvement in ours. His importunity, his principles, and his example would have prevailed upon the Powers to take action, instead of hesitating and delaying so long that the spirit of crime had full time to work its will.

When France declared war upon the Emperor [29] it seemed that our prospects were improving, and though England was still outwardly pacific it was presumable that this would not last long. We had many reasons, then, to hope that a coalition would completely gain the upper hand over a Power that was disorganised and disunited by conflicting opinions, and shaken to its foundations by disorder; especially since a certain proportion of the troops was fighting under the standard of rebellion through weakness rather than conviction.

This journal, however, is merely meant to be a brief sketch

of the events that filled my time after I first left France, and I have neither the patience nor the courage to retrace, step by step, all the little trifles and mistakes and blunders that combined to rob us of the good fortune for which we had every right to hope. I will describe *neither the sorrows of nations nor the errors of princes:* I bitterly lament the results of the latter, but that they should have had such results is not surprising in view of their number, and of the persistency and emulation with which they were made.

The treaty of Pilnitz, to which M. le comte d'Artois was one of the signatories, decided the campaign of 1792.[30] Far be it from me to give any account of the previous doings at Coblenz: the method of employing the time there, the spirit that reigned there, the false policy that was pursued there, the proceedings that exasperated the Powers, and the conduct that repelled the very people who should have been gained to the party. All these things rise up before my mind, but to describe them would pain me too much.

IX

Negotiations and intrigues after Pilnitz—Breteuil and Calonne—Bischoffswerder urges the invasion of France—Brunswick at Coblenz—Criticism of his manifesto—First difficulties between the Prussians and the Princes—The Comte joins the Prussian army at the camp of Tiercelet—Capitulation of Longwy—Brunswick's plans and promises—Ridiculous siege of Thionville by the army of the Princes, who are refused the necessary artillery. Wimpffen the governor, however, is disposed to capitulate—The Comte d'Artois with the Prussian army—Position of the French and Prussian armies—Dumouriez decamps in the night of the 14th September: Brunswick misses the opportunity of crushing him—Damas definitely accuses Brunswick of behaving treacherously, through sympathy with the revolutionaries—Bivouac at Sommetourbe (19th Sept.)—Valmy.

I FEEL the need, now that I have a quiet moment for the first time since the beginning of this most strenuous and most unfortunate campaign, of collecting my thoughts, and passing in review all the recent events that have had such fatal results for the cause we have at heart, as well as for so many individuals. It is only thus that I can form a clear judgment of the consequent effects. It will be necessary to inquire into the causes of these effects, but not to trace them back to their original source; for it would be a pity to devote too much space to a mere sketch of an ill-spent year. The time came when the terrible fate that hung over the King, the disordered condition of the chimerical government of France, and the impossibility of allowing it to wipe itself off the political map, brought several of the sovereigns to see the necessity of taking definite measures to arrest the progress of the prevailing anarchy, which, sooner or later, was bound to threaten their own authority. Wishing to avoid the pedantic and interminable forms and ceremonies of a congress they began to negotiate the matter among themselves, for their object seemed to them so urgent, and the decision so simple, that no guarantee but their own honour was necessary. The representatives

they chose to carry out their schemes were not entitled ambassadors, but confidential agents.

After the interview at Pilnitz, of which much was expected but little came, Bischoffswerder [1] was deputed to arrange the first treaty between Frederick William and Leopold. Count Romanzof [2] was accredited by the Empress, and Count Oxenstierna [3] by the King of Sweden; and their Imperial Majesties allowed the Princes to send representatives to their Courts, to work in conjunction with their ministers for the furtherance of King Louis's interests and the restoration of order in France. M. de Roll [4] started for Berlin, M. d'Esterhazy [5] for Petersburg, and M. d'Escars [6] for Stockholm. No one can doubt that at this time it was one of the most important points of the general scheme that the Empress should actively cooperate in it, her troops being reinforced by a certain number of Swedes, paid by herself and commanded by the King of Sweden. Gustavus's own ardour and goodwill were a sufficient guarantee of the excellent effect such a contribution of strength and numbers must have had upon the cause, and judging from subsequent discoveries it seems certain that Gustavus's assassination was one of the greatest disasters that befell us. Forty thousand men, whose instructions were issued at a distance of eight hundred leagues and first arranged by treaty, could not have been subject to variations in their plans, and must have followed, fairly closely, the course traced out in concert with the Empress at the time of the troops' departure. But, since all the plans and intentions of the North were upset by Gustavus's death, we must forget what might have been, and consider only the events—alas!—that actually occurred.

The very beginning of the enterprise, which was so essential to the situation and gave such flattering promise of success, was marred by an intrigue that was more harmful, and more calculated to frustrate the end in view, than any other that could have been devised. The consequences could not have failed to be—as they were—fatal first and last; and to this, without a doubt, must be attributed the immeasurable contempt cast upon the representatives of the finest cause in the world, and upon those who led its defenders to battle.

M. le baron de Breteuil,[7] the exiled minister of a captive King, believed that his good intentions sufficiently qualified him to undertake the direction of affairs, in spite of his absence from the scene of action and from the King; while the latter, being in a state of imprisonment, could not properly judge of the best means of saving his country, nor bestow authority on any agent outside its borders. Yet M. de Breteuil was appointed to represent the King's interests, with plenipotentiary powers, and nominated M. de Caraman [8] as his agent at the Court of Frederick William. On the other hand M. de Calonne, who was always prompted by his natural temperament, since he had no judgment to guide him, was to all intents and purposes the plenipotentiary of the Princes. Now the only possible aim, the only honourable rôle for the Princes to adopt, was to defer in every conceivable way to the schemes of which Louis XVI was the motive power: yet M. de Calonne proceeded to convert Coblenz into an empire, the Princes into reigning sovereigns, a collection of fugitive nobles into an army, and himself into a minister, a general, and a chancellor. His mind was naturally inclined to illusion: having set up an illusory Power he supported it with illusory revenues, and planned achievements for it that were illusions indeed. As for his own ambition, it was so illusory that it more nearly resembled dementia than simple want of judgment. He was irreconcilably hostile to M. de Breteuil, and employed his wits —sometimes at the expense of his object—in depreciating that minister at the Courts where he tried to obtain a hearing. He created divisions—at all events in appearance—where the only possibility of strength lay in joining forces despite all obstacles. He could never be made to see that by this method he discredited the cause and all its ministers and agents, nor that the very means he employed to further his ambitions were fatal to them.[9]

Upon this mistaken policy were founded and carried out all the measures on which the fate of France—possibly the fate of Europe—was dependent. M. de Caraman, while agreeing with M. de Roll in essentials, threw suspicion upon M. de Roll's methods, and upon the Princes' council and associates,

to a greater extent even than he desired; for it was impossible for foreign Courts to discover the exact point at which wishes and aims became identical, when there were two points of view and two agents working for the same end. M. de Roll, whose character was less suited to the ambassador's trade than that of M. de Caraman, worked more openly, and tried as far as possible to be on friendly terms with him, even in society, in order to avoid the appearance of a misunderstanding, which his clear judgment showed him would be injurious to the cause of the Princes. His frankness pleased the King and his ministers, and inspired confidence. He was treated as a minister by the government at Berlin, though M. de Breteuil was still the representative of the King of France.

M. de Roll, who had been placed there with the sole object of securing help, employed all his skill in begging. He made every promise likely to hasten the government to a favourable decision; he declared that the introduction of troops into France was an easier matter than it could possibly be, or, at all events, easier than he could with any certainty know it to be; he had no thought for anything but the smoothing away of every difficulty that arose. Finally, by dint of hard work, he persuaded the Prussians to believe that their army was eagerly awaited in France, and regarded as a band of liberators; that, on their arrival, the troops of the line would forthwith declare for the King; that the Prussians would not have a single obstacle to surmount in their march; and that the public were only awaiting that moment to show their real feelings. Bischoffswerder, the King's favourite, was much impressed by these assertions, and being really devoted to the King of Prussia and zealous for his honour, saw in this enterprise a means of securing a distinguished rôle for his master, and at the same time indemnifying him for the expenses of a campaign. He therefore put all the pressure at his command upon the Emperor, and found Francis II more resolute than Leopold. The coalition began to assume a definite form: the Powers saw that, in their own interests, they should make every effort to put an end to the sorrows of France, and felt it obligatory upon them to support the dignity of the French

Princes, by supplying them with the means of livelihood till they were restored to their rights. The King of Prussia gave several millions: the Emperor and Empress also contributed their millions: and the sums received were more than sufficient for the political and military needs of the Princes. But M. de Calonne, who always had very large ideas on the subject of expenditure, however small the receipts might be, thought that the money was of little use as long as it served only as a means of subsistence, and invented ways of spending it that were far more dignified than merely providing bread for people who had none. With the sole object of advancing himself to the position that he thought he deserved, he created corps after corps—even in Illyria—and made a host of colonels—even in his own family. At last he succeeded, by dint of starving every one, discrediting the Princes, and disgusting the Powers whose money was never enough for his needs, in forming a little army—an army that was full of abuses of every kind, and showed very plainly, by the extent of its services when attached to the foreign armies, how foolish it would have been to employ it independently.

The Powers, therefore, were already wearied by the Princes' depredations and disorderly administration, and already prejudiced against their adherents, when the time came for the troops to assemble on the banks of the Rhine. M. de Caraman, with a view to restoring to M. de Breteuil the influence of which he believed him to have been robbed by M. de Roll, did not fail to disclose the many abuses that existed, in spite of all his efforts. M. de Roll left Berlin the moment the troops received orders to march, leaving it to M. de Caraman to carry on the game of politics, which seemed of less importance now that the affair was in motion, but turned out unfortunately to be disastrous in its effects.

The Duke of Brunswick,[10] who had been appointed generalissimo of the combined armies, reached Coblenz about the 20th July with the first of the troops: he was received with the enthusiasm that his reputation deserved. He seemed, by his bearing, his words, and even his modesty, to be pledging himself to everything that was possible; but he will always

be remembered, not only in his lifetime, but by posterity, for his ill-considered manifesto, which will be compared with his conduct. He was led to sign it by his belief that the rebels would make little resistance.[11] As soon as it became apparent that this impolitic manifesto was not to be backed up by an imposing army and a fixed determination to carry it out, it ceased to have any effect in France; and thenceforward the duke began to fear the existence of a more obstinate spirit in the country than he had been led to expect. But the arrival of the King of Prussia, his review of his troops, his resolute bearing at their head, and his reassuring words, dazzled every one at Coblenz, and even carried away the duke himself, intoxicated as he was with honours, until he found himself at headquarters in Treves. It is here, always, that the veil of illusion is torn away; it is here that a general, whatever his position may be, is reduced to being himself, and neither more nor less. It is at the moment of passing into the enemy's territory that the difficulties begin to arise, and are multiplied by the imagination, and that the glory won in the past ceases to be confused with the glory that is still to be earned.

The Duke of Brunswick, at this period, became the absolute master of all the troops assembled in the cause of France, and the independent arbiter of every measure taken: the Princes, by their own wish, were as much subject to his will as was the least important general in his army. On leaving Coblenz he received from them what was supposed to be an accurate list of the *émigrés* who were to form an army-corps under their orders: he appointed a day for the Princes' arrival at Treves, and, as it had long been written in the book of fate that everything was to happen for the worst, the Princes arrived two days earlier than the time agreed upon. This entirely upset the arrangements made for their subsistence; and, moreover, they brought with them six thousand more men than were expected. The King and the duke were much annoyed, and began to ask if this were the way that the army of the *émigrés* intended to make themselves useful in the field. Instead of answering frankly that there were many

more mistakes to come, the Princes promised that things should be improved; but no improvement was possible at any time of the campaign. Apparently, however, the matter was patched up; and the Princes saw the King every day. He reviewed the army of the *émigrés*, which took the name of the *royal army*, and he showed the most sincere interest in it. He informed the Princes and the army of the amount of help he was prepared to give, and as it was chiefly in kind rather than in cash, there came a time when the artillery was on the point of being kept back, to meet the debts contracted in Treves. This would actually have occurred if the Prince of Nassau had not removed the difficulty by pledging his diamonds.[12]

The Prussian army left Treves on the 15th August, and proceeded towards Montfort and Luxemburg; the royal army started on the 17th and marched on Stadt-Bredimus, where the first offensive measure was planned. It was arranged that the Princes' army should not march until the troops under the Prince of Hohenlohe[13] had come up with it, and that the corps commanded by M. de Clerfayt, which was approaching from Mons through Namur, should advance upon Arlon and combine with the whole Prussian army to invest Longwy. It was this operation that was relied on to open the door to France. The Prussian Prince of Hohenlohe,[14] while the first marches were being planned, had already entered the enemy's territory by way of Sierck, and the first skirmish between the outposts took place near Fontoy[15] on the day that the Prussian army arrived to occupy the camp at Tiercelet. It was at this camp that I myself joined the Prussian army. I arrived just as the King was starting off to take up his position at Cutry, and was about to organise the investment of Longwy, after a march that showed great military talent. Since I was then in a position to know, in every detail, the excellence of the forces that had mustered to put an end to our troubles, I ought to have had no feeling but joy; but how could I repress a shudder of pain and alarm when I saw the army celebrating its entry into French territory by devastating it in the most cruel way, while the officers were

powerless to use their authority, or act with any severity, or make any appeal? The first village was completely pillaged and partly destroyed.[16] Absolute neglect of the first conditions of the manifesto, and an exercise of tyranny that was quite futile, since there was no resistance deserving of reprisals, were the form of rejoicing used on this occasion—an occasion that would have been very significant and auspicious if the means employed had been less violent. It was easy to see the dangers of this first example, easy to see how it might effect the success of the campaign and even the safety of the Prussian army; but it was difficult to persuade the men to act differently, when their own officers considered the attempt fruitless, and even unnecessary. Since the year 1786 I had been aware of the excellent and thorough training possessed by the Prussian army, and, despite my admiration for all the new merits I observed in it during this march, I was more concerned all through the day with what I feared, than charmed with what I saw.

By the King's orders a considerable advanced guard preceded the main body of the army, to make a reconnaissance of the place, and had been a long time at Cutry when the cavalry and infantry arrived to take possession of the heights. The position of the camp appeared very imposing from the town, whence every single Prussian tent was visible. The King himself camped above the village of Cutry, and the duke on the farther side of the height, close to a little village called Praucourt. At the same hour, and indeed the same moment, Clerfayt arrived, after a most difficult and masterly march, with his corps of Austrians. He came by the Arlon road and the woods of Bazincourt, skirted the town on the side of the Porte d' Allemagne, and camped in the plain above the village of La Grandville, cutting off the Arlon and Luxemburg roads from the garrison by means of his light troops. The Prince of Baden,[17] with a detachment of the Prussian army, camped above the village of Néon, opposite to the Porte de France, and cut off the road from Metz. The town was completely invested.

The 19th and 20th were spent in reconnoitring and sum-

moning the town to surrender. The answer was arrogant; and in the night of the 20th the duke sent M. de Clerfayt several mortars belonging to his army, wherewith to bombard the town; for the approaches on the side occupied by M. de Clerfayt are so easy that it is possible, in the case of a siege, to make the first parallel quite safely, under cover of the woods and the inequalities of the ground, at a distance of three hundred and twenty yards. The bombardment that night was, however, quite insignificant, and preparations were being made for a more serious attack on the 22nd, when, to the great surprise of the army after the answers of the previous day, the town made propositions of surrender. The duke chanced to be in M. de Clerfayt's camp when the bearer of the flag of truce came out of the town; the arrangements were made on the spot; it was agreed that the Prussians should enter the town on the following day, the 23rd August; that the severity of the manifesto towards commandants who failed to open their gates at the first summons should become a dead letter; and that the garrison should choose the spot to which they desired to retreat. This was, it is true, accepting conditions from those to whom terms ought to have been dictated; but it was the first occasion of the kind, and if this act of tolerance should have the effect of producing prompter submission in the future it was no great hardship. In any case the attempt was worth while.

The duke left the Austrians' camp to return to his headquarters at about ten o'clock: so dark was the night and so heavy the rain that, slowly as he was riding, his horse fell twice and he walked a part of the way; it was past midnight when he dismounted. He told me that he wished me to go to the Princes on the following morning, with the news of the Prussians' occupation of the town, and the plan of action that he desired to submit to them. He was too much fatigued to enlarge upon the subject at that moment: he bade me come to him at nine o'clock the next morning, merely saying as we parted: "I see my way very clearly now in the matter of their Royal Highnesses' affairs: this day's work has shortened the road to Paris by a great deal." This was

enough to make any Frenchman happy for the night. I left him with a joyful heart.

At nine o'clock he sent for me, and showed me on the map the outline of his initial project, the projected direction of his first marches after leaving Longwy, and the route he desired the Princes to follow with their army. He also told me to beg one of the two Princes to come in person to the King's camp, to decide finally upon the general plan of the campaign. At this time the duke's design was that the royal army should skirt the frontier, and enter France by Bouillon and Rocroi. I represented to him how hard it would be for an army of so little experience to march through such a difficult country, and how much chagrined the nobles would be if they were made to enter France later than the other armies. I took the opportunity of pointing out to him the urgent necessity of restraining the disorder and destruction in which the Prussian troops were indulging, and the sadness of seeing the plain of Longwy, which should have been able to supply three weeks' food, incapable of providing enough for three days, so that we were in the greatest want in the midst of plenty. He assured me that it was necessary to tolerate a few abuses in the beginning, but that in the future the most scrupulous order should be observed. He informed me that on the following day the King was going to degrade a colonel and hang two men by way of an example to begin with. This was more than sufficient to convince me of his good intentions, for at that time I had no means of knowing that the only way of stopping the disorder would have been to hang the whole army. I left him, and in four hours reached the Princes with the orders in my pocket and hope in my heart. The importance of an initial success was so great that the Princes and the royal army could not fail to be profoundly sensible of it; and it is certain that, as long as I live, I can never experience a happier moment than that of my arrival. We had secured a key to France, a necessary depository for provisions and ammunition; and supposing the door we had just opened were sufficiently large—from the geographical and strategical points of view—to admit us and open out to us

the means of subsistence, we had attained a most desirable position.

If I were to discuss this subject at large I might not, perhaps, admit the inadequacy of this first step; for if the duke's intentions had been as good as we had reason to hope I think he would have removed all the obstacles without injuring his position, which at that time possessed advantages for assuming the offensive which were altogether superior to those he afterwards had. By deliberately frittering away a portion of his strength every day he disturbed every calculation and every idea that the circumstances warranted. Yet the Duke of Brunswick, strengthened by his convictions, aided by his reputation, and protected by the terror that his army inspired —for its superiority was recognised by every army in Europe —might have turned his very mistakes to greater advantage than his enemies could have derived from their position, seeing that they had no motive-power save fanaticism. I delivered to the Princes the instructions I had received, and found, as I expected, that they were opposed to the plan by which they were sent to Bouillon. M. le comte d'Artois was so much elated by this first success, and so much supported by his hopes, that he instantly conceived the idea of earnestly entreating the King of Prussia to put a French garrison into Longwy. This would certainly have been a great advantage, had it been possible for a moment to imagine that the King would consent. An important matter was occupying Monsieur's mind at the same time: the question of the Regency. A few days earlier I had discussed this subject with Bischoffswerder, who told me positively that he regarded it as useless to appoint a regent as long as the constituted authorities in France continued to act in the King's name, but that the step would undoubtedly be taken on the first occasion that any commanding-officer or any municipal body should fail to recognise his Majesty's name, authority, and liberty of action. I did all I could to induce Bischoffswerder to hasten this important measure, for I thought every possible means should be employed to legalise summonses, orders, and demands. Monsieur decided to go off and discuss all these matters himself.

He set out on the following morning, and M. le comte d'Artois remained at Stadt-Bredimus with the army, until the departure of the Prussian army from Longwy enabled that of the Princes to cross the French frontier.

On the 23rd Monsieur entered Longwy, and was received with acclamation by the inhabitants.[18] He then passed on to the King's camp, where he spent three days discussing the plan to be immediately followed, but was unable to introduce the subject of the Regency, which M. de Caraman always succeeded in avoiding. On the 28th August Monsieur returned to Stadt-Bredimus with an itinerary, and marching-orders for the following day. He felt it his duty, too, to make a speech to the generals, with a view to inculcating a spirit of tolerance; for it was beginning to be felt that the severity shown at Coblenz in the matter of welcoming recruits might have its inconvenient side, since it deprived the good cause of all those who deserted the bad one. This speech, which was based upon an essential truth, made only a momentary impression: it had no result whatever. It was forgotten that a party can only be formed at the expense of the party that it is desired to destroy; and that when the errors of the past do not detract from present usefulness a wise leader will be blind to them, since it is his business to derive profit from everything. This unfortunate mistake, to which the army was determined to adhere, did much to increase our woes; and the consolation afforded by a refinement of honourable feeling loses some of its charm when the struggle to live has become a practical question.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the royal army when it was proclaimed that on the 29th August we were to enter France, to leave it no more. That day, which effaced all the sorrows of the year and restored to every man his hearth and status, seemed to derive all its glory and elation from the troubles that had led to it. The words joy and happiness give no idea of the nameless feelings of that moment. They might have sufficed if it had been the result of a mere political treaty; but there was a hint of glory and conquest mingled with the circumstances that restored this army of

outlaws to their country. The natural delight at seeing the end of so many troubles was endowed with indescribable charm by the fact that they were ended by forcible means, without any obligation being incurred towards the ruffians who had brought them about. Such a moment as this is unimaginable: the intoxication of it is derived from instinct as much as from reason.

M. le maréchal de Castries [19] took command of a division of the army composed of infantry of the line, a few companies of nobles, some troops of light-horse, and two Austrian guns; and advanced upon Sierck by the left bank of the river. The rest of the army, at mid-day, entered French territory at Mondorf, near Roussy. That memorable moment was celebrated by the whole army with deafening shouts; and the past month's unspeakably weary march was forgotten, with its frequent lack of shelter and of all the necessaries of life. The royal army camped that day at Roussy: some Austrian troops had spent the night there, and left the place as we reached it. The Prince of Hohenlohe, with the greater part of his army-corps, was already occupying Richemont, and that very day the rest, under General Wallis,[20] reached his camp at Guentrange, on the hill to the right of the woods of La Grange, which face Thionville, and are parallel with the road to Metz. The general position at that time was perfect from the strategical point of view, and the advance on Thionville was safely and wisely planned, in view of the number of troops in the district. They amounted in all to 37,000 men, of whom 13,000 were French.

The Princes and their army only spent that one day at Roussy; on the day following, the 30th, they marched upon Thionville. M. le comte d'Artois preceded the rest by a few hours, in order to make a reconnaissance of the town with the Maréchal de Broglie.[21] The marshal, in this first lesson that he gave the prince, made him disregard every recognised rule for making reconnaissances in the face of the enemy. He proceeded to the hill that dominates the village of La Grange, accompanied only by a few horsemen; and quite neglected to search or reconnoitre the wood of La Tuilerie. If forty men

had been concealed in it they could have carried off the two generals without any difficulty whatever. Hardly had they cast a glance at the town when they thought they saw a body of troops come out of the fortifications and advance towards them. M. le comte d'Artois bade me investigate the matter, and I went off into the village of La Grange, which I thought could not contain any hostile troops as I found it so easy of approach. I questioned several peasants, who assured me that the enemy had left the place in the morning, and told me repeatedly that I was perfectly safe. I took one of them to guide me, on the left side of the village, to the nearest possible point to the glacis, to which I approached sufficiently near to obtain the information that was required. When I had been at this spot for about three minutes, however, I heard a very brisk fusillade being carried on in the village through which I had just passed, three hundred paces away. I saw all the vedettes of the Royal Germans making off as fast as they could go, and at the same instant three hundred men coming out of the town. I was thus caught between two fires, and it was easy to see that my retreat would probably be cut off. Without waiting to punish the peasant who had led me astray and deceived me, I darted to the right, jumping over all the hedges and ditches that bordered the gardens, and at last succeeded in reaching the foot of the hill where M. le comte d'Artois was awaiting me. He brought up several companies of nobles to cover the army's entry into the camp, which was bisected by the road from Thionville to Luxemburg. The troops were encamped without any difficulty, and the Princes retired to the little Château d'Etrange, which had been chosen as their headquarters.

In the meantime the Prussian army left Longwy and marched upon Verdun, ruining and devastating all the country through which it passed. That town was invested, and summoned to surrender on the same day; and on refusing, was bombarded for one night. On the following morning the garrison began to parley, and in the evening expressed a wish to capitulate. They were willing to surrender on condition of being allowed the honours of war.[22] It was a great mis-

take to consent to this condition: to grant honours to these rebels was to give them the position of a Power. The Prussians entered the town and found it entirely unpaved. This precautionary measure had been taken by a battalion of the Côte-d'Or Regiment, who had determined to defend the place to the last, but owing to their lack of numbers had been unable to withstand the influence of the inhabitants, who were all bent upon surrender. The Duke of Brunswick will not find it easy to account for the time he spent in that town; but I will take advantage of the delay to return to the siege of Thionville.

M. de Calonne, who was in command, thought he knew for a fact—through his niece Mme. Fouquet,[23] then in the town—that the garrison only wished for a plausible excuse to hand over the keys to the Princes; and this being the case he thought it waste of trouble to give them a good reason. M. de Wimpffen,[24] who was in command of the garrison, explained, whenever he was summoned to surrender, that it was necessary to attack him with some energy if he were to be of any use to the party of the Princes, to whom he was apparently anxious to yield. Possibly the absurd measures that were adopted might have been sufficient on the day of the troops' arrival, but the week that was spent in inaction had the usual effect of giving the enemy time to gauge the strength of the attacking force. Generals would derive twice as much benefit from their resources if they could make use of them before the enemy had time to judge of their extent; but though they all recognise this fact they never act upon it.

The first attempt upon the town was made by the Austrian troops. The Prince of Hohenlohe, who came in person for the occasion from Richemont to General Wallis's camp, set up two barbette batteries early in the night, some way in advance of the camp and very close to the enemy's outworks. It had been arranged with M. le maréchal de Castries, who was with his corps on the other side of the river, that he should open fire at midnight with his two guns,[25] and that the first shot should serve as a signal; but his little battery had taken longer to construct, and he was slightly later than the

hour fixed by the Prince of Hohenlohe and himself. The Princes for their part, when the first shot was fired, were to despatch several companies of nobles to create a diversion beyond the village of La Grange. M. de la Charet, their commanding-officer, laid his plans too late, or else the Prince of Hohenlohe began too early: in any case the cannonade had already failed of its effect when the troops left the camp. The Princes sent me to inform the Prince of Hohenlohe that the corps of nobles had set out, and on reaching his batteries I found him giving the order to cease firing. He seemed to me to be much annoyed because the plan had not been carried out. I entreated him to continue firing, pointing out that unless he diverted attention from the attack of the corps of nobles the latter might have to encounter too numerous a sortie. He would consent to nothing; his losses had been greater than he expected; the Prince of Waldeck [26] had just had his arm shot off. He refused all my requests, merely agreeing that the Princes ought to recall their troops without a moment's delay, since dawn was on the point of breaking. M. le comte d'Artois and the Maréchal de Broglie were equally convinced that this step was necessary, and by four o'clock the town was quit of the whole performance and all the inhabitants were in bed, while we had not even the satisfaction of hoping that they had suffered some annoyance.

This brilliant enterprise entailed summoning the garrison on the following day; for this measure was the invariable result of every deliberation and every act of folly; it was Mme. Fouquet's only form of artillery. M. de Wimpffen at last declared positively that something more was required; more serious measures must be adopted or all hope of taking the town must be abandoned. The first alternative was preferred. A request was sent to Luxemburg for some heavy guns: the commandant refused them. The same request was sent to Longwy: the commandant refused to part with any guns without orders from M. de Clerfayt: a courier was despatched to the latter, who answered that the Duke of Brunswick's orders must be ascertained. But all these journeys had consumed so much time that the Duke of Brunswick, meanwhile, had at

last made up his mind to march, and far from consenting to their request sent a positive order to the Princes to put a stop to every kind of offensive measure, supposing such measures had been adopted. This order only admitted of one interpretation. It appeared clear that the duke intended to advance with all possible haste, and risk everything in an attempt to aid the King, attacking the patriots wherever he might meet them, and descending upon Paris in forced marches. For the duke added an order for the troops to be ready to march at any moment. Both cavalry and infantry were to be in a state of perfect order and discipline; in a condition to follow the operations of an offensive campaign. The duke being generalissimo of all the troops, and absolute dictator of every project, there was nothing to be done but to obey. Monsieur decided to set out at once, without informing any one of his intention, save those who were to accompany him. It was arranged between him and M. le comte d'Artois that the latter should set out to join him the next day, taking the cavalry and the Irish Brigade.

M. le comte d'Artois's departure was not at all pleasing to some of his own followers. Those who disapproved of it presented the news so unfavourably in the camp that a great deal of discontent was aroused among the troops. There was a regular mutiny, with riots, and groups of malcontents, and arrests, and speeches, and emissaries despatched to the prince to turn him from his intention; and at last, so to speak, *the nobles conquered their prince*, as M. Bailly said of the people on a former occasion, when they took their King to Paris. A deputy was sent from each company and coalition [27] to M. le comte d'Artois, to point out to him how improper it was that the nobility should be under the orders of any one but a son of France, and he was assured that, notwithstanding the duke's orders, he would not be allowed to separate himself from the army. M. le comte d'Artois was placed in a very difficult position, as his face betrayed. It was impossible for him to seek advice as to the best remedy for a scandal of this kind, but he found it in his own intuition and tact, which are always unfailing when he contrives to act on his own initiative. He

decided to send on in advance all the troops who were to leave Thionville and join the Prussians: he sent away all his aides-de-camp, retaining only his captain of the guard and myself, and determined to address the troops two days later and declare his intentions.

M. de Bellegarde [28] had absurdly announced, for the following day, a bombardment of the town with fireballs, and M. de Calonne, in whose ears Mme. Fouquet's secret intelligence was still ringing, hoped that the town would yield to this *prodigious effort*. The attempt failed: the balls fell short of the outworks by four hundred yards. M. de Bellegarde, who is too superior to submit to the recognised rules relating to weight and impetus, had set up his battery at such a distance that the fireballs—quite good in themselves, but a third of the weight of ordinary balls—could not reach even the nearest outworks. M. le maréchal de Broglie, his patron, was greatly disappointed and annoyed by this act of gross stupidity, but none the less he dealt very fairly with M. de Bellegarde, and finished the sentence about him that he had begun to write before the attempt was made.

The time came at last when M. le comte d'Artois had to appear at the camp. All the corps of nobles were awaiting him, formed in brigades along the front of our lines. He announced, with feeling, but without leaving any room for doubt as to his intentions, that he would set out on the following day. He was heard with respect and submission, except by the Poitou Company, who opposed him in the most lively manner; but at last he secured silence, and spoke to the general and every one else very kindly, but firmly. Without appearing to give an account of his actions, he enlarged on the essential points that made his departure right and necessary, and at last the whole camp was convinced and resigned. He mounted his horse with a joyful heart, and arranged to set out on the following morning, the 12th of the month. The Baron de Roll arrived that same evening from the Prussian army, and urged him again to delay no longer. He spent the next morning in a farewell conference with M. de Calonne, and at eleven o'clock mounted his horse and forsook, for the

remainder of the campaign, the shelter of a protective wing that had not, by any means, always saved him from making mistakes.

We reached Verdun at six o'clock the same evening, the 12th September. M. de Lucchesini [29] and M. le baron de Breteuil were there. The prince, whose regrets at parting from the baron's antagonist were still fresh, received him very coldly, and only spoke for a few minutes on public affairs with him and M. de Lucchesini. He treated him with no consideration whatever, and allowed him to leave his presence like a clerk in disgrace. Whatever grievances M. le comte d'Artois may have had against the baron, there was no doubt that he was, or was supposed to be, the King's man : to treat him so coldly was to publish the divisions that existed in the party, and was, therefore, the most impolitic and tactless measure possible. But M. le comte d'Artois, supported as he was by his conscience and irritated by the idea that any other man could interpret his brother's wishes better than he, allowed his feelings to run away with him, forgetting that he would be judged by the conventions rather than by his heart. He only remained in Verdun for a few hours, in the course of which the townsfolk came to congratulate him on his return to France and on his recent behaviour. He left Verdun at midnight and posted to Landres, near to which place the Prussian army had taken up its position opposite to the army of Dumouriez.

The prince alighted at the cottage in which Monsieur was living, and they went together to the King, who received them with deference; but all the proceedings at that time showed the coldness of his personal feelings towards them, and his embarrassment in their presence. It was quite plain that our affairs could not possibly have a happy issue unless the chances of war were to treat us better than they had treated us hitherto. It seemed for the moment, however, that fate was more favourably inclined towards us. For a long time the duke had made no secret of his great desire to meet Dumouriez in the field, nor of his belief that the issue of the campaign would be decided by their meeting. His greeting of the prince

reflected the happy thoughts he wished to inspire, and the compliments he lavished upon them both always took the form of congratulations on the hopes they might justifiably entertain. But he never revealed a single detail of his plans or tactics.

The respective positions of the patriots and Prussians were equally formidable from the strategical point of view. The patriots were on the summit of the steep heights of Grand-Pré, with that village on their left flank, the river Aire in front of them, and a detached corps of five thousand men on the opposite bank. Their right flank was resting on a village called Saint-Juvin,[30] and the left extended over the plain, near some woods. The centre of the Prussian army was at Landres. The principal position of the patriots was almost unassailable, and until M. de Clerfayt had dislodged them from the woods of La Croix [31] after a very sharp engagement and had seized the heights of Belleville, which dominated their left flank, the Prussians could make no successful attack except upon the corps posted at Saint-Juvin. This position they would certainly have carried; but, without resorting to conjecture, actual events placed the duke in a position to foresee Dumouriez's future movements, for M. de Clerfayt's occupation of the heights of Belleville, by throwing the patriot's left flank into complete disorder and making the position at Grand-Pré untenable, made an immediate retreat probable. It would seem, then, that every means should have been employed to profit by the situation. The idea occurred to me first while I was making a reconnaissance on the morning of the 14th, with the King's aides-de-camp, with one of whom I offered to wager that the camp of Saint-Juvin would have disappeared by that very evening. I saw signs, indeed, which led me to believe that the whole army was on the point of decamping. It is true that there were many objections to this view; for the army could not retreat to the plains of Champagne without passing through the long and difficult defiles formed by the woods and the junction of the rivers Aisne and Aire. On the other hand its present position was full of danger. All these different contingencies should have led the duke to omit no possible preparation, either for an attack or for pursuit.

The hours of the 14th, which went by without a sign of preparation, seemed to me to pass very slowly, and I never closed my eyes that night. At two in the morning a despatch addressed to M. le comte d'Artois made it necessary for me to wake him, and I took the opportunity of asking his permission to go as far as I could in advance of the outposts, to see if the enemy had not moved during the night. I went as near as I possibly could to the village of Saint-Juvin, and awaited the dawn. The first ray of light showed me, without possibility of doubt, that both camp and army had vanished from the height, a circumstance that surprised certain hussar officers at the outposts all the more that they had heard musket-shots, all through the night, to the right of the Prussian army. I returned to inform M. le comte d'Artois of what had occurred, and he went without a moment's delay to the Duke of Brunswick, whom he made sure was already aware of it. He was greatly surprised to find that the duke knew nothing whatever of the retreat. M. le comte d'Artois told him that I had just returned with this important news, whereupon the duke replied that I had certainly made a mistake, that Dumouriez was not such a lunatic as to leave that position, and that he assured His Royal Highness the enemy was still there. It seemed to me so incredible that the commander-in-chief by that time—for it was a quarter-past six—should not have received any report from the outposts, and my confidence in him was so great, that I began to doubt the evidence of my own senses. But my fears were short-lived: the news of the retreat was known and made public at eight o'clock, and the regiments selected to pursue the enemy were on the march by nine.[32]

Dumouriez, never doubting that his army would be closely pursued, had left word as he passed Grand-Pré that he was prepared to rely on the clemency of the King of Prussia; but the retreat was already effected and the bridges over the Aisne were broken down when the first portion of the advanced guard reached the place. Nothing remained to be done but to despatch some troops in pursuit, who brought back a couple of guns and two hundred and sixty men, of whom sixty had

been left behind by Dumouriez at the outposts, to fire upon the right flank of the Prussian army and cover the retreat as far as Saint-Juvin.[33] Such was all the advantage gained from the duke's finest opportunity during the whole of that campaign. The advanced guard was cantoned at Grand-Pré that day, and the main body remained for another day at Landres.

As the troops sent in pursuit were in the act of starting, I met the duke surrounded by all his generals. The moment he saw me he called out to me that he owed me a thousand apologies for doubting the truth of my information, and that if he could have brought himself to believe me we should not be in our present position. A few moments later, however, he was endeavouring to hide his shame beneath an air of gaiety and satisfaction. On meeting M. de Pouilly,[34] a general in the French army who was then occupying a post under himself, he cried: "Well, monsieur, I can congratulate every good Frenchman on to-day's affair; it is worth more to us than a battle won!" M. de Pouilly answered that he could not help wishing Dumouriez had stayed forty-eight hours longer; and the duke, seeing that he would deceive no one as to his waste of this fine opportunity, changed his tone, and with a gesture of impatience expressed his chagrin that M. de Clerfayt had not cut off the enemy's retreat. He duped no one, however. Every one was persuaded, after that day, that either the duke's integrity was not above suspicion, or his reputation as a soldier was undeserved. But how can one possibly believe that this absolute failure to seize so obvious an opportunity was due to the Duke of Brunswick's incapacity? Does not everything point to his having deliberately intended to make no use of it? I have seen too much of him and observed him too closely to doubt that his talents are superior to those of the men who judge him unfavourably; when he shows a lack of skill, foresight, and determination it is his conscience that is at fault, not his military genius. I should not attempt to decide this question if there were even one embarrassing position to be considered, even one that resembled the least awkward of the positions that Frederick II was always able to surmount so triumphantly, when he was contending

with so many Powers at once; but when I compare the slight difficulties that the duke had to overcome, and the simplicity of the opportunities he wasted, with the transcendent talent he has repeatedly shown, every time that he has conducted a march or taken a position, and when I consider the way he can manœuvre an army, I am driven to accuse him of treachery and falsity. I see in him a man tainted with all the errors that the modern ideas of philosophy can suggest to an ill-organised mind, but never an ignorant man; for if he had been no more than that we should be in France to-day and the King would still be alive. It was always the Duke of Brunswick's ambition to act as the mediator in the cause, but he had too much respect for the doctrines of the other side to wish to overcome them by conquest; he believed he could overawe the brigands by his manifesto, and influence and calm down their generals without fighting them; he persuaded himself that having shown the enemy his strength he could safely offer them mercy, and that in a war of fanaticism—the principle of which he himself approved—he ought to be able to enlighten his opponents, but should never attempt to crush them. The Duke of Brunswick's failure in this campaign must be regarded as achieved by his enemies' adroitness, not by their superiority. He was enslaved by a new form of glory, and sacrificed everything to his desire to possess it; but he was reduced to contenting himself with promises, for Dumouriez overreached him by dragging out his empty negotiations.

The Princes, before the pursuit, had started for Dun, where the cavalry of the royal army had already arrived. They carried with them instructions to march on the following day, the 16th, and proceed to Buzancy and Vouziers, which orders they duly executed. But at mid-day on the 16th an aide-de-camp arrived from the Princes with a despatch for the duke, who asked him where the Princes were. He answered that they were on the march with the army, and expected to reach Vouziers that evening; whereupon the duke impatiently accused them of having started a day too soon, and declared that their march would interfere with that of M. de Clerfayt, who was proceeding to the same point. He bade the aide-de-camp do

his utmost to intercept them on the way, and stop them at Buzancy. Unfortunately for us the order was executed; the Princes were met at Buzancy and remained there, though it was the opinion of M. le maréchal de Castries that they should continue their march and adhere to the first project. He even undertook to ask M. de Clerfayt's consent to this step. M. de Clerfayt, however, opposed it; for he believed the country could not furnish enough food for the two armies, and he was not able to postpone his own march. It was decided, therefore, to remain, and there are many reasons for believing that if this had not occurred, the junction of the Princes' army with the Prussian troops, which took place without difficulty on the 20th September, would have forced a general engagement. The Prussian army marched from Landres on the morning of the 17th, passed through the defiles of Grand-Pré and the Aisne on the same day, and camped at Vaux-lès-Mouron, exactly at the spot where the defiles open out upon the plains of Champagne. It was very doubtful whether the patriots would be found in an assailable position; but as good luck would have it, before two days were over the Duke of Brunswick had another opportunity within his reach—such an opportunity as he had been longing for and begging of his star since the beginning of the campaign, such an opportunity as he had in his mind when, at the end of August, he led Louis XVI to hope that his prison-doors would open before three weeks were past.

On the morning of the 19th the entire army proceeded towards an isolated farm called Les Maisons de Champagne, and camped in a village hard by.[35] It was only mid-day, and the night was to be spent in this camp, but hardly were the tents pitched before the King obtained information of the enemy's position. He sent for the Duke of Brunswick and conferred with him as to the best way of marching upon them, but the duke showed little enthusiasm and made many difficulties. The King forced his hand, however, and he pretended to consent: the order was therefore given to break up the camp, and leave all the baggage, tents, provisions, and so on, at this same spot with an escort. The army set out at three

o'clock in the afternoon. If I wished to give an idea of the wonderful training of the Prussian army I could choose no better example than this day's performance. Never was a march upon the enemy more perfectly organised and conducted, nor more skilfully carried out: complete order and absolute silence reigned in the ranks. The route was ingeniously shortened, too, for the country to be traversed was thoroughly known through the manœuvres and reports of the light troops. Every man's head was cool, owing to the intelligence with which every step of the way was guarded and reconnoitred. Not a word of command, not a single trumpet, not an officer's voice was to be heard; every one was in the place that his rank or post assigned to him; every man's mind was bent on his own particular duty. Nothing that I had seen in the Prussian army under Frederick II made the impression on me that I received at this time. The whole of the cavalry, as well as the infantry, was formed in platoons; and the distance was so accurately maintained between the columns, battalions, and platoons, that at a moment's notice they could have adopted any formation that was dictated by circumstances. In this order the army reached Sommetourbe at ten o'clock at night.

The Prince of Hohenlohe, who was in command of the advanced guard, had received orders to join the main body of the army, and reached Sommetourbe at midnight, after an excellently conducted march. The patriots were then at Hans, three miles from Sommetourbe. By the King's orders the troops bivouacked until daylight; the night was fine and still; the King, the duke, the Prince of Nassau,[36] M. de Lambert,[37] and three or four others, of whom I was one, spent a part of it in a peasant's cottage.[38] This time was employed by the King and duke in questioning the inhabitants on the nature of the country and the behaviour and position of the enemy, examining the map, and giving orders according to the various reports. At two o'clock the King was left to rest until dawn. Just before dawn M. de Clerfayt's approach was announced; and the King thought he ought to postpone the march for two hours, in order to await him. But at seven, M. de Clerfayt

being still so far away that there was no hope of his arriving in time, the infantry of the advanced guard set out in three columns—intended to form the right wing in the line of battle —and proceeded across the plain between Hans and the road from Châlons to Sainte-Menehould.

All the infantry of the army-corps followed immediately, and, as the duke's intention was that the right of his position should extend beyond the high road, he was obliged to begin by trying to dislodge a detachment of the enemy from their post in a farm called La Lune, which stood by the wayside at the point where the road in question is joined by the Rheims and Châlons road.[39] This detachment comprised several companies of infantry, three squadrons of carabineers,[40] and four pieces of ordnance; and two battalions of infantry and the Saxe-Weimar Regiment were sent to make the attack. The enemy's fire was so sharp that the Prussian detachment was soon seen to be insufficient to dislodge them. The duke sent some reinforcements, and after a fairly obstinate fight the patriots retired, leaving very few dead behind them. The King with the cavalry only left Sommetourbe at nine o'clock. The patriots had employed the morning in taking up their position. Their centre, forming the apex of a right angle, was on the hill of Valmy, at the mill in the village of that name; they had entrenched a formidable battery there; their right stretched across the plain; their left formed the side of the re-entering right angle, and the extreme end of both wings was composed of cavalry.[41] Their whole force amounted to about fifty thousand men.[42]

The position at La Lune having been carried, the general advance of the Prussians began. The right of the line, comprising part of the infantry of the advanced guard, part of the cavalry of the main body, and a formidable battery, was protected by the position of La Lune, and the guns were directed against the mill of Valmy. The centre was formed in three lines, facing the mill of Valmy; and in advance of these lines were posted the Rifle Rangers and the Wolfradt Hussars, who covered the batteries of the centre. The left wing was composed of the remainder of the infantry and

cavalry, and extended into the plain. It was commanded by the King; and this would have been the position assigned to the cavalry of the Princes, had it been able to arrive in time to form part of the line. Six batteries were placed at intervals along the front of the line, but the most useful were those of La Lune and the centre, which were intended by the Duke of Brunswick to break the patriots' line before the general attack. The whole of the artillery moved forward to form the centre of the left wing, with its right resting on the Prince of Hohenlohe's left. Finally the cavalry left Sommetourbe with the King at about eight in the morning; and *it was said* that the general movement of the troops was delayed by their waiting for M. de Clerfayt's army-corps, which was expected to join the Prussian army, but did not arrive.

At half-past twelve the position of the two armies was very much as I have described it. The opposed lines were divided by a distance of eight hundred yards; there was a slight hill half-way between the two lines, and the ground, after sloping downwards, rose again to the patriots' feet, the whole centre of the Prussian army being thus behind a kind of curtain. The duke, when his lines were formed, galloped to the crest of the hill, and suddenly coming within view of the enemy's lines cried: "The devil! What a lot of them there are!" He observed them carefully for a moment, then retraced his steps, and said to the Prince of Nassau: "What do you think of their position, prince?" The latter answered that he thought victory was certain. On the duke eagerly begging him to explain himself the Prince of Nassau pointed out that if a battery were so placed as to enfilade the right face of the angle that formed the enemy's centre, they could not stand against it for longer than a quarter of an hour.[43] The duke's adjutant [44] could not help saying that the Prince of Nassau was right. The duke rode back to the crest of the hill to make another reconnaissance, and on returning set the whole army in motion—advancing with measured tread to the sound of drums, trumpets, and the bugles of the light infantry. I can only ask the reader to imagine the effect of such a movement; fifty thousand men advancing against fifty thousand; on both

sides a formidable fire, covering the march on the one side and opposing it on the other. Such a sight could not fail to arouse unbounded enthusiasm: no one doubted—it was impossible to doubt—that the attack was an absolute certainty, and indeed had actually begun. But when the line had advanced about a hundred paces it was ordered to halt: the duke turned back and said to the little group that surrounded him: "Before pursuing the attack I shall certainly break their line with the artillery." The guns continued their fire, therefore, and on both sides it was very lively.

Though the centre of the Prussian army was protected by the little slope, it was not sheltered from the ricochet of the balls, and indeed the enemy's direct fire often reached the battalions of the centre: the Kleist Battalion, among others, was entirely destroyed.

This fatal and useless cannonade continued for five hours without interruption. The patriots, though they were protected on the heights of Valmy by a little entrenchment, seemed to be losing a good many men: two ammunition-wagons that blew up had made considerable gaps in the ranks of the centre. At last Tempelhof,[45] who was commanding the artillery, sent to say that the ammunition was nearly spent. The cannonade gradually relaxed in energy until the battery at the mill ceased firing at the battery at La Lune, whereupon the other also discontinued its fire. The battery at the centre followed suit, and the cannonade completely ceased. It was now growing dusk: if the duke had still had any intention of making an attack he would have been forced to change his plans, since by this time it must have been a night-attack. There was already much reason to fear that a great deal of time had been lost. At that moment the patriot army's left made a movement to the left, towards the road to Vitry; the duke made a movement to the right, in order to gain ground with his right. The fact that this manœuvre of the Prussians' right was hidden from the French by the rising-ground may have led them to believe that this wing was retreating: from all ranks of the enemy there arose a shout of *Vive la nation*.[46]

The reciprocal manœuvre was not of long duration; the

French halted their left wing and the duke his right; night fell; outposts and vedettes were stationed between the two lines; arms were stacked and fires were lighted. The weather was abominable; it was blowing, and cold rain was falling; the men were short of bread, and had no hopes of obtaining any the next day; it was a moment that gave one an idea of how cruel the hardships of war could be. The Prince of Hohenlohe suggested that a night attack should be made, but the duke refused, and prepared to spend the night in a room in one of the two farm-houses. The least dirty was reserved for the King, who had had neither rest nor food during the past two days. He retired to this room at about ten o'clock, and the duke and the Prince of Hohenlohe occupied the other. They had eaten no more than their men: not a scrap of food had passed their lips. The duke flung himself on the straw beside the Prince of Hohenlohe, and offered me a place between them. After a few conventional civilities I accepted the suggestion, for I was struggling with sleep as well as hunger, and hoped that I should pacify the one by yielding to the other. The duke fell into a deep sleep, and, as I listened to his snores and leant upon my elbow to look at him, I said to myself: "How is it possible that a man who has wasted so splendid an opportunity, and has, moreover, food for thought in the prospect of the morrow, the sufferings of his troops, and the groans of the wounded men in the next room, should be able to sleep so peacefully?"

At last, however, the force of example led me to sleep till dawn.[47] I then awoke the two generals and told them that, with their permission, I would mount my horse and ride to the outposts, to find out whether the enemy, who were so quiet when we left them, had made no movement. I then set out, and awaited full daylight at the most advanced outpost. When daylight came I saw the patriot army in exactly the same position as before—every man motionless, his arms on the ground before him. I returned quickly with my report: the duke's opportunity for making an attack was as good as ever, with the additional advantage that M. de Clerfayt's army-corps had arrived on the previous evening at dusk. He

gave no orders, however, that pointed to a projected attack; and at ten o'clock in the morning the position of the two armies was still unchanged. At eleven the patriots at last began to make a movement with their right, which they drew off in squares with a view to changing their position.[48] It was at this moment that a trumpeter arrived from General Dumouriez, escorting the Duke of Brunswick's confidential valet, who had been captured on the previous day, having wandered away from his comrades, from motives of curiosity, while marching with the baggage. They brought a very courteous note from Dumouriez, who had been kind or ironical enough to add a compliment on the talent shown by the duke in the manœuvres of the previous day. The duke responded in a manner that was at least equally civil, by allowing the patriots to continue their manœuvres. He made no attempt to interfere with them while they brought round their left wing to rest on the village of Gizaucourt—in front of the Prussians' right wing—and extended their right towards Sainte-Menehould. The Prussian army never stirred, and throughout the whole day not a gun was fired, while the troops had neither tents nor food.

The Prussians' right rested on a little village called La Chapelle (on the other side of the high road to Châlons), and this village was itself protected by a height that stretched along behind the enemy's flank. The Prince of Nassau and M. de Lambert went at about six in the evening to point out to the duke that, by all the recognised laws and principles of warfare, that height should be in the hands of the Prussians, since the only way of keeping it safe from the enemy was to occupy it, and since it dominated the village of La Chapelle, which for two days had been furnishing forage for the army and was the only place where water could be obtained for horses or men. The Duke of Brunswick agreed, but postponed taking possession of the height until the morrow. The first part of the next day was occupied by the arrival of the baggage and provisions, and, as the refreshment of the troops appeared to the Duke the most urgent matter to be considered, he again postponed until the following day the seizing of the

important position on the height. Finally, that very night, Dumouriez stole a march upon the Prussians and took possession of it. He hastily erected a battery, and posted in it a sufficient number of troops to defend the approaches.

Thenceforward it was impossible for the Prussians' right wing to keep its position: it was dominated by the enemy's guns. The duke thought of moving the whole wing, and taking it back again over the high road to Châlons; but afterwards decided on a change in the general position. He made M. de Clerfayt's corps occupy the position and village of Valmy, and encamped his own army farther back, on the heights of Hans. When this movement was on the point of being completed I was alone with the Prince of Nassau, without a single aide-de-camp, or even a groom. We met a French prisoner, whom the duke was returning with a trumpeter; the Prince of Nassau suggested that we should seize the opportunity of speaking to the outposts; I followed him; we passed our vedettes and came to theirs, and in a moment were surrounded by a hundred hussars and dragoons. The Prince of Nassau asked for an interview with Colonel Stenger;[49] a man of the Bercheny Hussars went off to tell him of our presence, and in the meantime I held forth to all the men. I explained their situation to them and pointed out their errors; they asked me where their officers were; I showed them the spot where the royal army was encamped, and assured them that there was room for them there, and that they must not imagine they would be severely treated if they were to join us, for we knew the source of their errors and should greet them as brothers.

There was not a man in the crowd who did not give me as good answers, nor whose views were not as sound as could possibly be desired: they told me they could not come over to us without some kind of incitement or opportunity, but were ready to seize the first that offered, for they could no longer give their support to the anarchy in their army. I encouraged them, suggested that they should make proselytes, and bade them remember their promise to seize the first opportunity of joining us. Colonel Stenger then arrived, with a

very old general. He was at first surprised to find us surrounded by so many men, and sent them all away. He was in command of the light troops whom Dumouriez had left in that place when he effected his change of position. When the Prussian army made its first movement the patriots' camp had been broken up in great haste and disorder; they thought they were about to be attacked. Colonel Stenger told us so, and added (with some affectation) that such an event would disturb them very much now, since *they were not expecting it*, but that none the less they would try to give us a good reception.

As the conversation was on the point of coming to an end Stenger drew near to the Prince of Nassau, and said to him in a low voice: "We are expecting a convoy to arrive from Châlons with bread: it is coming by the Vitry road; if you intercept it we are lost." [50]

On receiving this important and extraordinary piece of news the Prince of Nassau cut short the conversation, and we parted from these gentlemen (among whom was a young Montjoie,[51] aide-de-camp to the old general). The Prince of Nassau at once informed the King of what Stenger had told him; and the King and duke made arrangements for the necessary expedition, which was to be conducted by the Prince of Hohenlohe.

The Princes' army was then encamped in rear of the Prussian army at Sommetourbe, Somme-Suippe, and La Croix-de-Champagne. The Gendarmerie were in a village that was bisected by the road from Châlons to Sainte-Menehould. The Prince of Hohenlohe thought that, as he would be passing by them, he might as well take them with him, and M. d'Autichamp [52] received orders to hold himself in readiness. The Wolfradt Hussars and five hundred unmounted rifles composed the rest of the detachment, which set out at mid-day with two pieces of light ordnance. The Gendarmerie joined the column, which, after keeping to the Châlons and Sainte-Menehould road for a distance of two leagues, turned off to the left across some fields towards the Châlons and Vitry road, to reach which it was necessary to cross the Roman road that

runs between the two others. There were no volunteers with the Prince of Hohenlohe save the Prince of Nassau, the Comte de Deux-Ponts, and myself. The detachment continued marching for a league and a half in the same direction without seeing a trace of the enemy, but at last we saw a village with two vedettes posted before it. A squadron of hussars instantly rode in that direction at the trot, and found an outpost of fifteen men of the Flanders Chasseurs, who were made prisoners. Through them we learnt that the Flanders and Normandy Regiments were in another village, less than a mile away, and were to form the escort of the convoy in question. According to them the convoy had just passed, but they assured us that by hurrying we could catch the two regiments in this village, before they had time to mount their horses. The Prince of Hohenlohe set off with all possible speed: he ordered the cavalry to advance in two lines at the gallop. As we approached the village we saw the two regiments riding out of it: we quickened our pace in the hope of meeting them, but between us and them there lay an immense and impassable ravine, which forced the Prince of Hohenlohe to give up the attempt altogether. The prince was in a very bad temper, and did not treat M. d'Autichamp with the consideration that his zeal deserved.

This was the last act of hostility in this campaign. The duke wished to see if he could be as great a statesman as he was a general, and concentrated all his attention on this new career. And now his army was almost entirely ruined by sickness, discouraged by delay, crushed by want, threatened by the most terrible famine, and a prey to disorder and lawless pillage; his artillery horses were nearly all gone; the cold and rainy weather was adding to the miseries endured by both men and officers, and doing much towards disheartening them; while the most unseemly attacks were being made upon the object of the war and the brothers of the King of France, even in the presence of the King of Prussia himself. In short everything, both fundamental and accessory, that is necessary for the execution of offensive operations, was absolutely lacking. The duke undertook to employ the last melancholy

resource: negotiations. Dumouriez at once felt his own superiority, and saw the duke's intentions: four days' delay could not fail to reduce the Prussian army to desperation, and Dumouriez was well aware of the fact. He flattered the duke's hopes so skilfully that the latter thought himself master of the situation. One day, when M. le comte d'Artois had been dining with the King at Hans, the duke took him into the embrasure of a window, and said to him: "Monseigneur, I have a most important confidence to make to you; but first let us be sure that no one can overhear us." He then went on: "I am deceiving every one here, but I do not wish to hide anything from you. Let me tell you that Dumouriez is ours: in two days' time he and all his troops of the line will join our army." M. le comte d'Artois was shrewd enough to be more alarmed than pleased by this chimerical tale; he could not positively deny the truth of the duke's assertion, but he adduced some obvious reasons that might have led Dumouriez to deceive him. The duke overruled all objections by what he called certainties, and closed the interview by saying that M. de Manstein would return to the camp on the morrow with a final answer, and that he therefore begged the prince to send the Baron de Roll to him at four o'clock in the morning. When the baron appeared the duke repeated these confidences, which the baron refuted by bringing forward the many objections that were only too palpable. He pointed out that Dumouriez could not be unaware of the critical position of the Prussian army, since during the past five days he had sent as many as six emissaries to the camp, under pretext of carrying on a correspondence. The conversation lasted until nine o'clock, when Manstein arrived with the news that negotiations were entirely broken off, and that France had been officially proclaimed a Republic.[53]

This news came as a thunderclap to the duke, though he tried to conceal his feelings by affecting a renewed desire for a battle. He expressed a wish for a council of war that should include the Maréchal de Castries and M. d'Autichamp. The council was held in the house occupied by the King, and every member of it voted for the attack, with the exception

of the duke, who, without expressing himself definitely, brought forward all the difficulties that his ingenuity could suggest. When he left his fellow-councillors he did not for a moment intend to abide by their opinion. He was as firmly resolved as ever to do nothing, but the aim of the negotiations was changed: the only question that remained to be discussed between Dumouriez and the duke was the speedy retreat of the latter from France, and the best means of effecting it. Dumouriez *was quite willing* to make every possible concession, but was also quite firm in reducing to a minimum the time allowed for the retreat. The duke sent an order to the Princes to retrace their steps, and he himself immediately began his retreat—if retreat it can be called, for it soon became a most terrible rout.[54] The very soldiers whom the Prussians should, and could, have defeated only twelve days earlier were lent by their general to drag the Prussian guns along roads that were too heavy for the few horses left to them. The roads were strewn with the dead and dying, who were alike deserted; the Austrian, Prussian, and royal armies were pillaging one another; Verdun was *abandoned* rather than *surrendered* to the patriots. In the conferences that were held there between their generals and those of the Prussians the latter took a shamefully submissive tone, and were treated as vanquished foes by the others. All the inhabitants who had shown themselves favourable to our cause were pitilessly sacrificed to their loyalty.

The conditions were the same in the case of Longwy, which the patriots entered before the Prussians had left it by the opposite gate; and in short, two months after the issue of his arrogant manifesto, the duke was chased out of France contemptuously, with his shattered army at the mercy of the rebels. The duke himself had an unpleasant day to spend in Longwy. When he was dining with the King the Prince of Hohenlohe, the general-in-command of a portion of the Austrian army, treated him in the most humiliating way, and the altercation was within an ace of becoming unpleasantly lively. As they left the table on this occasion Major-General Valerien Zoubof of the Russian army, the favourite's brother,[55]

arrived with a letter of introduction from the Empress, couched in the most agreeable and courteous terms possible. The Empress wrote as if the duke were the conqueror of the world and the dictator of all the nations; and her words were read at the very moment when he had just shattered Louis XVI's crown, the crown that, until then, had only been laid low. What hope is there for a man whom neither grief nor shame can kill?

The Princes, since their departure from Sommetourbe, had been abandoned to their own devices. The line of their retreat was parallel to that of M. de Clerfayt, but nevertheless their flank was exposed in the direction of Rheims, and they had neither guns nor ammunition. Until the Meuse was crossed they were in constant expectation of disaster; and when they were a day's march from Stenai, at a château called Sy, they were involved in great danger by the imprudence and incapacity of the commandant of the main guard, and of a certain company of nobles. The Princes and their troops, when on the point of marching away in the morning, were attacked by a detachment of the Sedan garrison, and fired at, point-blank, with three guns, which the patriots had placed unmolested within a hundred paces of the château where the Princes had passed the night. During the whole of this march they were harassed by armed peasants concealed in the woods, of whom a certain number were surrounded and killed by the Gendarmerie and the Irish Brigade, and about a hundred others taken prisoners. The Princes' army reached Stenai at last without any kind of baggage: the Prussians, and even the Austrians, had robbed them of it all. All the carts and wagons had been pillaged, and this luckless army, after crossing the Meuse, found itself without either resources for the present or hopes for the future. It was a moment of terrible despair, which could only be restrained by continuing the march as promptly as possible. They made their way to Longwy and Arlon, where the disbandment began. The Austrian armies separated, one returning to Brabant, while the other went into cantonments near Namur; the Prussian army proceeded towards Coblenz; and such of the *émigrés*

as were still banded in troops and corps marched to Liège, and remained quartered in that neighbourhood till the Prussians disbanded and disarmed them, and reduced their pittance to the smallest possible.

At Liège the Princes found themselves literally without the means of subsistence. They sent me to the headquarters of the King of Prussia, who was then at Montabaur near Coblenz, to come to some decision with him as to their fate, and ask him for pecuniary aid.

I spent four days at Montabaur, where I was treated very well, personally, by the King, but had great difficulty in solving the problem of the Princes' affairs. I had several conversations with M. de Lucchesini on the subject, and I must admit that, whether owing to his sympathy for the Princes or to his real animosity against the Duke of Brunswick, whose conduct he condemned from first to last, both his words and actions were all I could desire. I prevailed on him to make certain arrangements in favour of the *émigrés*, and to give me for the Princes the sum of a hundred thousand francs, in the form of a bill of exchange on Frankfort, payable on sight.

One day, while I was at Montabaur, I had just left the King's dinner-table when the Duke of Brunswick asked me if I could go to see him that afternoon. I agreed to go at the hour that suited him best. As soon as we were alone he began to ply me with questions, and implored me to tell him frankly what had been said of him since all the recent misfortunes had occurred. I hoped to save myself with a few conventional phrases, but this did not satisfy him at all: he urged me in the most pressing manner to tell him the whole truth. So I proceeded to find fault with his conduct from the beginning of the campaign, and whenever I came to any important incident in the story I told him of all the complaints that were brought against him, nor did I fail to lay especial stress upon the terrible and unaccountable catastrophe of Valmy and the retreat.

When I had passed in review every detail of his marches and of his conduct generally, while he, meanwhile, leant his

head upon his hand and listened with an air of the deepest depression and grief, he said to me: "I give you my word of honour that if I were to set down an account of my conduct in print, and could make it public, no man would be able to reproach me: but I am bound hand and foot by my duty, and I cannot do it. It is all the more unfortunate for me."

When I left him a few moments later he was lavish in his protestations of regard and deferential bows, of which he was never sparing. In spite of the so-called explanation he had given me my opinion of his blunders remained unchanged.[56]

X

The retreat from Champagne is followed by the evacuation of Aix-la-Chapelle by the *émigrés*—Damas accompanies the Comte d'Artois to Russia—Generosity and prudence of Catherine II—Voyage to Copenhagen and secret reception of the Comte d'Artois at Court—Elsinore—Disagreeable reception of the Comte d'Artois in England—The author, whose point of view is different from the prince's, asks for his liberty—Remains in England, then serves in Clerfayt's army (siege of Le Quesnoy), and in Lord Moira's (Guernsey)—Proposal to command a regiment of dragoons in the English army—Campaign of 1794 : Maubeuge, Fleurus—Remarks on the Austrian and English armies—The author retreats to Maestricht with the Duc de Richelieu, and thence to Switzerland and Italy—Visit to the Comte de Provence at Verona—Purchase of Mirabeau's Legion.

The Princes, after retreating from Champagne by way of Longwy and Arlon, and remaining for a time at Liège, were forced by the swift advance of the French to leave that town, and went to live at Hamm, in Westphalia. All the French at Aix-la-Chapelle, too, were obliged to leave the place : the greater number went to Düsseldorf, and I was among them. Now that France was formally constituted a Republic and the royal family confined in the Temple, there was no room for hope with regard to the King's fate. Terrorism had reached a climax : the massacre and proscription of every one who adhered to the old Monarchy prepared the world to see our unhappy sovereign fall a victim to his own resignation. He had already drunk so deeply of humiliation that, of all his sufferings, death was the least degrading and the least painful : he was expecting it, and it put an end to his horrible fate on the 21st January, 1793.

The Princes his brothers had fallen on evil days : being deserted by Prussia, and treated with scant consideration by Austria, they fell back upon Catherine II's generosity, and sought her counsel as a guide in their distress. M. le comte d'Artois asked for her permission to visit her at Petersburg,

to discuss the future in person. The answer given to the Princes through Count Romanzow, who was accredited to Monsieur, (Regent of France since the King's imprisonment), was interpreted by them as an invitation, because it was expressed in a style that reflected the count's chivalrous character and mind; but if the wish had not been father to the thought they might have read it differently. However, this so-called invitation induced M. le comte d'Artois to make arrangements for the journey, and he asked me to accompany him.

I could not hesitate to accede to this proposal, though my visit promised to be less agreeable than the previous one, owing, partly, to the fact of Prince Potemkin's death, which had occurred a short time before, and still more to the very different circumstances of my arrival. None the less I felt it both a duty and a pleasure to accompany M. le comte d'Artois. Comte François d'Escars [1] and the Baron de Roll were also bidden to be of the party, and the Bishop of Arras [2] was appointed the prince's mouthpiece and minister, to conduct the affairs that were to be under discussion. We set out in mid-winter.

When we reached Mittau M. le comte d'Artois sent me on in advance to Riga, because I was well acquainted with Prince Repnin, who was governor there, and because he wished to learn the Empress's orders with regard to his reception—whether he was to travel incognito or under his own name. It was here I was informed that the Empress had not really encouraged the journey. Prince Repnin, in strict privacy, told me so frankly, but said at the same time that since the prince had come he must travel under his own name, as a son of France, and that he would be received as such.

M. le comte d'Artois arrived on the following day. I met him a mile away from the town, and told him of the honours with which he was to be received. Indeed these were such as the Empress might have paid to the King of France himself in the days of his prosperity. It was necessary, before we could leave Riga, that the Empress should be informed of M. le comte d'Artois's arrival in her dominions; and this fact

delayed us for a week, which Prince Repnin employed in entertaining M. le comte d'Artois in a variety of ways. The Empress, who, while enthusiastic for the cause of the King of France, was always alive to her own interests, had feared that the presence of M. le comte d'Artois might commit her more deeply than her reason approved. She had quite enough wit and intelligence to moderate her promises and her behaviour; but naturally found it more difficult to do so when she was forced to deal with direct entreaties; and the very same reason that had led M. le comte d'Artois to interpret her letter as an invitation, had prompted the Empress to express herself ambiguously, while not definitely refusing his request. The affair being decided as it was she had the tact and wisdom to pay more honour to M. le comte d'Artois than was really his due, and to show him every possible kindness and attention, at the same time keeping him at a distance that was accordant with the amount of support she intended to give him.

Two days after she was informed of our arrival at Riga everything was ready for the journey. Royal carriages were sent to meet us half-way between Petersburg and Riga, and with them came Count Serge Romanzow, laden with compliments for M. le comte d'Artois. All the posting-houses of the entire route were supplied with so many horses, over and above the prince's own equipages, that it was possible for detachments of the Empress's own household to wait upon him wherever he wished to eat or rest. Escorts of Cossacks were posted at intervals along the road, and M. le comte d'Artois, for the remainder of his journey, received the treatment that Louis XVI might have expected ten years earlier.

On approaching Narva we met the royal carriages, of which the first was large enough to hold six persons. We all seated ourselves in it, and in the shortest time possible were in the Peterhof Road, whither M. le comte Esterhazy, the Princes' representative in Petersburg, came to meet M. le comte d'Artois, to inform him of the ceremonies ordained by the Empress for his entry into the capital. Six o'clock in the evening was the appointed hour, and lest we should be too early we were obliged to advance at a foot's-pace, and even

to halt from time to time. At last we alighted at M. Levachef's house,[3] where the prince was to stay. All the ministers of state received him at the door: the anterooms were filled with all the valets de chambre from the Court, and the salon with all the gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber appointed to attend upon the prince. As soon as the latter entered the room the circle was formed, and M. le comte d'Artois spoke to every one and expressed his gratitude with all his natural graciousness.

When these first formalities were over we were left to rest for the remainder of the evening; and at ten o'clock on the following morning the Empress's aide-de-camp and favourite, Zoubof,[4] came to announce to M. le comte d'Artois that the royal carriages would arrive at mid-day to convey him to the palace.[5] The Empress, who knew very well how to play the part of a sovereign, wished the prince to see that it was not only at the Court of France that stately ceremonial, and grandeur, and magnificence were combined with a cultivated taste, and displayed in the most attractive way. Her reception of M. le comte d'Artois was beyond anything that could be pictured. She awaited him in the reception-room that was farthest from the entrance: to reach her he was obliged to pass through all the salons of the palace, which were filled with the diplomatic corps, the Asiatic envoys, the bodyguard, and all the women of the Court. The prince was impressed, as he had good reason to be, by all this pomp, which was as stately as it was dramatic.

Her greeting of M. le comte d'Artois, when he reached her, combined majesty with graciousness, and the prince's bearing was equally dignified and pleasing. These details, which as a rule are merely tiresome, were in these particular circumstances a matter of special interest.

This was the only ceremony to which she subjected M. le comte d'Artois throughout his entire visit. From that moment etiquette disappeared: he went to the Hermitage with us every evening, and we dined there twice a week. On the other days of the week M. le comte d'Artois entertained guests at his own house, where the attendants were of the Empress's

household. The early hours of the evening he spent at such houses as the Empress brought to his notice, or in visiting the Grand Duke.

Such was, in brief, the manner of his entertainment, but, despite all these outward attentions, it is worthy of remark that, during the six weeks he spent in Petersburg, *not one single opportunity* did the Empress allow him to approach her in private on matters of business. The conversation was always general, and never was a moment set apart for the interviews for which M. le comte d'Artois had hoped, and which were the real object of his journey.

Neither could the Bishop of Arras succeed in obtaining private interviews: his manners displeased the Empress and her ministers as much as they displeased the whole capital, and no one would listen to him. There were also a few customs connected personally with M. le comte d'Artois which annoyed both Court and town, and he made the little mistake of refusing to alter them. This to a certain degree had a bad effect on the success of his mission; but all the outward show of respect remained unaltered.

When about half of his time in Petersburg had gone by I fell ill with measles, on my return from the memorial service for Louis XVI, which was celebrated, by the Empress's orders, with a catafalque and every kind of magnificence. The Bishop of Arras conducted the service. I was hardly cured when the time came for the prince's departure; for the illness, which is usually so simple in its progress, was complicated by the circumstance that I was twice bled at an ill-timed moment, before the rash appeared.

Some very favourable news from La Vendée fixed a date for our departure, and apparently served to advance our affairs. The Empress pledged herself to furnish a considerable body of troops to land there, but unfortunately it was stipulated that they should be paid by England. The Empress suggested that M. le comte d'Artois should proceed to England to conclude the arrangements, and a corvette and a frigate [6] were made ready. About the 15th April we set out, laden with benefits, and promises, and all the kind and generous atten-

tions that the Empress could bestow upon us. We embarked at Revel.

As we sailed away upon a quiet sea, and were able to reflect upon our situation at leisure, M. le comte d'Artois reviewed the fruits of his visit to the Empress, and could not hide from himself the fact that he had gained no positive advantage. Among the presents that she had lavished upon him the most notable was a sword encrusted with diamonds, which had been blessed in the church of St. Alexander Newsky. He was intended to use it in Vendée, at the head of his troops.[7] But before this could be done it was necessary for him to win over the English government in the matter of the subsidy demanded by the Empress. We shall see in the sequel the outcome of this important condition. In the meantime we must continue the voyage, merely adding that if there were one thing calculated to strengthen the confidence that M. le comte d'Artois wished to feel in the Empress's promises, it was this: that she had genuinely intended to serve the cause by providing a corps of troops, to be commanded by Gustavus III. The execution of this project was only prevented by death. That the project existed I could not doubt, seeing that Prince Repnin had given me his word of honour in confidence at Riga that he had received instructions to hold the corps in readiness and to take command of it himself, under the King's orders.

After a voyage of three days we reached Denmark and dropped our anchor. The approach to Copenhagen on the Bornholm side presents a variety of scenery, and the town with its two roadsteads is most attractive to the eye, especially to an eye that has recently seen nothing but a wide expanse of waters. The entrance to the town on the harbour side is in no way very remarkable. The houses are regularly built, but very low; the streets fairly wide but not very lively, though your cicerone will encourage you to fancy anything you please as regards the population by assuring you that the inhabitants are all at dinner at the moment, and that therefore you cannot form any estimate of their numbers. In the centre of the town there are two squares that would be thought very fine in some of the provincial towns of France, but are very

mediocre for a capital. In one of these squares your attention is called to a statue of Christian V, whose mind, according to history, was vast and profound, but whose body appears to have been short and fat. The palace is fine, and is everything that can be desired for a King of the second order: for a great monarch the rooms would perhaps be a little low, but that is the only fault with which this building can be reproached.

Among the most extraordinary of the striking sights to be seen in Copenhagen are a King who performs tricks and capers for the diversion of strangers; a Crown Prince who has white eyelashes and eyebrows, tow-coloured hair, and pink eyes, and in every way resembles an albino; and vaulted stables of great beauty, where sixteen milk-white horses are all that remain of the beautiful breed that once supplied mounts for all the knights of Denmark.

As the gazettes had published the fact that M. le comte d'Artois was travelling in Russia, and as it was most essential that his return by sea should be kept a secret—since the French could easily have sent vessels to cruise about in the North Sea and intercept him—he landed in the strictest incognito with the Comte d'Escars, the Baron de Roll, and myself. The Bishop of Arras was left on board, as he was suffering from a slight fit of apoplexy. No one but the Russian Minister [8] was supposed to be in the secret, and he showed the town and palace, not only to us, but to some officers belonging to the Russian frigate that lay at anchor in the roadstead. However, on entering one of the rooms of the palace we found M. de Bernstorff, the head of the ministry: [9] he greeted us all alike, and as we never addressed M. le comte d'Artois by name it seemed impossible that he should recognise him. M. de Bernstorff showed us over the whole palace; and at last, as we entered a very large room, he went up to a certain door, and turning the key in the lock, very skilfully made M. le comte d'Artois pass in before us. He then begged us to await our friend a moment without following him.

We were left there for seven or eight minutes, during which time the Comte d'Escars, who in his capacity as captain of the guard was responsible for the prince's person, desperately

regretted that he had consented to M. de Bernstorff's request. At last M. le comte d'Artois returned to us, and described to us his astonishment when, on entering the room alone, with his shabby grey coat, and great loose breeches over his boots, and his hair all tumbled, he saw the whole of the royal family in their gala clothes and their orders on their coats, coming forward to meet him. The Crown Prince said that he knew M. le comte d'Artois desired to be strictly incognito, and that the secret should not go beyond the royal family; but that neither he nor they could bear to have Henri IV's descendant and Louis XVI's brother so near to them, without showing him their heartfelt respect. M. le comte d'Artois must have been greatly embarrassed, but preserved, one may be sure, the dignified and easy bearing that he has by nature. No more tactful and graceful way could have been found to do honour to a prince whose unfortunate circumstances obliged him to forgo the amenities of the Court, and remain absolutely unknown.

M. le comte d'Artois expressed his gratitude most courteously to M. de Bernstorff, who escorted him to the last vestibule, where he took leave of him and retired. No further allusion was made to the incident. Fortunately, before it occurred, we had watched the royal family passing along a gallery: otherwise only M. le comte d'Artois would have had his curiosity satisfied.

We returned to our inn to make arrangements for our departure, and afterwards were taken round the harbour in a boat. It is certain that no Power possesses a finer harbour, nor one that is kept in better order, or is more carefully managed. The Admiralty storehouses are so vast and so well distributed that each ship has her own arsenal and depôt. The royal navy and the merchant service are separated; and no sight could be more impressive than the twenty-four ships of the line that form the whole naval strength of the kingdom, lying side by side in the harbour.

After this expedition we entered the boat that was to take us back to the frigate, and steered for the open sea. The sea was very rough, and the wind absolutely against us. After an

hour's rowing we had made very little way, and could not hope to reach the ship in less than six hours' time. Count Golovkin, the lieutenant who was steering us, suggested that we should return and spend the night on shore, send word to the frigate to sail round to Elsinore, and meet her in that harbour, which is only six leagues from Copenhagen. This idea was received with acclamation: we promptly rowed ashore, and in the space of a moment exchanged the agonies of our cruel tossing in the boat for the best supper the inn could afford. The Russian Minister, who had not expected to see us again, came to share it with us; and we spent two hours at the table as gaily as though the times were happier. As we grew rather sleepy at last, we went off to bed, leaving it to Count Golovkin to make all the arrangements for the following morning.

At five o'clock we rose. The little vehicles that were to convey us were quite ready; the frigate was already on her way to Elsinore; and we started.

In the outskirts of the town one sees a group of buildings that are as important as they are interesting: the Sailors' Institution. In two streets of perfectly regular construction four thousand men are accommodated, each with a little house and garden of his own, large enough for husband, wife, and children. These houses are clean and well kept, and form an ideal resting-place for men made prematurely old by long voyages. On leaving the town one is struck by the excellent condition of the fortifications, which I had not time to examine in detail.

The road between Copenhagen and Elsinore, without exaggeration, will bear comparison with all the loveliest scenery of England and Italy. This smiling landscape, this uninterrupted expanse of "English garden," which is beautified and varied at every turn by the inequalities of the ground, resembles a royal park rather than an ordinary country scene or public high-road. On either side are country-houses surrounded by luxuriant woods and lakes; here and there are picturesque views of distant landscape; while the pretty and prosperous villages testify to the wealth of the inhabitants and

the wise administration of the government, and contrast in the most attractive way with sudden glimpses of the sea. Every step provides a new pleasure for the eye, and leads imperceptibly, by a series of charming rural scenes, to the impressive picture presented by the commercial activity of the Sound. Here stand the town, fortress, and port of Elsinore. This last, every year, receives tribute from twelve thousand merchant-ships, which minister to the wealth of the North and West by transporting their respective products from one clime to the other. The town is small, is built in the Dutch manner, and is extremely clean. The architecture of the fortress is very massive in style, and recalls the romances of ancient chivalry.

We alighted from our carriages at the English inn. Our frigate had already arrived, and so good is the anchorage that she was close to the steps of the jetty. We dined, went on board, and set sail at about six in the evening.

A convoy of four hundred vessels, with an escort of two English frigates, was occupying the whole width of the Sound, and was simultaneously saluting the fortress of Elsinore and that of Helsingborg in Sweden, on the opposite shore. The captain of our frigate had to steer through all this crowd of ships, like a coachman driving through a street; and we never touched one of them, though we were constantly within an ace of doing so.

The charming country in which we had spent the past thirty-six hours had chased away the gloomy thoughts that the barren land of Russia always leaves in the mind. We had a prosperous voyage: four days after leaving the Sound and Cattegat we entered the river Humber in Yorkshire, and cast anchor at Hull—an interesting moment, on which depended the good or evil fortune of our future. M. le comte d'Artois, in his eagerness to forward his affairs and know his fate, landed immediately, and had all his possessions taken ashore. We established ourselves in an inn, whence M. le comte d'Artois despatched a courier to announce his arrival to the Duc d'Harcourt,[10] who represented the Princes' interests in London, and to Count Voronzow, the Russian Minister.[11]

Two days later they both arrived; but alas! what was our plight when they informed M. le comte d'Artois that he must re-embark without a moment's delay, since the King could not interfere with the laws of the land nor save the prince from his creditors! It was even possible, they said, that there might be ill-will on the part of the government; but in any case, unless he passed the night on board his ship, he would certainly be arrested.

The Princes had been obliged, during the past campaign, to obtain many of the supplies for their troops from England, and had been unable to meet all their liabilities. Hesitation was therefore out of the question. The orders were given, and we returned to the ship with all our baggage, to wait for an indefinite time in the Humber, while the prince's affairs were in progress. I confess that personally I never experienced a more annoying mischance. My attack of measles in Petersburg had made it necessary for me to be careful of my health, and in these circumstances care was impossible.

A few days sufficed to make our position clear. England refused to adopt the Empress's plan, and judging by the tone and words of Count Voronzow, she probably guessed that this would be the case when she made her alluring promises. La Vendée, at that time, was at the height of its glory.[12] What course was M. le comte d'Artois to adopt? I did not conceal from him the course that I should have adopted in his place;[13] but we saw the matter differently. It was impossible, perhaps, that my point of view should have been his, seeing that he was a prince born and brought up in the most absolute prosperity, and a man whose character and nature were such that trouble suggested no remedy to him save patience and resignation, unless ample means of resistance, of the kind his education had fitted him to use, were placed in his hand. If honour and good intentions were sufficient to smooth the way to a desired goal, no one would be more fitted to reach it than M. le comte d'Artois; but to cut a path while the high-road was still in the making, or to fight his way to the throne of his fathers through every kind of chance and danger, were not the sort of resolves that were likely to be implanted in a

prince's mind at Versailles. It is foolish to waste regret upon a thing that from the very beginning has been inherently impossible. I have no reproaches to bring against M. le comte d'Artois. I respect and love him as he is: he made every effort that occurred to him as possible.

In spite of his certain knowledge, since reaching Hull, that he would never see his schemes realised in the form contemplated—or apparently contemplated—by the Empress, it was some consolation to him to be anchored in an English roadstead, discussing his affairs; but I confess that to me the situation was boring to a degree that I could no longer bear. As I walked up and down the deck of the frigate I could see a pretty little house on the banks of the river, the situation of which, it seemed to me, made it a delightful dwelling-place. It came into my head to ask for shelter there, and to try and hire the things I should require, for the time that M. le comte d'Artois remained at anchor in this place. My attempt was successful. The rich farmer to whom the house belonged received me with the most perfect courtesy, and I begged M. le comte d'Artois to send me his orders when his fate should be decided.

A few days later I received a message from him, to the effect that he was about to set sail, and to return to Hamm in Westphalia,[14] by way of Holland. I lacked the courage to accompany him. I wrote to him that, since I could no longer be useful to him, I begged him to restore me my liberty; that he might be very sure I should always be at his disposal; that I had business in London and wished to take this opportunity of attending to it; and that I desired to recover my health completely. The prince consented to give me my freedom, and set sail.

After remaining for three more days with my good farmer, and rewarding him well for his trouble, I set out to London. Several French families of my acquaintance were living at Richmond. I rented a little house near them, on the banks of the Thames, and passed two peaceful months there, drinking ass's milk. It was the finest summer that had been seen in England for many a year, and the charming situation of

Richmond is sufficient in itself to restore a man to health. Mine became as good as ever. The Austrian and English armies, at this time, were besieging Valenciennes, and I should have been greatly tempted to join them if there had been any hope that I could bear the exertion, before fully recovering from the effects of my attack of measles. For I was not really cured when I left Petersburg.

However, I left England in the middle of the summer, and proceeded to Brussels. All of my friends who were not in France were gathered here; but those of my relations who had remained in their own country were in such a wretched position that nothing except my professional concerns could make me forget my terrible anxiety on their account. Many of the French in Brussels were in the same position as myself; but this time, above all others, brought out the salient points of the French character, the frivolous and careless habit of mind of which they cannot rid themselves, whatever the circumstances of their lives.

Society in Brussels was far more like a gathering of friends in search of pleasure than a concourse of exiles and outlaws. The most brilliant country fête, the most delightful visit to Spa, was never accompanied with so much gaiety and dissipation of every kind. It was at supper-parties, where the merriment ran as high as in happier days in Paris, that the Brussels newspaper was usually read—the sheet that recorded the names, day by day, of the victims whom Robespierre sent to the scaffold. Among them were always to be found the names of relations, friends, or intimate acquaintances of some of the guests present. It is only by comparing this astonishing insensibility with the indifference one feels upon the field of battle that I can understand the possibility of it: the numbers of the dead and dying accustom the mind to the idea of destruction, and the first feeling of emotion is quickly effaced. The list of the guillotined appeared so unfailingly and regularly, and the sorrows it caused were awaited with so much certainty that the heart was inured to them. This, at all events, is the only light I can throw upon the scene at Brussels, which was revolting, whenever one allowed oneself to

dwell upon it. The capture of Valenciennes [15] and the hopes it roused might have served society as a pretext for further merry-making, if the Austrian government's refusal to follow it up had not at once made plain how little advantage would be gained by the temporary successes of the allied armies.

Had the allies used the possession of Valenciennes as a means towards re-establishing the crown and monarchy of France, without making plans of invasion, or definitely expressing their intention to make reprisals, and to dictate the extent and frontiers of the kingdom, and even to choose the form of its government, there is every reason to believe that the majority of the nation would have combined to put a check upon the horrors that were being committed in their country. A civil war, to the advantage of the monarchy, would probably have been the result. But the Austrian ministry insisted on flying the imperial flag over the new conquests; and the French in their patriotism—a virtue that is always roused in our excitable nation by any attack on their honour or self-esteem—were more intent on defending their country than on obtaining peace and order. All the enemies that the Austrians made might have been their partisans, had they offered France her laws and her sovereigns with all their rights intact. The Austrians, who make war with the deliberation of an act of justice rather than with the energy of usurpation, would not so often have failed in their projects if they had followed the promptings of their own genius, as they were quite capable of doing. Slow deliberate movements lead one to expect a loyal character and profound views, but they were inept in every possible respect. They ended, as might have been expected, by failing in their object, and only fulfilling that of Robespierre.

After the capture of Valenciennes they should have alarmed the French government by indefatigable activity. They should either have attempted to seize other towns, or have conceived some bold and useful project for penetrating to the capital, at the same time supporting the weak garrisons of the second-rate fortresses that are alternated with those of the first order along that frontier. But to all the forces that Jacobinism called into play they opposed nothing but the pedantry and

routine that are so familiar in the history of Austrian warfare. They paid no heed to the difference of the circumstances, nor to the variety of resources that a revolution may produce, and they allowed the ranks of their enemies to be reinforced by *time*, whose tactics are far more successful and dangerous than any of the others against which the Austrians had to defend themselves daily.

The Prince de Ligne's château of Belœil was in the very heart of the scene of the war. I was often there. As soon as Marshal Coburg decided to besiege Quesnoy I joined General Clerfayt, who was appointed to take command on the occasion. My rank in the Russian army enabled me to take part in the operations, and to act as a volunteer whenever it seemed good to me.

A fortnight after the trenches were made and the cannonading began, the commandant of the garrison capitulated (10th Sept. 1793), after which I returned to Belœil.

The taking of Quesnoy opened the way to Paris; and, had not the importance of marching on the capital been altogether forgotten, the capture of Cambrai might have followed very soon, to make matters easier. At this period it was in the power of the Austrian government to put an end to the troubles of France; but the revolutionaries were too energetic in crime, too full of ability, and too well equipped to leave their fate for long in the hands of their enemies. Their ingenious diversions and skilful tactics soon robbed the good cause of the hopes it had had every reason to entertain at the beginning of the campaign.

Towards the middle of the autumn the progress made in La Vendée suggested to the English government the idea of co-operating with the generals commanding in that province. Lord Moira [16] was despatched to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey with a corps of eight thousand men, in order to make a descent on the coast of France as soon as the Vendean generals, who were prepared for the event, should have made their dispositions in accordance with it. Desiring to join this interesting expedition I proceeded to London, and obtained leave to embark with General Doyle,[17] quartermaster-general

of the English army-corps. The Prince of Wales gave me a letter of introduction to Lord Moira, and from the government I received an embarkation-order. I at once joined General Doyle at Portsmouth, and we set sail in the frigate *Vestal* for Guernsey, where Lord Moira and his troops were awaiting us.

On entering the open channel we encountered the most terrific gale that had been experienced for a century, and after enduring more than words can express, and being tossed at the mercy of the waves for five days, we were forced to return to Portsmouth. Two days later we set sail for the second time, and in four days we reached Guernsey. All the preparations were already completed; the signals that the Vendeans were to make upon the coast, to summon us thither, were agreed upon; and Lord Moira had no doubt, or at least seemed to have no doubt, that the expedition would take place in the course of a few days. We awaited it in vain, however, for a month, at the end of which time it was decided that the season was too far advanced for the ships to continue lying off Guernsey; and Lord Moira announced that he was going to take his troops back to England. We embarked accordingly, and in three days' time landed at Cowes in the Isle of Wight.

It has always been doubtful whether the English government acted in good faith in the matter of this expedition; but the circumstances pointed to it so clearly that it was very easy for those who were engaged in it to be deceived as to the intentions of the ministry. If it were really intended that the affair should not be carried through, I am persuaded that Lord Moira himself knew nothing of it. It could not have been determined to make a feint at that time, with a view to carrying out a genuine expedition later on, except by means of an open and definite agreement between Mr. Pitt and the Vendean generals. It seems far more probable that the undertaking was really projected, but that the Vendean generals could not direct their operations upon the point where a combination with the English troops could be effected, that is to say the coast opposite the two islands.

After spending twelve days at Cowes, to show my gratitude to Lord Moira, who had heaped kindnesses upon me, I returned by Southampton to London, and thence to Brussels. The winter was passed—like all the winters that follow campaigns by the armies of Austria—in regrets for not having done better, and in hopes to do better in the coming campaign; but, as the character of this nation and ministry will never change, they will never be conscious of their mistakes until after they have committed them, and nothing but the mistakes of their enemies will ever counteract theirs. The struggle that the successive governments of France carried on against the Austrian cabinet after the Revolution was extremely like a fight between a monkey and a bear. The series of operations executed in that war has been described by so many eye-witnesses that my patience fails me at the thought of adding to their number. I will confine myself to the allegorical comparison that I have just made; and I appeal to every man who cares to look closely into this interesting period of his life, to support my contention that the disproportion between the energy, talent, and intelligence of the two sides made it a matter of course that the German forces should be altogether at the mercy of the many resources possessed by France.

The campaign that followed this winter of 1794 was expected to be the most decisive and energetic of all. The Austrian and English armies, notwithstanding the time they had entirely wasted or insufficiently employed, were again in a position to deal mortal blows to France, and to engage with her armies under the most favourable conditions. I wrote to the Empress of Russia, to ask her for a very prompt letter of introduction to the Duke of York;[18] for it seemed probable that I should have occasion to see a great deal of him in the course of the campaign.

The English had adopted the system of levying foreign regiments, with which to reinforce their own troops upon the continent. Several Frenchmen had obtained commissions to form such regiments, and in spite of the disadvantages attached to service of this kind, I could not resist my wish to create a corps for myself. I hoped to make my position agreeable by

regarding it from the military point of view alone, and not, like certain other men, as a speculation.

I set out to London, with a view to seeking the consent of the government and taking all the measures that were necessary to my project. The Prince of Wales worked on my behalf with the greatest energy and courtesy, and it was owing to his gracious support and prompt action that the government commissioned me to raise a regiment of light dragoons, six squadrons strong.

I laid the terms of the contract before the War Office, with my conditions and pledges; and in a week the document was approved and signed. I appointed the Comte de Sérent (the younger) [19] my lieutenant-colonel, and entrusted him with all the business that was to be completed in England, such as the equipment of every kind. I then returned to Brussels to make arrangements for recruiting the men, buying the horses, distributing posts, and establishing depôts. Hardly had the first steps been taken, however, when a fresh discussion arose in the English Parliament as to the usefulness of these corps, and an order was issued to the Duke of York to suspend the organisation of those for which commissions had been most recently granted.[20] I did not wish to waste, in a state of doubt that I had had no reason to expect, the time that might be employed in entertaining other plans; and I therefore preferred to give up the undertaking without further delay. The subsequent course of events justified this prudent step, and I had every cause to congratulate myself on having escaped this thankless and laborious task. I was thankful to be free again, and in a position to satisfy my curiosity in any quarter to which circumstances should point.

Being armed with a letter of introduction from the Empress of Russia to the Duke of York, and already known to the Austrian army, I made my arrangements for following the operations of the allied forces. This was a charming, as well as an instructive, form of warfare; especially at a time when a combination of circumstances had brought the scene of the war into a country like Brabant and the neighbourhood of a town like Brussels. Here those for whom I cared most were

living; while my own relations were suffering from the crimes of the Revolution, and struggling against the fate that had recently befallen two of the dearest among them.[21] All the inactive periods of the campaign—which the Austrian system tended to prolong only too often—I spent in Brussels; and I joined the allied armies whenever they engaged in active operations.

Of the battles of Maubeuge,[22] which were fought on three successive days, I have nothing but mistakes to record. The first, which was confined to some preparatory manœuvres and an insignificant cannonade, might have been made of more consequence.[23]

The second was won by the Austrians, and decided by a charge of the cavalry of the right wing, under General Bellegarde,[24] which broke the whole line of the French infantry as it was in the act of deploying. This might have been a decisive engagement if Marshal Coburg had profited by his success, and pursued the enemy when the retreat began. But he contented himself with the mere fact of victory, and remained on the field of battle when it was deserted by the enemy, instead of turning the defeat into a rout. His only trophies of victory were twenty-five guns; and he never concerned himself at all with the possibility of the danger recurring.

While all the generals were exchanging the usual congratulations on the battle-field I was walking to and fro not far away, with a preoccupied and melancholy air. Several men came gaily up to me, to interrupt my reflections and ask why I was not taking more part in the general satisfaction. "Pray allow me," I answered, "to be slightly dissatisfied, when I might have had occasion to rejoice over a decisive result; when I might have seen the enemy made incapable of any further enterprise for some time to come, and, consequently, Maubeuge yours. Observe the lie of the ground," I added, "on your late battle-field. Remember that you won your advantage in the plain, where the superiority of your cavalry could not fail to give you the victory; but the centre of the army, under M. de Clerfayt, is posted on broken ground, among woods, and your success has not enabled him to move. Beware of

to-morrow, therefore. If you wish to send a courier to Vienna, waste no time."

And indeed, when day dawned on the morrow, M. de Clerfayt was attacked by the whole mass of the French forces. The battle raged throughout the day,[25] and the Austrian right wing was not engaged at all.

General Hadik,[26] who was in command of the left, made a successful resistance; but at about six o'clock M. de Clerfayt, finding that he was being driven back, said to one of his aides-de-camp in my presence: "Go and tell Marshal Coburg that I am beaten, and that he must consider the question of falling back across the Sambre." Marshal Coburg accordingly gave the order to the right wing, which began to retire.

M. de Clerfayt, who was all the time growing weaker and gradually losing ground, was impatiently longing for the night to bring him relief, and was in the meantime suffering considerably; but the left, under General Hadik, was more fortunate, and forced the enemy to retire. As soon as his success was assured he sent news of it to M. de Clerfayt and Marshal Coburg. M. de Clerfayt instantly wrote to the marshal: "Things are changed; General Hadik has repulsed the enemy; I think the day might end well without our re-crossing the Sambre." But the right wing was already carrying out Marshal Coburg's first orders: he found it easier to allow this shameful retreat to continue, even though it was not demanded by the circumstances, than to call back the troops whose retrograde movement had begun. From mere apathy he gave no counter-order.[27] The army, therefore, crossed the Sambre, a most important battle was lost, and Maubeuge was saved; while the French, believing themselves defeated, retired with all possible speed towards the right. It would be difficult to believe in such acts of warfare if one had not seen them; but I will guarantee that any man who has served with the Austrians can produce a collection of specimens as striking as mine. The truth of this statement is proved by the results, and by the various treaties of peace.

On the following day the entire Austrian army found itself on the further bank of the Sambre, while not a soul could give

a really good reason for being there. The men exchanged glances; every one was embarrassed by his position and the part he was playing; but there was no possibility of redeeming this culpable blunder. My friends congratulated me on my unhappy prevision, and, having enumerated all the actions in which I had seen Marshal Coburg take part, they said jestingly that I brought him ill-luck, and that he was always beaten when I was present. This was unhappily only too true, and if Marshal Coburg had made the same remark to me himself I should gladly have repeated the comical answer of the aide-de-camp at the battle of Hochstadt: "Never mind, sir; you might easily fight a hundred battles like that without winning a single one!"

I was curious to see something of the English army, which seemed always to be useless and unlucky, and was only known to me by report. As soon as I foresaw the probability of its acting alone I joined the Duke of York. It was at Tournai that I introduced myself to him for the first time, and presented the letter that the Empress of Russia had given me for him. He received me with the utmost kindness, and even then I gathered from what he said that he was on the point of marching upon Menin. He decided to do so a week after my arrival.

We left Tournai in the evening with the whole army, in order that by the time day dawned we might reach the first body of French troops that was to be attacked. When we came to the point where the dispositions for the attack were to be made the Duke of York dismounted, entered the house of the local priest, and went calmly to bed. General Fox, his quartermaster-general,[28] with Lord Cornwallis,[29] some other officers of the staff, and an officer of the Austrian staff, held a consultation in one of the rooms on the tactics to be adopted. This discussion was a veritable lesson in indecision. The attack was to take place at dawn, and no two persons were agreed on the method to be employed. General Fox insisted on the importance of waiting for the Esterhazy Regiment of Austrian Hussars, who had promised to arrive in time and had not appeared: others adduced difficulties of other kinds.

Finally Lord Cornwallis, who was worried by the impossibility of coming to a decision, said: "Where is His Royal Highness?"—"He is in bed," answered one of the aides-de-camp. —"He is in bed, is he?" was the reply. "Well, if he is in bed, I shall go to bed too." No sooner said than done; he left the room; all the others followed his example, and no one was left but the Austrian officer (Orlandini) and myself to laugh over this curious council of war and its important results. It is quite certain that daybreak would have found them all still sleeping, if another reason had not caused the expedition to be abandoned.

At about four o'clock in the morning a letter arrived from the Duke of Coburg, informing the Duke of York that he was about to attack the enemy, with a view to saving Charleroi: it was therefore decided to await the issue of this battle before proceeding further.

As soon as I heard the news I took my leave of the Duke of York, telling him that I was going to join the Austrian army without a moment's delay, in order to take part in the battle. I had at that time the most convenient and portable baggage that a volunteer could possibly take with him on active service. I had six English saddle-horses, all fine strong animals: two carried my luggage, or saddle-bags, which contained everything that was at all necessary, without any need for a carriage: my valet rode another; and the three others were ridden by two grooms and myself. Every day each horse was employed in a different way, so that none of them suffered from sores or fatigue.

I reached the Austrian army on the evening before the battle, and slept at Nivelle.

At three o'clock in the morning I visited the battle-field, namely the plain of Fleurus.[30] The Austrian army was composed of eighty thousand men under Marshal Coburg, with the Prince of Waldeck [31] as quartermaster-general. The Archduke Charles, who was then young, was under the marshal's orders. The French army comprised a hundred thousand men, and was commanded by General Jourdan.[32] The Dutch army formed the Austrians' right wing, and acted separately.

The right wing of the French army was entrenched, and the whole line presented a most imposing appearance. This was the only battle in which I ever saw them use balloons: there was one connected with each wing. They were attached to the ground by a rope, by means of which a man sent down his notes and remarks on the movements of the Austrian army. The men in the ranks were greatly impressed by this novel sight, which they did not understand. Many attempts were made to aim shells at the balloons, but all in vain: not one went near them.

In order to be in a better position to judge of the affair and observe all its details I took up my post in the column of the centre, which was commanded by General Kaunitz.[33] The plain of Fleurus is very wide and level, and the glorious sunshine of that morning enabled one to see the whole extent of the two armies. A more splendid spectacle will never be seen by any soldier in the whole course of his career. The Austrians were bent on carrying the entrenchments of the enemy's right wing: they encountered a very determined resistance, returned to the attack several times, lost a great many men, and even brought up the cavalry. At the first sign of success the word of command was given to the whole battle-line to advance. I was between General Kaunitz and Prince Charles of Lorraine,[34] who was in command of the cavalry of the column, when a staff-officer came up to General Kaunitz with an order to advance, with drums beating and trumpets sounding. A quarter of an hour passed after this order was received, and still General Kaunitz had not carried it out. I went up to Prince Charles of Lorraine and expressed my surprise. "You will see plenty of that sort of thing," he said: "you do not know this country yet." I wished to be quite certain that General Kaunitz had heard the order, and I told Prince Charles I was going to risk reminding him of it. I accordingly approached him, and said: "Your Excellency surely understood the order that came just now from M. le prince de Waldeck?"—"Yes," he answered; "but do not let us hurry; we have plenty of time." He added nothing further to this strange answer, and left me in the bewildered

condition that deliberate disobedience cannot fail to produce.

Three regiments of French cavalry, two of dragoons and one of hussars, made a movement to the right to charge Prince Charles of Lorraine's brigade. General Kaunitz called out to him, to put him on his guard; whereupon Prince Charles wheeled to the left, formed up his two regiments in line, and charged the three French regiments with the utmost intrepidity and skill. His horse received a sword-cut on the head at the moment of the shock, but did not fall; the French ranks were broken; the mêlée was long, and at last decisive;[35] Prince Charles kept up the pursuit as long as was possible, and then formed up again. This fine charge won him the Cross of Maria Theresa. It was, however, executed by only one of his regiments: the other halted at the moment of the attack, and turned its back upon the enemy.

General Kaunitz did not stir, and I can only suppose that a number of circumstances of the same nature combined to distract the Prince of Waldeck, for he lost his head[36] and all his hopes of success before being driven to do so by the enemy. The engagement had begun at daybreak, and the whole day was spent in cannonades and partial attacks, without a single decisive manœuvre that could determine the issue of the battle.

It is said, though the matter has never been cleared up, that the Prince of Waldeck heard of the surrender of Charleroi[37] while the battle was in progress. Even if this supposition be true, it was no reason for failing to make every possible effort to win a battle on which the fate of the Netherlands depended —for the loss of it made the evacuation of that country certain. None the less it is an undoubted fact that nothing was done to overcome the difficulties of the situation, and at about four o'clock the whole army received orders to retreat.

I accompanied the troops as far as the camps where they were to pass the night, but as soon as they had settled down I started for Brussels, with the object of warning my friends to pack up their possessions, and secure the horses necessary for their journey. For I had no doubt that the Netherlands would be at once abandoned.

Thus the Austrian army, despite its admirable theories and admirable administration, will always—until the national character shall have changed—be markedly inferior to any army that employs resolute and energetic tactics. It would be foolish to deny talent to some of the Austrian generals; but their talents cannot be utilised like those of the French generals, because the spirit of the nation is opposed to any sudden innovation. The Austrian army, to all time, will be old-fashioned and theoretical: brave, it is true, but slow, and obstinately attached to its own methods. It will fight our nephews as it fought our forefathers, and will consequently be beaten by the former as it was by the latter. The Austrian army is so well administered that after a campaign—or indeed after ten—it is ready to resume operations sooner than any other army in Europe. But the inertia, both mental and practical, of the generals, the slavishness with which their preparations are subjected to routine, the incapacity and indifference of their subordinates, especially in the commissariat, and the apathy, both in success and failure, which prevents them from redeeming their reverses or following up their good fortune, are so many weaknesses and hindrances in the way of their progress. They will always be forestalled in all their schemes; and as the disordered state of their finances long ago led to their paying the soldiers both economically and irregularly, the subordinate ranks cannot fail to contain a greater number of corruptible individuals than those of other armies. They will not derive as much advantage as they give, therefore, in this particular branch of secondary resources, a branch that is unhappily too often employed, and has therefore become indispensable. In the Austrian army one meets pride and presumption more frequently than self-esteem and patriotism; enthusiasm and love of glory are unknown; men of good birth serve from motives of duty and honour, the others with a view to earning their living. They take the field without any special repugnance, are eager for peace, are resigned when taken prisoners, do not press for an exchange, and are only interested in the corps to which they are attached. If in a pitched battle the left wing should happen to distinguish itself

notably, while the complete defeat of the right wing entails the loss of the battle and ultimately the signing of a disadvantageous treaty, the left wing has reached the summit of its ambitions: it has won distinction in the affair, and peace is concluded.

I do not believe there is a single instance, in the annals of the Austrian army, of a general giving succour to a corps in danger from an enemy of superior strength, without an order or suggestion from the commander-in-chief. Since the corps in question is not under his orders it does not concern him. From his own position he can see the corps yield and lose ground, and at the moment of its repulse he could easily reinforce it if he chose; but it is not his business; his duty is to hold his own position. If he have held it he is completely satisfied; if the other general have been beaten it is all the worse for him. There are faults that are inherent in the national character, and these are some of them: they are incurable. It would seem all the more important, then, to cure those that can be affected by human efforts, and thus to counterbalance, as far as possible, the incalculable differences that exist at present.

A short time after the battle of Fleurus the combined armies effected their retreat from the Netherlands. I left Brussels as the French entered it, and proceeded to Antwerp, whither the English army was marching on its way to the ports of Holland. Its retreat, it seemed to me, was no better organised than its offensive measures, and I shall never forget a certain incident that happened near Antwerp, when the army was on the point of crossing the canal. Seeing a great cloud of smoke rising from the bridge I ran to discover the cause of it; I found the bridge on fire; I sought the Duke of York high and low; but could only find his quartermaster-general, whom I informed of the astonishing sight I had just seen. This phlegmatic individual replied that he had given orders for the bridges to be burnt *after* the army had crossed them, and that some one had certainly made a mistake in setting fire to them *before*. He despatched some officers to make it quite plain that the bridges were not to be burnt till

afterwards. Happily they arrived in time to have the fire put out, but several beams were already burnt.

The English army, having decided to proceed as quickly as possible to the various ports, had no further attractions for me: I left it at Antwerp and joined the Austrian army, which was then falling back on Maestricht. I did not doubt that I should have time to arrive before it; and on this occasion, to rest myself after my numerous exertions, I drove in a post-chaise, while my saddle-horses followed me.

The Duc de Richelieu, who was then at Antwerp, made the journey with me. When we had passed Bois-le-Duc and were approaching Maestricht we were told by the peasants in a village that the Austrian army had already been through the town, and that the French had now entered it. We did not believe it, and continued our journey; but as we proceeded the rumour was so often confirmed that, when we were quite near the town, our doubts began to seem unreasonable. By that time, indeed, any doubt that we still entertained was quite without foundation; but we were so near that the idea of turning back was extremely unpleasant, and we determined to risk going on. The first vedette we saw was wearing a blue coat and was facing the town, either because his horse would not stand still, or because he himself was tempted by curiosity. We felt no doubt, at that moment, that we should be captured in our post-chaise: the colour of the man's uniform, his position, and all the rumours we had heard, combined to make us painfully anxious. Our perturbation was cruelly increased when we saw the vedette call up his men, and come galloping in our direction to reconnoitre us. Most fortunately it transpired that they were, after all, Austrian *Stabs* Dragoons, the only regiment in the Austrian army that wore a blue uniform. We recovered from our agony, of which we said nothing; and made our way to Marshal Coburg, who was evacuating Maestricht, in accordance with his usual custom when he undertook to defend a town. He himself did not yet know where his retreat would end.

It was at this moment that I heard of Robespierre's death. A man at one of the French outposts called out to an Austrian:

"You have some good surgeons in your army, have you not?" —"Why?" asked the other.—"Because Robespierre has just cut his throat." I have seldom been more pleased by any piece of news. In a flash it came to my mind that the people I loved were saved from the terrors that had hung over them so long, that they were free, perhaps, and even preparing to leave France. From that moment my mind was constantly occupied in wondering whether they had the means of escaping from the abyss they were in, and weighing the difficulties they would have to surmount before they were at liberty.

I conceived the idea of going to Switzerland to help them and prepare a shelter for them, where they could rest after all their alarm and suffering; and I decided to set out as quickly as possible. As soon as Maestricht was evacuated I went to Düsseldorf, which I found all the French *émigrés* of my acquaintance were on the point of leaving, in consequence of the renewed retreat of the troops. My special friends in the place made ready to go to Munster, and I prepared to part from them once more, and start upon my own journey. After spending a few days with them I set out, leaving my saddle-horses with two of my friends, from whom I found it extremely difficult to wrest them again later on, when circumstances made them necessary to me. They had grown used to having the horses, and (quite in a friendly way) postponed their restitution to the last possible moment.

I went straight to Lausanne, where I made a bargain with two men to travel to Paris in two carriages, in the character of merchants; to take the orders of my sister and brother; and to bring them back if they agreed to come. While I was awaiting the issue of this attempt I spent six weeks in resting and recruiting my health, after the active life I had been leading for so long. At last I heard that my two emissaries had returned, and were accompanied by some travellers. I had no doubt that I was on the point of meeting my dear ones, and should soon be expressing my delight at having helped towards their escape from the general conflagration in France. But private affairs had prevented them from consenting to my suggestion; they hoped that more peaceful times were at hand;

they had just left the prison in which, for fourteen months, they had lain in Robespierre's clutches, and, now that a happier day seemed about to dawn, they preferred not to run any fresh risks. On going to meet the two carriages I found, instead of my sister and brother, Mme. de la Borde and her daughter Mme. de Noailles,[38] who had profited by this opportunity at the entreaty of my relations.

During my stay at Lausanne I had had occasion to meet a certain Mme. de Mirabeau,[39] the widow of the man who, after leaving France, had raised a legion of troops in Condé's Army.[40] On his death the Princes had granted the proprietary honours to his son, without having any very definite views as to the employment of the legion. I had often thought that, since the Empress of Russia had given me leave, and indeed had enjoined upon me, to quit her service in favour of the cause that concerned me so nearly, it would only be right and fitting, in the case of an improvement in our unhappy circumstances, that I should prove my zeal and devotion in the only royalist army outside the borders of France. My meeting with Mme. de Mirabeau gave me the idea of attaining this end by securing the proprietorship of the legion in question, from which her five-year-old son could derive no advantage. I began by speaking vaguely of the matter to Mme. de Mirabeau; and little by little I learnt the conditions on which she would consent to part with the proprietary rights of the corps, for the term of her son's minority. I finally obtained her authority to acquire the rights, subject to her conditions, if I were still desirous to do so.

Monsieur, Regent of France, was then at Verona, where he had established himself after his journey south—the journey that was intended to put him in touch with the southern coalition and the English expedition against Toulon. With him was my eldest brother, whom I had not seen for two years. I could not resist the pleasure of profiting by this opportunity, and determined to pay him a brief visit at Verona, crossing into Italy by way of the St. Bernard Pass.

This pleasant journey added the interest of novelty to the leisured ease that I was justified in enjoying at that moment,

The life of a soldier on active service demands occasional intervals of relaxation, and there is nothing more restful, nor more calculated to divert the thoughts in a quiet and healthful way, than the scenery of Switzerland and Italy.

On reaching Verona I had the happiness of seeing my brother, and was delighted by the kind reception that Monsieur was gracious enough to give me. I remained for six weeks, in the course of which I spent twelve days enjoying the beauties of ancient Venice, then so near its end. The place was strange to me at that time, and it is very interesting to have seen it before its fall.

I must not omit to record the satisfaction that I secured for Monsieur's unabashed greed on my return from this expedition. I had arranged for my journey to take place during the freshest hours of the day and to be as quickly performed as possible, and I loaded my carriage with everything that Venice could produce in the way of the finest and rarest fish. On reaching Verona I at once sent my supply of provisions to Monsieur's kitchen, with a request to his cook to substitute this dinner secretly for the food already provided for that day. The cook agreed, and prepared as good a dinner as any that Monsieur could have eaten at Versailles. When we sat down to the table the sight that met his eyes gave him the greatest surprise, and an amount of pleasure that was only equalled by my own pleasure at having thought of an amusing diversion for him. He was even more charming and gay than usual. But indeed, in spite of all the troubles that beset him, I cannot remember that he ever, for a single day, yielded to the ill-humour that his situation might well have roused. His equable temper, his quick repartee, and his interesting conversation were unfailing, and I often found my eyes suddenly filling with tears, so deeply touched was I by his noble and courageous way of bearing his own griefs and alleviating those of others.

The Venetian government treated him for some time with deference and respect, but this state of mind was of short duration. Like all the other governments with whom the Princes sought an asylum, that of Venice became afraid of

being compromised, and shortly afterwards Monsieur was obliged to go elsewhere.

Towards the end of the time that I was able to devote to paying my court to him, and seeing my brother, I told him of my scheme with regard to Mirabeau's Legion. He adopted the idea with the most gratifying eagerness, and authorised me to inform M. le prince de Condé of his wishes in the matter. He promised to send me the usual official patents as soon as I should ask for them, and should have found out for certain whether the acquisition of this corps were really desirable.

The rapid advance of the French having obliged a family in whom I was much interested to leave Munster, I arranged to meet them at Frankfort-on-Main, and set out from Verona with that object.

While I was in Frankfort I made all possible inquiries with regard to Mirabeau's Legion, and was confirmed in my desire to command it in the campaign of 1795, and to buy the proprietary rights attached to it. M. le prince de Condé's headquarters were near Bâle, on the banks of the Rhine. I made several expeditions thither, to discuss all the arrangements with him, and the kindness he was good enough to show me made me more than ever anxious to acquire the means of serving, in an agreeable way, under his orders.

The business connected with the Legion was completed in the winter, and early in the summer of 1795 I took up the command. Thenceforward it bore my name.[41]

XI

Condé's Army—Reorganisation of Mirabeau's Legion, now Damas's Legion—Review by Louis XVIII—Moreau crosses the Rhine—Serious accident to the author—Retreat through Bavaria : fierce encounter with General Ferino at Kamlach—Moreau's retreat—Battles of Schussenried, Saint-Blaise, Steinstadt—Moreau re-crosses the Rhine—Reflections on the siege of Kehl by the Archduke Charles—On Condé's Army entering the service of Russia the author decides to go to Italy.

If the proceedings of the allied armies had been more methodical and coherent I should have been loath to hamper my movements by joining Condé's Army. I had so keenly enjoyed following the movements and operations of the previous campaign, with nothing to consider but the gaining of instructive and interesting experience, that I should have thought twice before binding myself in a way that could not fail to curtail my liberty; but the lack of unity and harmony that prevailed made it very difficult to fix upon any special line of operations. I was fulfilling a most important duty, in any case, by dedicating a certain amount of time to the only French force that still counted for anything with the Powers, and I pinned all my hopes to the chances it might afford me, to prove my devotion and zeal.

Condé's Army, while it was still greatly esteemed, was not treated with proper consideration by the cabinet of Vienna, and for a long time had only been maintained by the unconquerable perseverance of its leader. Frequently it was reduced to the most desperate expedients in its struggle to live, and it was this very disregard for its own interests that sometimes made it a burden upon the places where it was cantoned. The indifference shown by all the nobles who served in it to their lack of resources, and by the private soldiers to the irregularity of their pay; their absolute disregard of all personal advantage

and self-interest, and indeed of everything but the attainment of their end; and their renunciation of every kind of minor comfort, must to all time be a proof of their fidelity and devotion to their cause. To M. le prince de Condé, therefore, most of all, but also to every gentleman of quality and every soldier in the ranks, a tribute of admiration is due. Throughout the whole time of this army's existence it was always entrusted with every burdensome duty from which the Austrian generals wished to save their own troops, and always took the initiative in every perilous and doubtful operation in all its campaigns. In every single event that took place upon the Rhine it fell to Condé's Army to begin hostilities, and to conclude them if they happened to turn out badly.

It is remarkable that this army was always reduced to the greatest straits at the very times when it was making itself most useful, and that the trifling relief it obtained was bought, not with its weight in gold, but with its weight in shot. It was only for a very short time that I had the honour of sharing the miseries of these noble-hearted troops, for two months after my arrival the English became alive to the advantages that their policy might derive from Condé's Army, which they accordingly determined to maintain entirely. Colonel Crawford was sent out by the English government to grant M. le prince de Condé everything that he himself thought necessary, to bring his army to a state of the greatest possible efficiency and activity. He was given a sufficient sum of money, not merely to supply absolute necessaries, but even to compensate his companions in arms for the privations they had endured; and in a short time the army was as well organised, equipped, and paid as that of England.

I took advantage of this fortunate circumstance to simplify my Legion, to which M. de Mirabeau had given the most complicated and inconvenient of all possible forms. It was composed of four hundred hussars and twelve hundred foot-soldiers, all well-drilled in the use of arms. There was the same number of officers of all ranks as in the infantry and cavalry regiments of the French army, and the two corps were able to act independently of one another, so that the Legion was like

two regiments wearing the same uniform. The *compagnie colonelle* of the infantry, and that of the hussars, were the only privileged companies, and were composed of gentlemen-volunteers, entrusted with the same duties as the rest, but regarded as picked men, on whom it devolved to give an example of good discipline and courage. This legion was a difficult corps to reduce to the necessary state of absolute discipline, but it was all the more gratifying when one had succeeded in doing so. As regards everything connected with military service these troops were incomparable, and the happiness of winning their esteem and confidence and absolute obedience was as great as any joy that fate has ever granted me, at any time in my career.[1] The changes that I felt it my duty to make for its improvement naturally caused a good deal of excitement, which was only what I expected. On two occasions I turned a failure in discipline into a personal affair, instead of dealing with it in a more drastic way; but the two duels that resulted, while ending fortunately for me, were still more fortunate in their consequences.[2] They placed me in a position of absolute power with regard to every kind of innovation or other matter, without burdening me with the sorrow of having done lasting injury to any exiled gentleman under my orders.

The Austrian army, which in 1795 was commanded on the Rhine by the Comte de Wurmser,[3] formed a greater number of projects than it carried out, though it had many opportunities for the most important and desirable operations.

On one occasion I had an unexpected visit from M. de Wurmser in my quarters on the banks of the Rhine. I had made his acquaintance when I was travelling in Germany for the first time, in 1786. He remembered me, and while inspecting the cordon of troops along the Rhine made a detour to my village. Without a word of warning he came into my bedroom with his whole suite, among whom, I may mention, was General Bellegarde, at that time quartermaster-general of his army. He confided some of his intentions to me, but not one of them was carried out.

As my Legion, in these cantonments, occupied a considerable extent of ground, I chose for my own quarters a little château that stood between the Bâle road and Vieux-Brissac; and so charming were its situation and grounds that I conceived the idea of adding another attraction—the presence of a friend who was very dear to me. I was fortunate enough to persuade her to spend some time with me there, and this is one of the sweetest memories of my life: with the hours divided between her and my Legion every moment was congenial to my tastes and feelings. This was the time of the expedition to Quiberon, in which so many of my fellow-countrymen were unfortunate. Meanwhile I was enjoying the happiest days that I ever experienced in my life.

The summer passed without any resumption of hostilities, and the lady to whom I have just referred went to Constance for the winter. Thither I followed her: and it was then, immediately after she had been contributing so much to my happiness, that I was culpable enough to trouble hers. I fell in love with an angel of enchantment and charm, who returned my affection; and all through that winter I was guilty of requiting with ingratitude and inconstancy the greatest sacrifices that love ever inspired. Where is the man who is guiltless in this respect? I must confess, to the honour of my own heart and the shame of human nature, that I never passed a day in my life without forming good resolutions in this matter, and failing to keep them: the result being that, while I never satisfied any one, and least of all my conscience, I have always had the best possible fortune in this way.

Early in the summer of 1796[4] King Louis XVIII took refuge with the army, the natural place for him to seek the honourable asylum that he could find nowhere else. Nothing could more plainly prove how persistent were the reverses suffered by the allied Powers than the fact that, since 1793, not one of them had been able to defy France so far as to give hospitality, even in the most neutral and peaceable way, to this distinguished sovereign whom a bloodthirsty revolution had cast from his throne. They dared not risk their own interests, by voluntarily adding to the burden of those who

had undertaken this war—a burden that was sufficiently heavy, seeing that they had the most urgent reasons for wishing to subdue the enemy, but had been at their mercy from the first. And the irony of this sad situation was increased by the fact that it was at the very moment when the Austrian army and Condé's became most active, owing to the crossing of the Rhine by the French under Moreau, that the King was forced to yield to the objections raised to his presence. It was then that the Emperor's express order obliged him to part from the army, and take refuge in Germany, where, in spite of his seclusion, an attempt was made upon his life.[5]

Some time after the campaign of 1796 he had reviewed all the regiments in Condé's Army, and—particularly in the case of my legion—had won the hearts and turned the heads of the troops by his words of praise. How useful all this enthusiasm might have been made, had the Powers employed it as a political factor, instead of estimating Condé's Army according to its mere numbers! It is true that this kind of sentiment could only have been used effectively in offensive tactics, and it is hard to recall a moment in the war when these were employed.

The summer was already partly gone. Condé's Army was in cantonments on the banks of the Rhine, forming its allotted portion of the cordon; and my legion, the principal corps of the advanced guard under M. le duc d'Enghien, being part of the same cordon, was posted at the farthest point of the right wing of the army-corps, four leagues above Kehl. One night the major entered my room, and told me that some musket-shots were audible on the islands in the Rhine. I observed, while doing justice to his attention to duty, that we so often had to punish both officers and men for poaching in those islands that the matter was not very important, and might be inquired into and reported by daylight. I sent him back to bed, and resumed my own slumbers. An hour after he left my room I again heard some one entering: this time the voice was unknown to me. On my asking who was there the man answered that he was the sentry posted at my door, and had thought it his duty to tell me that he could hear a

great deal of firing on the islands. I had for so long been undisturbed in my cantonments that I never dreamed the shots could be fired by any one but poachers. However, I rose, and sent my adjutant to rouse the infantry to arms and sound the call to saddle; for I felt it was better to accustom the corps to false alarms than to omit any precaution. But I was hardly sufficiently clothed to mount my horse when it was reported to me that the French were attempting to cross the river in the face of my line.

For the past three months, with a view to improving the discipline and training of my troops, I had made them camp out on a suitable piece of ground near the village where I was quartered, instead of sleeping in the peasants' cottages. I had also been constantly exercising them in manœuvres adapted to both infantry and cavalry, and there was, therefore, no delay nor surprise caused by the suddenness of this change from absolute calm to the most intense activity. When I arrived at the front of the camp all the men were in transports of delight, and might, judging from their state of mind, have been engaged in the most fortunate of campaigns. I had sent a message to M. le duc d'Enghien, who was living in the next village, and in the meantime had taken measures to repulse the enemy as soon as they came within range of me. But their demonstration at this point was merely a feint: the real attack was at Kehl, where it was completely successful. They drove back the troops of the German Circles by whom the approaches to the town were guarded, and reached the right bank of the Rhine, and Offenburg on the Kinzig, without encountering much resistance.[6]

Condé's Army was promptly assembled; and I do not doubt that if it had descended on Kehl without delay it would have prevented the success of Moreau's enterprise. But the short time that was lost enabled him to reinforce his vanguard, which had effected the crossing of the Rhine, and to advance to the defiles of the Aar, which lead to the Black Forest; and it was, therefore, indispensable to reach these defiles before him, and defend the entrance to them.

M. le duc d'Enghien's advanced guard marched upon this

point, and it was at the entrance to this gorge that I nearly lost my life by an accident.

Until the evening was very far advanced the enemy was making the most strenuous efforts to dislodge us. By the orders of M. le duc d'Enghien, General Béthisy,[7] General Thumery,[8] and myself dismounted, to give him our opinion as to the best measures to employ. Having decided upon our course of action we were on the point of remounting, when a discharge of musketry on the part of our own troops startled the horses of the regiment of hussars near which we were standing. The regiment involuntarily made a retrograde movement, and threw us all to the ground. But I was more unfortunate than the others: my horse broke away, and the regiment rode over me: in the darkness no one saw at first that I was lying unconscious on the ground, and it was only an hour later that a man chanced to trip over me, and gave me all the help he could. I was recognised by the light of a lantern, and placed upon a gun, and in this way was dragged to the point, four leagues away in the Black Forest, whither the troops retreated. Thence I was taken in a carriage to Villingen. I lay unconscious for eight hours, but after being bled recovered sufficient strength to travel as far as Constance, where seventeen days of nursing were necessary before I was fit to return to my legion. Meanwhile the Black Forest was still held, and had not been attacked; and by the time the renewal of hostilities by the French obliged the armies of Austria and Condé to fall back upon Donaueschingen and Überlingen I was sufficiently recovered to resume the command of my corps, which I joined at Donaueschingen. All that this adventure left behind it was a very noticeable hollow on my left temple, and a numbness of the left thigh and leg. The first of these results is permanent, but entails no inconvenience; the second gradually diminished, month by month, and at last totally disappeared. Both were caused, without a doubt, by the pressure and trampling of the horses' feet.[9]

From Donaueschingen the army retreated, by a night march, upon Engen. I was still weak and ill, and, profiting by M. le duc d'Enghien's permission to the advanced guard to take

some rest at this place, I went to bed. Hardly had I fallen asleep, however, before M. le duc d'Enghien sent to awaken me, on the pretext of having something important to say to me. When I went to receive his orders he said: "Is it possible, when you are so near two women in whom you are interested, that you can go quietly to sleep instead of warning them to leave Constance before the arrival of the armies? I had you awakened, because I was sure you would never forgive me, if I were to let you forget such an obvious duty. Set out at once; meet us at Überlingen; and I promise you we will not fire a shot till you return."

Full of gratitude for his kind thought I rode off without a moment's delay, and reached Constance in three hours. I helped my friends to pack up their possessions. The one whom I loved like the dearest of sisters started for Switzerland; the other followed the army with me for a few days, and then, when the enemy began to monopolise my attention, went off towards Ratisbon.

At Weingarten, beyond Überlingen, I was joined by my eldest brother. The King had begged him to take the position of colonel-commandant of the legion. Anxious as it made me to see him so often exposed to danger, this feeling was eclipsed by the pleasure of uniting my fate to his, and feeding my own zeal and vanity with the additional glory his ability bestowed upon the legion.

Beyond Memmingen, the army being closely followed by a French army-corps under General Ferino,[10] M. le prince de Condé decided to give battle. His reasons for coming to this decision were opposed to the views ordinarily adopted, for there was nothing in his position to point to such a course. He thought it right, however, and made his dispositions accordingly.[11]

The main body was to attack the enemy's centre at Kamlach;[12] M. le duc d'Enghien, with my legion, combined with seven hundred foot-soldiers, was to attack their left at Oberkamlach, while M. le comte de Viomesnil, with two regiments of light-horse and a little infantry, harassed their right. We set out before daybreak, and drove back the outposts at every

point; but when we reached the high-road to Munich, at the spot where it rises through a thick wood, M. le prince de Condé encountered a force of French infantry superior to his own, in so strong a position that there was no hope of dislodging it. He persisted, none the less, in making the attack; but the intrepid bayonet-charge of the *Infanterie Noble* made no impression on the order and steadiness that reigned in the enemy's ranks. Nearly seven hundred gentlemen of quality [13] were killed or wounded in this attack, and many officers of senior rank among them; but not the smallest advantage was gained.

In the meantime we were encountering an equally resolute resistance on the right. As soon as the French general had seen that his centre could stand against the force that was attacking it, he had strengthened his left, which was opposed to us. There was never a more murderous affair, from beginning to end. Having made our way into the woods by sunken roads that made the advance of the guns very slow and difficult, we found ourselves in an open space, surrounded by the enemy on every side; and for over an hour we were fighting there at close quarters. My brother's horse had been twice wounded, and mine once very seriously, without having as yet refused to do his work; the artillery-horses and gunners were nearly all killed or wounded; several officers and a great number of men had fallen; and still, in spite of repeated and fierce bayonet-charges, it was physically impossible to repel the numbers opposing us. We sent to inform M. le duc d'Enghien of the difficulties we were encountering, to tell him that we could not hear any firing at the centre of the line, and ask him for his final instructions. At the same time we promised to continue making every effort to hold our own, and even to repel the enemy, until we had heard his decision, which would be formed, we could not doubt, according as his grandfather were more or less successful.

The guns were loaded and fired by officers,[14] in default of gunners; and the fact that we did not lose an inch of ground was due to the charges of grape-shot that were poured into the enemy, whenever they advanced within fifty paces of the guns.

The French cried out to us to yield; but our only answer was to rush in upon them with the bayonet, and charge them—even with hussars—through the wood, and sweep away, with a well-directed fire, every one who advanced to take our guns. My horse was shot with *several bullets at once*, and fell, with me under him. I was dragged out from beneath him, and continued, on foot, to direct this terrible and futile affair, with which my brother's energy and my own efforts were hardly sufficient to cope.[15]

At last we learnt to our sorrow that M. de Condé had effected his retreat an hour earlier, and that in consequence we had to deal with all the troops that the French general had been able to send against us, as soon as he was relieved of the attack on his centre. The aide-de-camp who had been despatched to us three-quarters of an hour earlier, with the order to retreat, had been wounded on the way, and the order had, therefore, never reached us.[16] I only received it by the hand of the messenger I had sent to M. le duc d'Enghien, to inform him of my situation. Surrounded as we were, it was by no means easy to retreat, especially as we had to return by the same sunk roads, which our guns, on their first journey, had made worse than they originally were.

We therefore once more advanced to the attack, in order to facilitate the return of our guns, which we protected by retreating in squares behind them, while the hussars guarded their flank by constantly making short charges through the wood, on the French infantry and skirmishers. In this way we succeeded in getting out of the wood; and on reaching the plain we found the whole corps of mounted nobles drawn up in line—a spectacle that prevented the enemy from advancing farther.[17]

In order to leave the plain by way of the Munich road it was necessary for the army to pass through a very narrow gap, between two pools. M. le prince de Condé sent an aide-de-camp to tell us that he was about to take the troops through this pass, and wished us to act as rearguard. This was an arduous addition to our day's work, and some other corps than the worn-out legion should have been chosen for the post; but there was nothing for it but to obey.

M. le prince de Condé set his troops in motion, and we placed ourselves between him and the enemy. When the army had reached the farther side of the pass we began our retreat, with the last squadron of our hussars bringing up the rear, and my brother and I riding last of all, so as to be ready for the enemy beyond the defile.

Altogether this affair cost the legion eighteen officers and three hundred men killed and wounded, but we did not lose a single gun. One ammunition-wagon was left in the wood, for want of horses to draw it.

The loss of my English horse was a great grief to me: I never saw a finer nor a better one. Had I been wounded myself I should have been far more easily consoled, provided the wound had not disabled me.

After the troops had been allowed a rest of a few hours the retreat before the enemy was continued through Landsberg. With the enemy still upon our heels we crossed the Isar at Munich, the point that had been fixed upon as the limit of the general retreat by M. le comte de la Tour,[18] who was in command of the Austrian army to which we were attached. The bridge at Munich was barricaded, and we prepared to defend ourselves on the banks of the river opposite to the town.

The Austrian cabinet had conceived the very fine plan of limiting the army of General de la Tour to measures of defence, on the right bank of the Isar, while the army of the Archduke Charles assumed the offensive on the left bank of the Danube.

General Jourdan, at the head of a considerable French army, had taken up his position on the left bank of the Danube, with that river on his right, and was threatening the Hereditary States. The Archduke Charles marched upon him, defeated him in a pitched battle, and after worsting him on several other occasions [19] forced him to retreat, in a state of disorder most unusual in the French army. This opened the archduke's way to Franconia. It was, therefore, to his interest to leave the Comte de la Tour's army on the Isar to contend with Moreau's army, sufficiently long for him (the archduke) to

turn Moreau's flank, and reach the banks of the Rhine before that general had guessed his intention. This operation, which was very successfully carried out by the Archduke Charles, would certainly have caused the undoing of General Moreau if it had not been for certain blunders unconnected with the general plan.

The Comte de la Tour's army remained for twenty-two days on the banks of the Isar; and all that time the advanced guard under General Devay, combined with that of Condé's Army under M. le duc d'Enghien—which included my corps—was defending the bridge of Munich. Every day, morning and evening, the artillery and musketry were engaged in skirmishes of more or less importance.

When General Moreau arrived on the banks of the Isar he certainly was aware of the archduke's movements, since he did not force the bridge, and must at the same time have had some hopes and doubts as to General Jourdan's operations, since he delayed his retreat. But when he decided on that measure the Archduke Charles had gained a considerable amount of time, and it appeared probable that General Moreau would be too late to retire across the Rhine. With the utmost ability and promptitude, however, he succeeded in gaining a day's march on us. M. le comte de la Tour was conscious of his mistake, and tried to redeem it by forced marches, with a view to approaching the French army sufficiently closely to profit by its position, and hinder or check its retreat at will. His advanced guard came up with General Moreau's rearguard near Aticha, where an insignificant skirmish took place; but M. le comte de la Tour, with the main body, diverged too much to the right, and gave General Moreau time to rejoin the rest of his troops. The latter was then able to follow the high-road, after evacuating Neuberg, without any risk of being intercepted by a larger force than he could deal with. As a matter of fact he met none but the combined advanced guards of the armies of Austria and Condé, under General Devay, who had no alternative but to let him pass unhindered.

We made a movement towards the left of Moreau's army, and watched it pass without molesting it: forty thousand

men went by, while we stood within range of their guns and looked at them. But Moreau had no desire to delay his retreat by a useless attack, for which he knew we should not wait; and he passed us without firing a gun. I do not think quite such a curious situation was ever experienced before: it could only be produced by a very unusual combination of chances.

M. le comte de la Tour continued the pursuit, gradually gaining ground on General Moreau, who was losing a great many men, through the straggling and scattering of his detachments. At last, when he was nearly in the centre of Swabia, he came to the conclusion that the only way to conduct his retreat to a happy issue was to repulse the Comte de la Tour's army sufficiently to gain several marches on him.

Accordingly he faced round, took up his position with his right towards Schussenried, and decided to attack us. Two days later we were told by the abbot of that superb monastery that General Moreau had said to him on the 2nd October, the day he made the attack: "Prepare a large supper and a very good one: if I should be beaten M. le prince de Condé and his son will eat it: if I win, you and I will sup together, and I shall be greatly in need of it."

He concentrated all his attention on his centre and left.[20] The advanced guard under M. le duc d'Enghien was opposed to his right, in front of Schussenried. M. le duc d'Enghien had received orders from M. de la Tour to abstain from provoking and harassing the enemy, but it was contrary to his nature to obey so prudent a command. As soon as the sharpshooters opened fire he engaged the whole advanced guard. Though he succeeded in holding his own he was unable to gain any ground, and our losses were great, especially in officers. But in this part of the field the object of the French was merely to avoid repulse: it was the centre, under General Saint-Cyr, and the left wing that were intended to repel M. de la Tour and M. le prince de Condé, turn their flank, and defeat them.

The Austrian troops, in this battle, behaved far from well. Ten battalions, among others, threw down their arms, and left

a weak point by which the French could not fail to profit. The right and the centre of the Austrian army were beaten back in succession : some of the French then turned their flank, and M. de la Tour was obliged to fly precipitately.

M. le duc d'Enghien was still fighting on the hills of Schussenried, with the infantry of the legion under my brother, and the Hohenlohe Regiment [21] of Condé's Army, while I and my hussars were engaged with the French cavalry on the plain below. M. le duc received an order to retreat, which he communicated to me ; but as I was unaware of M. de la Tour's fate, and had no personal reason for yielding ground that I could perfectly well hold, I waited for a second order before obeying. M. le duc d'Enghien brought me the order himself, and told me the reasons that made it necessary. And truly we had not a moment to lose. Had we been an instant later in passing through the defiles that lay behind us, they would have been occupied by the enemy, and closed to us.

M. le prince de Condé, whose army-corps was stationed in the centre, rendered a most important service on this occasion to M. de la Tour, by acting as his rearguard, covering his retreat, and saving him from the incalculable disasters that would have resulted from the disorder of his troops. M. le prince de Condé held back the French with a degree of resolution and firmness worthy of all praise, until Moreau, seeing that he would lose more than he gained by changing his plans, reverted to his original intention, and retired.

In this affair great numbers of the Austrians were taken prisoners—far more than were killed or wounded. Twenty-five guns, too, remained in the hands of the French. The losses of Condé's Army were smaller in proportion, but included a remarkable number of officers.[22] Not one of its guns or baggage-wagons was taken.

As soon as M. le comte de la Tour had steadied his troops we continued our advance. General Moreau, who was already weakened by the partial dispersion that is inevitable in a precipitate retreat, and had no aim except to avoid the probable effects of his situation by re-crossing the Rhine, now further diminished his forces by sending back through Switzer-

land all the troops that were least fit to make rapid marches. The neutrality of this country was recognised, and should have protected it, but the Swiss were already resigned to the future, and when Moreau's troops entered their territory they put no difficulties in the way. General Moreau himself continued his retreat with his best troops, through the passes of the Black Forest.

Until he came out upon the high-road from Bâle to Frankfort, near Freiburg in Brisgau, his position was the most unpleasant that a general was ever in. It seemed impossible that he could avoid being caught between the Archduke Charles's army and that of M. de la Tour, and forced, probably, either to capitulate, or to lose all his men in an unequal fight. But his promptitude and skilful tactics saved him.[23] The head of his columns only reached the opening of the mountain-passes a day before the Archduke Charles. He left a rearguard in the defiles to delay our advance, and we had a very sharp encounter with it near the Abbey of Saint-Blaise.[24] It fell to my brother and me to carry a certain height called the Hollgraben (a position already well known in the campaigns of the Maréchal de Turenne).[25] We were supported by the Hohenlohe Regiment of Condé's Army, under General Béthisy, and M. le duc d'Enghien was in command of both corps. This very strong position was a difficult one to take, but nothing was impossible to the bravery of this legion. At the very moment of the attack, which took place under the eyes of Condé's Army—stationed at a little distance to the rear of us—the Hohenlohe Regiment wavered; whereupon the legion redoubled its efforts, and carried the position at the point of the bayonet. The French retired hastily, and we spent that night in the territory of the Abbey of Saint-Blaise, the point where we ceased our pursuit of the enemy.

In this affair several officers and some grenadiers were wounded,[26] but neither my brother, nor I, nor any of the senior officers, was touched. M. le prince de Condé, who had witnessed the attack, rode up to the legion after it had proved successful, and cried in a loud voice: "*Vive la légion!*" This cry was caught up and repeated on every hand, and served as

an ample reward to this brave corps, who never wished for a reward of any other kind.

We had now but a short distance to traverse before entering upon the plain of Brisgau. Between Saint-Blaise and the high-road to Bâle the roads are very narrow, with high, steep banks, and the mountains form passes that are very difficult to cross. The only way to advance, without running the risk of being cut to pieces or shot down, is to take by way of the heights a sufficient number of troops to ensure the safety of the whole force, and allow only the remainder to march through the passes.

I was greatly surprised when M. le prince de Condé, on leaving Saint-Blaise, gave orders for all the troops to pass through the ravines. I expressed my opinion on the subject both to him and his grandson, and the latter entirely agreed with me; but M. le prince de Condé held to his decision, and we set out in single file, for the paths would not admit of a wider front. We had hardly covered half a league when I met a peasant who told me that the enemy was coming over the heights in the direction of Saint-Blaise. I had predicted this event too confidently to be the first person to warn M. le prince de Condé of the danger he was in: I waited till the information had reached him. A few hundred yards farther on I met him retracing his steps—making a way with the greatest difficulty along the narrow path that the troops were following. "Do you know that the enemy is turning our flank by the heights?" he said. "What shall we do?" "Turn to the right-about on the spot," I answered, "or you will be shot down here before an hour has passed, without any possibility of self-defence. We must turn back to the little plain at Saint-Blaise without a moment's delay."

He gave orders to this effect, and when, after half-an-hour of very hasty retreat, we found ourselves once more near the abbey, the enemy were descending upon it from the mountains on the left, and were already on our heels. The fusillade began instantly, and we succeeded in repulsing them. We then followed in their footsteps, which were far more wisely directed than our own; and at about four in the afternoon we came out

upon the high-road to Bâle, at the exact spot where the Archduke Charles was stationed with his advanced guard. He greeted M. le duc d'Enghien and M. le prince de Condé in the most friendly and gratifying way. My hussars and the Hungarian regiments marched on together; and the Archduke Charles and M. le duc d'Enghien pursued the French rear-guard, until night fell, with the fire of their light-artillery.

The place assigned to Condé's Army in the line of battle was on the right, on the banks of the Rhine. The massed armies marched up the valley of the Rhine, with the intention of meeting General Moreau before he should have had time to cross the bridge of boats opposite Huningue, which was protected by a *tête-de-pont*.

General Moreau's troops, however, were fatigued by their rapid march, and he felt that his only hope of crossing the river lay in reaching Huningue before us. He therefore faced round upon the heights of Steinstadt, in a very good position, and checked our pursuit. His light troops occupied the village of Steinstadt, above which his army presented a very formidable front.

The Archduke Charles immediately prepared to take advantage of this temporary suspension of Moreau's retreat. He postponed the offensive measures of his right, while he manœuvred with his left, his object being to reach the *tête-de-pont* at Huningue before the French army could begin its passage over the Rhine.

The archduke's army was about sixty thousand strong; that of General Moreau was reduced to thirty-six thousand at most. Despite the difficulties of the way, the archduke's left succeeded in turning Moreau's right wing; and it devolved on M. le prince de Condé to seize the village of Steinstadt.[27] It was surrounded by the battalions of nobles on the right, and another regiment on the left; and my legion was ordered to take possession of it. In spite of a very hot fire from the musketry in the village itself, and from the artillery posted on the hills, we carried the place at the point of the bayonet. The French battalions retired, in square formation and in good order, keeping up an unremitting fire until a downpour of rain

put an end to it. Then darkness fell, and the fires of the French were lighted, opposite to our own, on the height above Steinstadt.

The archduke's attack was to be resumed at break of day, but General Moreau, to whom it had been reported that his right was being outstripped by the archduke's left, kept up his fires to deceive us as to his intentions, and crept away in the night.

On the following morning at dawn the archduke set out in pursuit with his centre and right, and I am persuaded that he did not make the most of the situation. He relaxed in his pursuit at the very moment when he might have gained most by it. We stood by while the French army passed, unmolested, over the bridge at Huningue, and I shall always believe that there was quite enough time for it to be partially destroyed, in the plain that lies between the *tête-de-pont* and the escarpment of the high-road to Bâle.

General Moreau re-crossed the Rhine unhindered, but his army had lost a third of its strength since he crossed it first. His greatest losses were caused by the peasants of Swabia: every man who fell out of the ranks on the march was lost to him.

General Abbatucci,[28] who had commanded one of the French advanced guards during this campaign and had constantly been engaged with ours, was left in command of the *tête-de-pont* at Huningue. This was an excellent work of its kind, and held out against all the efforts of the Austrians for over a month: they once attempted to carry it by assault, and were repulsed. General Abbatucci greatly distinguished himself there, and finally was killed and buried there. It was not until after his death that the work was occupied by the Austrians, and the bridge broken down.

During the defence of this *tête-de-pont* General Moreau attempted a diversion on the left bank of the Rhine, and the Archduke Charles was obliged to move all his forces towards Kehl. The season was so far advanced that it seemed an unpropitious moment to besiege the town, but the Emperor's minister, M. de Thugut, insisted upon it, and sent Count Franz

Dietrichstein to the archduke with instructions to that effect. The trenches were completed in November, and the place held out till the middle of January 1797.[29] Never was a siege conducted with more desperation on both sides. The Austrians lost more men in it than in two campaigns; and the fortress was not of sufficient importance to justify such sacrifices, for General Moreau, who had crossed the Rhine only a short time before, could have crossed it again at some other point, if circumstances had made it desirable. He proved this in the following March, when he opened the operations that were suspended by the preliminaries of the Peace of Campo-Formio.

Condé's Army took no part in the siege of Kehl, but retired to cantonments in the valley of the Rhine. The campaign of 1796 was the last in which it took part under the orders of the Austrian generals.

The moment my legion was at liberty I went to Frauenfeld, in Switzerland. I spent a week there, and then returned to our cantonments.

As soon as the Austrians were in their winter quarters and the campaign was really over I set out to Constance, where I remained for some time, leaving my brother with the legion. While I was there I fell ill, and it was more than six weeks before I recovered from the effects of my exertions during the past campaign. My sufferings were alleviated, however, by the tender care I received. I have very seldom in my life been fated to endure pain or fatigue without being granted compensations of a kind to fill my heart with gratitude. Whatever the future may hold for me, therefore, I shall always be able to take refuge in my memories.

The Austrians spent the winter in recovering from the past campaign and preparing to resume hostilities in the spring; and, as I think I said before, their military administration in this respect is better than that of any other country in Europe. General Moreau, for his part, was making arrangements to open the campaign very early, and the means at his command, combined with his genius, were quite likely to counterbalance the superiority of the Austrian war department. As soon as

the season allowed of it, therefore, a resumption of hostilities was to be expected.

We took advantage, my brother and I, of the last moments of inaction, to meet my sister and two other brothers in Switzerland. We rented a house near Berne, and spent four weeks there together.

The English government furnished Condé's Army with the necessary funds to repair its losses. Every corps was made up to its full complement; but the work of preparing for the campaign was still in progress when Moreau, at the end of March, began operations. He crossed the Rhine at a point considerably below Condé's Army, repulsing the Austrian troops that tried to oppose him.[30] We were consequently on the point of retiring into the defiles of the Black Forest, and the legion had already received orders to form the rearguard of the Austrian army, when a courier arrived with the announcement that the preliminaries of peace were signed. The movements of all the troops of both armies were instantly suspended, and although several months intervened between the preliminaries and the peace, hostilities were at an end.

The conditions of the peace were such that it could only be reasonably regarded as a truce, but it was necessary to the Austrians, and the cabinet of Vienna was wise to accept it as it stood. The Austrian troops were discouraged to a degree that could not fail to bring about their defeat; officers and men alike required a respite; the section of the army that was in the neighbourhood of Franconia was in the most deplorable situation, and according to all appearances must inevitably have been destroyed at the outset. The Archduke Charles himself was in favour of peace, and had every reason for being so. Not only were the regiments disorganised, but mental demoralisation was widespread, and that is a disease that cannot be cured in one winter. The sluggishness and indifference of the Austrians had been pitted for too long against the energy and enthusiasm of the French. The former, indeed, were well supplied with reasons and motives for concluding peace on this occasion, though they were entirely lacking in them in all their later truces and treaties. Speaking generally, I think it is a

fact, with regard to the history of the cabinet of Vienna since the year 1787, that it has invariably chosen the wrong moment, both for its declarations of war and its treaties of peace. Eye-witnesses, however, will make an exception in the case of the Peace of Loeben, on account of the indescribable distress that the country was in at that time.

Condé's Army received orders to go into cantonments near Überlingen, which became M. le prince de Condé's head-quarters. The legion was quartered in the neighbourhood of Warzach. But when the English were ready to conclude their separate peace, and had, therefore, no further need of the services of Condé's Army, they announced that it would be disbanded in the course of the summer.

It was certain that the cabinet of Vienna would not again be responsible for it: the dispersion, therefore, was likely to be permanent. M. le prince de Condé begged all the Courts to come to his aid, and Paul I offered him an asylum. He sent a commissioner to M. le prince de Condé, and it was arranged that the army should be transferred from the service of England to that of Russia, as soon as the English had completed the accounts and the disbandment. It was then to set out at once upon the march to Volhynia, where it would be organised in accordance with the Russian regulations. The Emperor Paul sent all the necessary money, and made all the arrangements with the sovereigns whose territory was to be traversed; and the army set out in October 1797.

Since it seemed I was to return to Russia, in whose service I had been for the past ten years, and since, when I was once there, my liberty would for a long time be curtailed, I determined to take advantage of my last days of freedom, and see Italy. I decided to travel to Russia by way of Naples, Constantinople, and Odessa.

It was this moment and this decision that changed my whole career: I have recorded the sequel elsewhere.[31] My path has been sown with vicissitudes and joys. I have, therefore, no complaints to bring against the past, and I await the future with confidence.

XII

The Comte arrives in Naples, February 1798—Reflections on the political situation of the kingdom, and severe criticism of Acton, who is paving the way for the country's ruin by stopping the Baron de Salis's work of reorganising the army, and by sacrificing Naples to the policy of England—The author's travels interrupted by events in Italy, which lead him to accept employment in Naples—He begins by fighting a duel with the Chevalier de Saxe, and is seriously wounded—The Neapolitan army : manœuvres conducted by Mack—March to Rome, without a shot being fired—The army already in disorder.

ALL that has been written on Naples since the beginning of the present reign is more or less erroneous. The writers who have attempted to describe the proceedings of the government, its relations with the Courts of Europe, its intercourse with the different orders in the State, and the principles on which the wealth and prosperity of the nation can best be founded, have often made mistakes. Those, however, who have read the memoirs of Favier will have acquired a comparatively accurate idea of all that is known of the essential points of the administration—the means at its command, its resources, and its fundamental principles.

It is no part of my object to correct the prevailing ideas on the events that preceded my arrival in Naples. Favier's *Tableau des cabinets de l'Europe* [1] shows us Naples bound to Spain by all the ties of custom and national temperament, and following her lead in every detail and every measure, in all branches of the government, but already craving to be free. And the family compact to which the King of Spain formally pledged his word that the King of Naples should subscribe as far as in him lay—the compact to which the minister Tanucci [2] refused to adhere—provoked the first important step taken by the Neapolitan Court in the direction of independence.

From that moment every proceeding of the government

always tended to prove to the Court of Spain that the ties of blood and the relations between the two kingdoms were in future to have no influence on the policy of either country. The kingdom of Naples, in shaking off the yoke, was eager to prove itself emancipated; as a boy who has been held in tutelage by his family will sometimes indulge in acts of folly, for the sole purpose of showing that he is his own master.

I should be glad if I could attribute this very natural desire for freedom of action to the energy and determination of the ministry, and its pride in the geographical position of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the abundant resources of all kinds at its command. With so many advantages Naples might well aspire to outdo all the leading Powers of Europe as far as the people's happiness is concerned, and might be second to none in developing the means of maintaining it.

But I am forced to confess that the prosperity of the kingdom was secured and maintained for forty years by the force of circumstances, the hand of fate, and mere good luck. The government never made the smallest attempt to prolong that period of prosperity by any carefully considered, practical, or persistent means.

When I arrived in Naples, in February 1798, its golden age was on the wane. But as I sighed over the present and trembled for the future I could see what its past had been. The government, like the soil, contained fragments of the antique; the old administration lay in ruins, the new was too unsound to take its place.

After a succession of ministers who were worse than mediocre [3] the evil genius of the kingdom had placed General Acton [4] in power. For the past eighteen years he had been gradually but assiduously undermining all the foundations of the country's prosperity, and at the period to which I refer he was concentrating all his attention on the task of shattering it completely.

I refuse to waste my time in enlarging upon this man, whose only claim to interest lies in his faults: every event upon which he left his mark will serve to make his character known. He passed from the service of Tuscany into that of Naples

with the frigates that the Grand Duke gave to the King when he suppressed his navy; and very shortly afterwards he came into favour.

The Queen,[5] who was still young at that time, allowed herself to be dazzled and dominated by this man, whom a little reflection would have enabled her to estimate at his real value. She dragged him from the obscurity into which he has so often endeavoured, since then, to drag her. I do not wish to tear aside the veil that screened his actions. It should have had nothing worse than mistakes to hide, but it grew very opaque in the course of the years, and finally concealed errors that plunged the kingdom into a chaos of incalculable miseries.

By the time two years had passed everything was submitted to the decision of this incapable man. He was hated even before his character was known. This premature judgment, one would think, might have made him willing to let time justify him; but its only effect was to make him desire revenge. This was his sole aim and object throughout the years he was in power.

The constitution of Naples is, inherently, more despotic than any other in Europe; and its arbitrary nature was necessarily more apparent when the authority of its natural head, the King, was replaced by that of a favourite. Yet this was what Acton achieved; and every custom and convention went down before his personality. He alienated the nobility, disgusted the army, and, assuming an English name in the hope that his father, the Besançon doctor, might be forgotten,[6] gave all his attention to the navy and adopted the English system to the exclusion of all others.

I think that any one who knows the kingdom of Naples will agree with me that England should always be treated with consideration by the Neapolitan cabinet, but rarely with special preference. If we consider the reasons that might justify a government in sacrificing everything to the English system, I do not doubt that Acton's lack of foresight will become obvious.

One must suppose that he thought the frontiers of the

kingdom were unassailable by land. He assumed, quite wrongly, that a country situated in the remoter parts of Italy and cut off by the Papal States from all contact with the continent, a country easily warned of any contemplated hostilities, and difficult to invade on account of the configuration of its frontiers, was more likely to be attacked from the sea than from the landward side.

He had apparently forgotten, however, that it was impossible for England to obtain the upper hand in the Mediterranean at the first moment of a war; that only a series of victories could give her that position; that the Neapolitan navy could never be formidable enough to lay down the law, and that it must always be prepared to be used as a reinforcement by any first-rate Power that might happen to be predominant in those waters. Neither had he remembered that the many changes then taking place in Europe must involve Italy in war, and that in every war Naples must have a defensive force, since the Papal States could only be regarded as a thoroughfare for all the troops acting on the offensive.

Owing to its geographical situation the kingdom was in the fortunate position of being able to claim absolute neutrality in a continental war, but no government can wisely base and regulate its precautions on a consideration of that kind. The French Revolution and its consequences have shown only too plainly that probabilities are of little value; and even supposing that so extraordinary a conflagration had never taken place, how many political chances might have arisen to turn Italy into a battle-field! It should not be forgotten, for instance, that centuries must pass before the House of Austria relinquishes its claims to that part of Europe.

What then, it may be asked, would be the right measures for the government to take, in the case of any war in Italy that should threaten the safety of the kingdom? It should protect its frontiers, and take its army into the Roman States as far as the river Nera. Fifty thousand men would be sufficient, in that position, to defend the portion of the Papal States that guards the kingdom; and a force of that strength should always be available.

With this support at his back the King could insist on the neutrality of his realm, which he should never separate from the Roman States, since they are the foundation of his safety. If any of the Powers were to enter his territory he could declare hostilities.

While the old order of things still prevailed in Europe the Power that the kingdom of Naples had the most reason to fear was Austria. But since the French Revolution replaced all existing principles and natural relations by a system of invasion, an alliance, or at least perfect harmony with Austria, has been the fixed basis on which the Neapolitan government should found all its policy. To make this alliance useful and advantageous Naples should have an army of fifty thousand men. Even if it never went beyond the northern frontier of the Roman States this force would ensure equality in the advantages enjoyed by the two Powers.

Supposing circumstances directly affecting Austria were to force her to demand more activity from the Neapolitan army, the government should only acquiesce so far as to let the army form the left wing of the Austrian forces, so that in case of defeat the south of Italy should never be left unprotected.

An examination of the dangers threatening the kingdom from the sea will show that a bombardment of the capital is the only thing to be feared; and what hope is there that a small fleet could long postpone that disaster? A few bombs thrown into Naples need never reduce the King to despair, if he were in a position to save his territory from invasion; and this he might easily be, if he did not exhaust his funds by building ships, which he loses, in the first campaign, to one of the great naval Powers.

The probability of a conflagration in Italy has sometimes awakened Acton's vague mind to these truths, and to the necessity of improving and increasing the land forces. He has made attempts to that end, but those whom he has entrusted with the task have always been prevented, by his suspicious temperament, from finishing their work.

In 1786 he summoned the Baron de Salis to his aid,[7] and he in turn secured the help of several Prussian and French

officers. Salis was quite capable of doing good work; he was an excellent officer, a man of honour and ability. He arrived on the scene with the intention of realising, in a perfect army, all the ideals he had collected in the whole course of his life. We all know that his work in France was chiefly concerned with details; and in Naples, too, the details of his labour assumed too much importance. If he had taken advantage of the favours and rights that are always accorded to novelty, and had begun on a large scale, he might have rendered incalculable services to the kingdom. He made excellent models in every department of the army, but did not have them imitated with sufficient promptitude; and he used up, in the making of these fragmentary patterns, all the time that Acton's jealous and envious nature could endure to leave him in his prominent, if insecure, position.

When cabals were formed against the changes that Salis thought necessary they were fomented by Acton, who compromised the baron with the King, the Queen, and the public, and finally drove him, by dint of mortifying and harassing him perpetually, to resign his post. This occurred at the very moment of the crisis that always results from unfinished reforms.

Salis, when he resigned, left the whole nobility disgusted with military service. The Swiss regiments had been suppressed before the national regiments were fit to replace them; even the least incomplete corps were very imperfectly trained; and the army fell into a far worse state of demoralisation than had existed before the attempt to reform it—a condition from which it would undoubtedly have been rescued if Salis had been allowed to achieve the task he had begun.

Acton replaced Salis with a German who was unequal to the post,[8] and was only appointed to it with a view to closing the door to Salis's return. He was not long in it; and then the army oscillated, in an unsystematic, aimless way, between the old and the new regulations, until the time of which I shall presently speak, when General Mack[9] rashly accepted the position of commander-in-chief.

In the days immediately preceding the French Revolution,

or rather when it was in its earliest stage, Acton had allowed himself to be carried away by it. He saw that some of its underlying principles were cognate with his own insatiable ambition. We all know that the ill-fated Louis XVI was himself blinded by the chimerical idea of preserving a monarchy, while lessening the power of the orders that intervened between the throne and the people. It was only natural that Acton should be attracted by this mistaken notion, and so great was his ascendancy over the minds of the King and Queen that he was able to modify the emotions that the outbreak of the Revolution was bound to arouse, one would think, in natures such as theirs. This way of regarding the matter was maintained until 1792, to such a degree that Acton was permitted to humiliate, and annoy, and even revile the leading orders of the state, with perfect impunity.

In 1793 war broke out between England and France. The English government, taking advantage of Acton's need of its support in his claims on an English family and property, assumed control of the policy of Naples, and thenceforward held that Court in a state of absolute dependence.

The Queen, whose whole mind was bent on adding lustre to this man's life, had secured his recognition as the heir of a family with whom his only connection was through the letters of the alphabet. But the English government was none too eager to lend itself to this proceeding, and would only sell its consent in return for the whole-hearted submission of the Neapolitan cabinet.

The latter sent an army-corps to join in the English, Spanish, and Piedmontese coalition against Toulon. This force shared the fate of the allies, and the troops returned to the kingdom without any reward for their losses save the approbation of the coalition.

In 1796, when the Emperor was directing all his forces against Italy, he asked the King of Naples to contribute a contingent, preferably cavalry, to fight for the common cause. Four regiments were sent, and behaved with distinction. But at the end of that same year the Emperor, being crushed by his reverses, began to think of peace. The cabinet of Naples

was informed of this, and entered into negotiations for a separate treaty, which was soon afterwards concluded.[10]

The peace that was made at this time between the Austrian Cabinet and France[11] can only have been intended, it seems to me, for a brief truce. The war, however, could not be resumed without involving Naples; and, indeed, a war founded on the principles that France was then preaching, was liable to set, not only Naples, but the whole of Italy, in a blaze. And the argument that follows is this: the maritime forces of France had been greatly weakened, especially in the Mediterranean, by the burning of Toulon, while her land forces were being proportionately strengthened by her despotic and bloodthirsty government: consequently the kingdom of Naples was far more likely to be threatened on the frontiers than on the coast.

It was essential, then, to employ the momentary lull in repairing and provisioning all the fortresses, and in making the army fit for active service within the confines of the kingdom, if not beyond them.

But Acton thought of nothing of this kind: everything was left dilapidated and neglected. At last, in the year 1797, the French government plainly showed that it had no intention of postponing its destructive plans any longer. Its forces invaded the Papal States, disinterred the skeleton of the Roman Republic, and advanced so close to the frontiers of the kingdom as to leave no doubt of its hostile intentions.

Certain circumstances that afterwards occurred may have given rise to the belief that, if the Neapolitans had not made the attack, the French would not have taken the initiative. But, at the time, appearances did not favour this view: to make the attack was the only prudent course, and it was more the manner of it, and the time chosen, that were in fault, than the actual enterprise itself. Two months later the attempt would have been perfectly justified and likely to succeed.

Acton, under pressure from the English, decided to prepare for war. To this course he was urged by Nelson, who had just been brought into the highest repute by his victory at Aboukir,

and threatened the minister personally with the displeasure of his government. Acton made a forced levy in the provinces, and in six weeks increased the strength of the army from fifteen thousand to fifty thousand. That is to say he armed and clothed fifty thousand men, but all he added to his fifteen thousand soldiers was a great deal of confusion and embarrassment.

General Mack was begged of the Court of Vienna by the Court of Naples. The former agreed to dispense with his services for the King's sake, while disapproving of the preference shown for him.[12] Mack arrived at the moment when all the crowd of recruits were settling into their cantonments.

Acton welcomed Mack with all the cunning and falsity that were natural to him. He inspired him with confidence, appointed his staff in accordance with his own views, and filled him with enthusiasm for the army, which he laid before him on paper, being as yet unable to show him any portion of it under arms. General Mack *was always supposed* to have brought an assurance from the Court of Vienna that the Austrian army should open the campaign simultaneously with that of Naples. It is probable that Thugut,[13] who was then at the head of the ministry, and not only had no love for Mack but detested Acton, had given this promise in rather ambiguous words, which could be repudiated when the right time and occasion should come. But vague words are not usually regarded as a sufficient pledge by a wise government, and it is incredible that they should have satisfied even Acton, had they not served him as a pretext for his submission to the pressure of the English government.

Every private letter that came from Vienna brought news of Thugut's delays, and entreated the King and Queen to give no credence to the report of the troops' advance. The Austrian Ambassador even made an official request for a postponement of the campaign; but the die was cast. Nelson was entreating and threatening; and Acton was quite blind to the aim of the English, which was simply to force the Emperor into hastening his movements, on account of the hostilities in which the Court of Naples was engaging. Combined with this

motive was the furtive hope that they might enjoy the pleasing sight of all the continental Powers in arms, supposing serious reverses were to result in the invasion of the kingdom of Naples. But Acton, as I say, being blind to this aspect of the matter, made no change whatever in his plans, and decided irrevocably upon opening the campaign.

In the month of November Mack set out to San Germano,[14] the spot where the army was to muster. I will return to this period, after a digression on the events that led to my joining the service.

When Condé's Army started for Russia I was at Constance.[15] I had been in the Russian army for ten years, and had only served with M. le prince de Condé by permission of the Empress Catherine, and, after her death, of the Emperor Paul. When Condé's Army went to Russia, therefore, I reverted to my former rank and duties in the Russian service, and was no longer in any way connected with Condé's Army. I foresaw that, since the rules of the service had greatly increased in severity since the accession of Paul I, I should be chained to my regiment for a very long time. This being the case I conceived a desire to return to Petersburg by a very indirect route, and determined to indulge in an interesting journey that I had been longing to make for several years. I resolved to travel through Italy, embark at Naples for Constantinople, and thence return to Russia by way of the Black Sea.

I proceeded to carry out my scheme in every detail. I spent a fortnight in Milan, a fortnight in Florence, and twenty days in Rome, where I saw the Vatican invaded, the Pope carried off, and all the riches and antiquities of that magnificent town seized by the French general Berthier.[16] This disastrous event made it impossible for me to make a longer visit than twenty days, and I set out to Naples, where I only intended to remain for a month, a sufficient time for me to see everything of interest in the place.

I chartered a vessel to take me to the Levant, and was on the point of embarking when it suddenly became plain that war was imminent, and the projects for prosecuting it began to be developed.

I had never missed a chance of fighting since I first left France in 1787, and in spite of myself I bethought me of various reasons why I ought not to let this opportunity slip any more than the others. There is a pleasure in removing imaginary obstacles, when at the back of one's mind one has already unconsciously come to a decision. It pleased me to think that this proof of my zeal would supply the Emperor Paul with a good reason for increasing his good-will towards me, and, having firmly persuaded myself that there was no rational objection to the fulfilment of my wish, I wrote to the minister, Acton.

I told him how earnestly I desired to witness the success of his enterprise. I observed that the ties of friendship existing between the Courts of Russia and Naples justified me in asking leave to follow the army in the field, and even make myself useful, if I were fortunate enough to be placed in a position to do so. I begged him to be kind enough to submit my suggestion to the King.

I received his answer before twenty-four hours had passed. He accepted my offer in the most flattering terms; but I little thought it would bring about a complete change in my whole destiny.

A few days after his first letter Acton summoned me to a personal interview. He told me that the King was extremely anxious to employ me, but that there were difficulties in the way, owing to the military customs with regard to foreigners without rank in the army.[17] He said that everything would be simplified, and he would be entirely satisfied, if I would consent to join the service; that the King would engage to do as much for me as the Russian Emperor; that the claims to consideration that my campaigns had won for me would be as much appreciated in the Neapolitan army as in that of Russia; that my fortune would be assured, and that I should never regret the change in my circumstances. I asked for a few moments for reflection. Acton begged me to give him a prompt answer, and I promised to do so. I then went off to consult the Chevalier Italiensky,[18] the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, a man for whom I had a great regard, and one who

could not fail to inspire confidence in every possible way. He listened to a detailed account of my situation with interest and attention; and then, after summing up all the circumstances of the moment, the character of the Emperor Paul, Acton's eagerness in the matter, and the chances of a war that he thought might prove advantageous, he advised me, *in confidence*, to accept. On the following day I returned to Acton, to whom I submitted several conditions. Among other things I stipulated that, if I entered the service as a brigadier-general, my name should not be the last on the list of promotions that was then being drawn up. He subscribed to everything in the King's name, and I therefore laid my decision before Count Pouschkin, the Russian Minister, justifying it with every reason likely to win the approval of the Emperor of Russia. From that moment my career has run its course in the service of Naples, more or less satisfactorily, as the following pages will show.

The news that I had entered the service of Naples was heard first as a rumour, before it was known to be true. Some of the Neapolitan officers took fright, especially the Chevalier de Saxe.[19] I had been very careful, however, to pay due regard to their self-esteem, by making no further condition than that I should not be the last on the promotion-list. By this method I had made it easy for the government to put a few distinguished general-officers above me, an act of foresight that was prompted by my knowledge of the ties of blood, and of intimacy, existing between the Queen and the Chevalier de Saxe. However, the Princess of Hesse, the mistress of the Chevalier de Saxe, was furious with me: she persuaded the Queen, by dint of importunity, to oppose the King's decision, and on every side I heard of intrigues being hatched to withstand my appointment. The Chevalier de Saxe, who was exasperated to the last degree, sometimes showed me ill-will, in indirect ways, when we met in society. The Princess of Hesse[20] once stirred up an altercation that passed the limits of my endurance: we fought a duel, and I received a sword-thrust through the body.

As soon as I had recovered I paid a visit to Acton. I

observed to him that I had made no attempt to storm my way into the service, that I was quite capable of dealing personally with any intrigue or insult that emanated from private individuals, but that I was helpless against the Queen's dislike; and I begged him, unless she were willing to deny its existence, to restore my liberty. Acton reassured me on this point, renewed his protestations of the King's anxiety to employ me, implored me to trust him and to consider the matter settled, without allowing my zeal or my peace to be disturbed by any underhand intrigue. I contented myself with these assurances, packed up my baggage forthwith, and reached San Germano two days after the arrival of Mack and the King.

Here, for the first time, I was able to form some idea of the Neapolitan army. Twenty-four thousand men were encamped in this place. Mack gave me an extremely cold reception, the reason for which I have never discovered; but it caused me no inconvenience, nor even the least embarrassment. The promotion-list appeared; and my name was in the position I had desired, as far as rank was concerned.[21] My station was in the first battle-line; the other part of the same line was given to General Metch;[22] the second line to the Prince of Hesse; and the advanced guard and reserve to General Bourcard.[23] The detached corps that was to march to Rome through the Pontine Marches, that is to say the left wing of the army, was entrusted to the Chevalier de Saxe; the right wing, which was to advance by way of the Abruzzi, was given to General Micheroux;[24] and the centre, in which I was stationed, was placed under the command of Lieutenant-General the Duc de la Salandre.[25] I never left the quarters that had been assigned to me, except to inspect and manœuvre my troops. I never went to see Mack except when I was summoned. I answered his questions laconically: I was as serious as he was himself, and as punctilious as he could wish, but no more communicative than his manner encouraged me to be. He employed all his time in instructing and training his staff, and teaching them his own method of manœuvring, and other things with which I was fairly familiar. On one occasion only I dispensed with attending a particular drill that he had

ordained, as an object-lesson on one of his theories. He was greatly upset, and on the following morning reprimanded me severely as soon as he saw me. I did not answer him a word, and my composure offended him still more. I was distressed to see that three-quarters of the troops were merely peasants in uniform, who had never been drilled before, and were afraid to fire their muskets. Indeed they were hardly fit to appear even in a review.

I had barely had a fortnight for attending to details when the King and Queen asked Mack for some manœuvres on a large scale. Mack made his preparations. He assembled all the generals and went over the ground with them. While expounding his theories he never addressed a single word to me, and I made not a single comment. I listened to his plans with the closest attention, and concentrated all my thoughts on the best method of carrying out his ideas in my own part of the line; but neither he nor I uttered a syllable. I do not know, even now, whether his aim was to make the King and Queen see how coldly he treated me; but I was sure, at all events, that his schemes were unsuccessful, for their Majesties' marked kindness towards me left nothing to be desired. Whenever they walked round the camp they plainly showed a very special feeling of cordiality and preference as they passed the front of my line; but Mack made no change in his behaviour, and treated me in exactly the same way until a time to which I shall refer later on.

Two days after the reconnaissance the manœuvre took place. It lasted for twelve hours. The plan was good: the twenty-four thousand men who composed the army were skilfully disposed, in such a way as to facilitate strategical movements as far as possible. General Metch, as I have already said, commanded the left of the first line, while I was in command of the right; but we formed two separate columns until the approach of our imaginary enemy. He was too late in leaving the camp with his column, became entangled with the columns of the second line, failed to carry out any of Mack's intentions, and, as the evolutions proceeded, took up his position so badly and attacked in such confusion that the King and Mack

vied with one another in rating him publicly. I was fortunate enough to direct the movements of the right wing in accordance with Mack's intentions; and a charge of cavalry with which I followed the infantry-charge, on my own initiative, gave the liveliest satisfaction to the King. He came to me, and overwhelmed me with praise and kindness. He added that Mack had expressed as much satisfaction as he, and that he had undertaken to tell me so.

This manœuvre, unhappily, was little calculated to raise our hopes of succeeding in real warfare. A quarter of the men were trained: the rest hardly dared to pull the trigger, and turned away their faces as they fired. The mules that drew the guns were neither strong nor numerous enough, and it was obvious that the artillery was unequal to a week's campaign, and incapable of travelling on bad roads. It was easy to guess that the fate of the baggage-wagons would be proportionately unlucky, and that much inconvenience would be the result. This is one of the things for which I think Mack deserves blame. A smaller degree of penetration than he possesses would have sufficed to show him the seriousness of these deficiencies, and a little more wisdom would have led him to put everything right before the departure of the army. This he could certainly have done, since his will was the King's, and all the revenues of the kingdom were at his disposal. However, the campaign was to begin in five days. On the morning of the 6th [26] the whole army set out at daybreak to invade the Roman States. The November rains, which are very copious, had already begun: more than three-fourths of the baggage-wagons stuck in the mud and could not even be dragged out of the camp. We never heard another word of them. After a march of two leagues we had to cross the river Melfa.[27] One would have thought, considering we had been at San Germano for about a month, that this necessity would have been foreseen, and a bridge thrown across the river; for it was most important to make this first march as easy as possible, lest the new troops should be discouraged. But, to my great surprise, far from having taken this useful precaution, Mack gave the order to ford the river. I rode

into the water to sound its depth, and saw that the men would be immersed up to their shoulders. The current was so strong that it was all my horse could do to stand against it. But the order had been given, and must be executed. Two squadrons of cavalry were stationed in the stream, above the ford, to break the force of the current, and the infantry passed over in close order, a platoon at a time. The officers were at their posts and perfect order was preserved, but a great number of men lost their footing. Those who were able to keep their feet were up to their chests in water; and the columns that came after suffered even more. The King's carriages and Acton's stuck fast in the mire; several relays of mules attempted to drag them out; but not a single wagon was able to cross. Although we bivouacked for the night on the other side of the river the army never set eyes again on the few wagons that had contrived to leave the camp, and not a single officer was able to change his clothes till the campaign was ended.[28]

In the course of the third day's march the advanced guard met the French. One cannot as yet say the *enemy*, for the army had received definite orders to begin by begging them to retire, and to use force only in the case of a refusal. This they were very careful to avoid; preferring, quite rightly, to take advantage of this unparalleled courtesy to concentrate their forces, and to postpone resistance till they were stronger. After a series of such compliments the army reached Rome, on the sixth day. The French shut themselves up in the fortress of St. Angelo to the number of four hundred,[29] and the rest evacuated Rome. The King entered the city amid the acclamations of an immense crowd, and proceeded to the Farnese Palace. Mack's one concern was to leave the place as quickly as possible, in order to pursue his plans.[30]

It is necessary to repeat that, when the army arrived in Rome, it was in such a state of distress that no general except Mack would have thought it possible to continue the campaign without giving it time to recover. Arms were rusted by the constant rain; shoes were lost; the artillery was scattered over the roads, many of the mules being dead or disabled; the

baggage-wagons were five days' march in the rear. In short the Seven Years' War had not impaired any of the armies that took part in it to the extent that these six days of marching had ruined the Neapolitan army. I appeal to every soldier and every honest man for his opinion on this time, which was the beginning of all our disasters. And surely we should have been justified, after proving by our occupation of Rome that we were capable of taking part in the general operations, in waiting till the Austrians had shown what rôle they intended to play? Surely we might have allowed them to reach the point where their influence could have its effect; while we, meanwhile, were profiting by the painful march from Naples to Rome, and learning how best to restore and strengthen an army that could suffer so prodigiously? But instead of taking this wise, and indeed indispensable measure, our general ordered us to be ready to march in two days' time. All the necessary articles were requisitioned; a commandant of Rome was appointed,[31] and a garrison to guard the King. Then Mack made his plans. His intention was to attack the French in the course of the second day's march, at the spot where they had assembled, that is to say at Civita Castellana, a little fortress in a good position on the Loretto road. It is surrounded by a torrent that serves to protect it in winter, and it is only five miles distant from Ponte Felice, which crosses the Tiber below Mariano and Borghetto.[32]

XIII

Advance of the army—Battle of Civita Castellana: troops of the Chevalier de Saxe routed without fighting—Damas holds the heights of Borghetto: then prepares to execute Mack's order to make a fresh attack on Ponte Felice—A counter-order, dated three days earlier, obliges him to retreat in the face of the enemy (13th Dec. 1798)—Splendid retreat on Orbitello, where Damas, who is seriously wounded, is able to embark for Sicily.

We set out in a state of complete dilapidation.[1] Mack divided the army into four columns. The left, under the Chevalier de Saxe, was eleven thousand strong, and followed the high-road to Florence as far as its junction with the Loretto road, between Monterosi and Ronciglione. Saxe's orders were to attack the little town of Nepi with a portion of his right wing, and take the rest of his troops across the plain of Falleri[2] to the bridge of Felice, below Borghetto, with the object of forcing the enemy to hasten their retreat from Civita Castellana, and cross the bridge to Foligno.

The centre, which was ten thousand strong, was commanded by Mack himself. Under him were the Duc de la Salandre and myself in the first line, and the Prince of Hesse in the second. We took the old road to Florence, which goes directly to Civita Castellana, on the nearer side of the river.

The third column, which comprised six thousand men under General Metch, followed the left bank of the Tiber by way of the Sabines,[3] and was to take up its position on the heights of Otricoli, with a view to destroying the French column as it retreated on Foligno.

Finally, the fourth column, comprising six thousand men and commanded by Marshal Micheroux, skirted the Abruzzi, and was to join the rest of the army near Foligno.

The French, under Generals Rey, Kellermann, and Macdonald,[4] numbered altogether about twenty thousand, of whom

eight thousand were in the neighbourhood of Civita Castellana, four thousand opposite Metch, and eight thousand between that district and the Abruzzi. They had chosen their positions remarkably well. By turning round Civita Castellana as on an axis they could make an effectual resistance on every side, and would always be able to check one portion of our forces while they fell upon another. Mack's plan would have been irreproachable if his troops and generals had been inured to war; but it was on too large a scale for an ill-trained army; he entrusted the wings to the generals who had the least experience, and himself took command of the centre, which the nature of the country made totally useless.

At the end of the first day's march Mack's headquarters were in a convent near the camp, between Rome and Civita Castellana. He sent for me, and I was shown into his cell, where, contrary to all expectation, he loaded me with compliments on the way I had carried out his orders ever since he had taken up his command. I tried in vain to make the Duc de la Salandre responsible for everything he was praising: he attributed to me the slight amount of order that existed in the column, and announced his intention of retiring from the chief command in my favour, placing the advanced guard under my orders, and attacking the enemy on the following morning. This sudden transition from marked coldness to absolute confidence, at the very moment of the crisis, was extremely flattering, but roused no feeling of gratitude. I pointed out that he would offend two generals whom he had appeared to value, and who had done nothing to forfeit his esteem, and that this might have a bad effect. The more I refused, the more he insisted. He laid a positive order on me, and showed me all his plans for the attack; and before we separated we had made all our arrangements, and had agreed to carry them out at daybreak.

Two hours' march in column formation brought us to the foot of the heights that dominate Civita Castellana. The first line was deployed; the hills were carried at the point of the bayonet, after an hour's fire from our artillery and musketry; and the French retired. This moment opened Mack's eyes to

the probable uselessness of the simultaneous attack by the Chevalier de Saxe. The embankment and bridge that carried the high-road, and were the only means of crossing the torrent, were, at this time of year, absolutely impassable. We were forced to be passive spectators of the chevalier's attack, the failure of which was soon made plain to us by the retrograde movement of the smoke that rose from his musketry. We had a further confirmation of his misfortune in an accident that occurred to me. A ball struck the ground beneath my horse, and raised such a mass of earth that both the horse and I were thrown down. On rising and examining the ball I found its calibre was 12, which showed me it did not come from the French, as they had none of that calibre. It was easy to conclude that they were firing on us with guns taken from the Chevalier de Saxe, and this proved to be the case.[5]

When night fell, however, we were still in doubt as to the result of the day. Mack, who was still uneasy as to the fate of the Chevalier de Saxe, sent me round the foot of the mountains, with five battalions and six squadrons, to support him if it were not too late, or to take his place and reinforce my troops with the remains of his, in the case of a real disaster. To reach him I had to march for a night and a day by abominable roads, which were quite inaccessible to the artillery and nearly so to the cavalry. I set out; and about mid-day on the morrow I reached the edge of the plains on which the left wing was stationed. I immediately found traces of the complete rout of that army-corps. M. de la Trémoïlle,[6] *brigadier employé*, who left its scattered remains when the fight was over and carried the news to the King, met one of my outposts, and gave him in writing the names of the villages where the dispersed troops were to be found. The Chevalier de Saxe was dangerously wounded; no one could be discovered to take command. It was quite hopeless, therefore, to think of combining forces until I had taken up a strong position with my troops, and until the artillery I was expecting had arrived from Rome. I posted myself on the hill of Monterosi, which crosses the road to Florence. My left was protected by the lake, and to ensure the safety of my right I dislodged the

enemy from Nepi. In this position I awaited the artillery, which arrived the next day; and being now secure I devoted several days to obtaining news of the scattered remnant of the defeated force, and inquiring into the possibilities of making it useful.

The total defeat of the Chevalier de Saxe was the result of an error in the order of attack. Nepi, the enemy's position on the right, was not seized before the ground that lay beyond it was occupied, and therefore, as the enemy attacked the front of the line, our troops heard a sharp fire from the musketry behind them, and thought their flank was turned. They all lost their heads on the spot, and took instant flight. Not a man was killed or wounded except the general; and of eleven thousand men I could only recover three thousand.

On the third day of my sojourn at Monterosi Mack came to see me there. He approved of all my dispositions, and gave me his orders with regard to my future operations. I was to hold myself ready, at a word from him, to achieve the aim in which the Chevalier de Saxe had failed; and I was in a far better position to do so, since my right wing rested on the position of Nepi.

As Mack was on the point of entering the carriage that was to take him back to Rome an orderly came to tell us that the enemy was advancing upon us. I expected Mack to throw himself eagerly into the preparations for receiving them; but he was kind enough to think me sufficiently ready for them, and went off to Rome.

The enemy merely made a reconnaissance, and then retired. I posted the troops of the Chevalier de Saxe on the heights above Borghetto, whence the enemy tried to dislodge them every day, but were always repulsed. We were now at the beginning of December. The weather was bad and nothing was being done; the Emperor's troops had shown no sign of moving; we had already had reverses; our outlook was growing gloomy, and I was impatiently waiting for Mack to bring his plans to a head, for the existing state of affairs seemed interminable.

At last I received a letter from him, informing me that

General Metch, who was posted near Otricoli on the left bank of the Tiber, was going to drive the enemy towards the Apennines, and directing me to make my movement in advance at the same moment, and carry out the instructions he had already given me. I set out at once, and marched by shocking roads to Falleri. I left it to the *brigadiers*[7] to pitch the camp, and instructed them to leave it at daybreak and bivouac at a spot five miles away from Borghetto, on the road to Civita Castellana, after posting a battalion of grenadiers and two squadrons as a guard upon the approaches to the fortress, which was only two miles distant. I then went on to give my orders to the troops that had joined mine, who were cantoned on the hills, as I have already said, at a place four miles farther on. There I spent the night. At daybreak I made a reconnaissance in the direction of Borghetto. After driving back the enemy's outposts I was able to discover the position of their main body, on the other side of Ponte Felice. I fixed the attack for the morrow at daybreak, and it was agreed that I and the other troops should advance simultaneously, force the bridge, and pursue the enemy as they retreated. I returned very quickly over the fields to the corps stationed between Civita Castellana and Borghetto, and found it bivouacked on the spot I had indicated. And then came what I cannot but regard as the most dramatic moment of my life. I appeal to any soldier in the world: let him recall the moment when fate tried him to the utmost: let him compare his experience with mine, and then judge of my feelings.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon (13th Dec. 1789) when I dismounted in the middle of the bivouac. The *brigadiers* came up hastily to ask me if I had met one of Mack's adjutants, who was looking for me, and had an important missive to deliver. I had not seen him; it was now dark; I was to attack the enemy the next morning; it was absolutely essential for me to read the despatch before making the attack. But how could I find the bearer? I sent off my most active officers on horseback to scour all the roads and paths that converged upon the bivouac, and, as there are limits to the

cruelty of fate, one of them brought back the adjutant. I opened the letter. It was dated the *10th December*, and this was the *evening of the 13th*. The substance of it was "that all was changed; that Metch had been defeated;[8] that I, wherever I might be, must beat a retreat, and by *the morning of the 12th* must be on the heights of Velletri (fourteen miles on the farther side of *Rome*)."[9]

I repeat that this was the evening of the 13th; I was fifty miles in advance of the spot indicated; the enemy was confronting me, and was also in the rear of my right flank, in the fortress of Civita Castellana, near which I had stationed an outpost. I was abandoned, isolated, and cut off from all communication with the army. I had reason to presume that the French from the castle of St. Angelo were at large in Rome, and were even reinforced by another corps. The Tiber cut me off from my friends; I was entirely without resources; there was not a circumstance in my favour. I was stupefied. I tried to compose my countenance, lest those who stood by should guess the awkwardness of their position. In short, I buried the horrors of the situation in the depths of my sore heart; I collected my wits; I thought out the best means of avoiding, or at least delaying, the fate that I really thought inevitable; and having decided to adopt the only measure open to me, I gave my orders.

I made the adjutant put his signature to the day and hour that he gave me the letter. I wrote a circular note to all the generals in command, adjuring them to effect their retreat as slowly as possible until I should have joined them, and above all not to evacuate Rome before my arrival. I made the adjutant responsible for the letter being read by all the generals he should meet, and I sent him away. The enemy's vedettes were in front of mine; the French general[10] had come in the course of that evening to make a reconnaissance, and everything pointed to the insurmountable difficulty I should have in hiding my movements. I had a great number of fires lighted in front of the troops, and made the men stand behind them, under arms. I sent off the garrison artillery, with an escort, by the road it had already traversed, which was already cut to

pieces and presented difficulties at every step. I announced that the first man to speak, or light a fire on the road, or lie down, should be shot: and I allowed this first column to have an hour's start. I sent an order to the *brigadier* [11] in command of the three thousand men posted on the heights of Borghetto to march towards Monterosi without a moment's delay, and to leave in every village, as he passed, a small detachment to prevent any of the peasants from leaving the place before daylight. Fortunately the officers of this column were intelligent and trustworthy, and the order was very well executed. I collected a sufficient number of peasants to keep up the fires all night, and, leaving all the outposts and vedettes at their posts, with orders not to retreat until dawn, I gradually raked out the fires. Then, in the most profound silence, I made the troops file into the narrow road we had to follow, and, an hour later than the artillery, we marched away.[12]

The battalion of grenadiers and the two squadrons who had been guarding the approaches to Civita Castellana marched away in a parellel line with our column. So profound was the silence, and so careful was the officer who remained at the bivouac in command of the outposts, that my departure was not discovered. At this time the discipline of the French was less strict than usual, and they were probably not nearly so observant as they afterwards became. Day had dawned before they had the least suspicion of my retreat. It was then that the outposts began to retire. The French general sent some troops in pursuit; but the links of the chain of outposts, which could hardly have been weaker, were all united and in safety before the enemy's attempt to pursue them was discovered. At the same hour I arrived at Monterosi with my troops, after a night-march of twenty miles. Not a gun, nor an ammunition-wagon, nor a single man was left behind.

The French general has since declared that I *slipped through his fingers like a piece of soap*—those were his words—and my self-esteem was quite satisfied. One of the dangers of my position, then, was surmounted; but how many were left! I fed my troops at Monterosi, and calculated that I could allow them two hours' rest. I made Comte Auguste de Talleyrand [13]

go on before us to Rome, to inquire into the circumstances, and find out what we had to hope or fear.

The column from the heights of Borghetto had just joined me. I already had a rearguard, formed by my late outposts, which were a night's march in my rear; and we were on the point of continuing our march when an officer of the staff came to me from Mack's adjutant-general.[14] He informed me that the Neapolitans had evacuated Rome; that Mack had left a sufficient number of troops in the place to hold it till I had effected my retreat; that to his great surprise the commandant [15] of the troops in question had abandoned the town without orders; that he had been cashiered in consequence; that another corps had been brought from Frascati to occupy Rome till my arrival; that it had been repulsed by the French, who were already released from St. Angelo; [16] and finally that Mack's adjutant-general had taken the responsibility of proposing a truce, in order that my retreat might be safely effected. The document had been signed, and he placed it in my hands. I breathed again. I thought I was saved from a strait that had seemed impossible; but it will be seen in the sequel that I was still far from being safely through this painful crisis.

I continued my march, and at mid-day, when I was within two miles of Ponte Molle, I perceived in the distance a small body of French dragoons, who seemed to be escorting a general. When they drew near me a trumpeter sounded a parley. I was in so great a hurry to discover the general's object that I could not wait to send a messenger, but went to meet him myself with the few orderlies I had with me.

I inquired of the soldiers their object in coming. The general, or chief of the staff, whom I now know to have been M. Bonnamy,[17] began to hold forth. He told me that the signed treaty I had been given was quite worthless; that the man who signed it had no right to do so; that General Rey, who had entered Rome with his troops, after defeating General Metch on the left bank of the Tiber, summoned me to lay down my arms; that I ought to know how I was placed; that I was hemmed in between that corps and those of Macdonald and Kellermann, who were following me; that my unfortunate

position was not the result of my own conduct, which had been irreproachable; that I had been abandoned to my fate, and that consequently there was no doubt as to what I ought to do. I tried to remind them of the claims of honour, the rights of humanity, the sacredness of a treaty, the security of a signature; but these men knew as well as I that my cause was just; their dishonourable conduct was quite deliberate. I added that a Frenchman did not surrender as long as he had bayonets at his command, and while I was still engaged in the dispute an officer ordered the troops to surround me. This they did, and I was declared a prisoner of war.

It is only when a man is inspired by rage, I think, that he realises how strong his imagination can be. Only rage such as I felt at that moment could have produced the fervour that I threw into my abuse of that execrable corps. I appealed to the dragoons; they were visibly impressed. Then, profiting by the silence that my words had produced, I called them to witness that such deeds were horrible, and bade them remember the sacred laws of warfare; I pointed to my troops, waiting at a little distance by my orders, on the faith of their summons to parley. And at last they were so much moved, and stupefied, and bewildered by my wealth of invective that they broke the circle and let me go free. I then asked for three hours, to consider the course I should take. Since I could do nothing effectual without gaining time I made a great point of those three hours, but I could not persuade them to give them to me. M. Bonnamy only granted me one. It was arranged that our vedettes should remain on the spot, and that an hour later, if I had not laid down my arms, I should expect to be attacked. M. Bonnamy and his escort retraced their steps, leaving me M. de Talleyrand, whom they had brought back to me with a bandage over his eyes.

I returned to my troops; and the extreme celerity of my movements raised a false alarm. The men thought I was pursued. A 12-pounder became unharnessed, and the gunners abandoned it. It took me more than a quarter of an hour to restore order, but at last, as quickly as might be, I made the troops take the Orbitello road. I made them step out well,

but in perfect order, and I formed a rearguard composed of the best battalions and squadrons. In this way we advanced until the hour was gone; but as soon as the time allowed me had expired I took up a position [18] with my rearguard, and awaited the enemy. The gentle slope that had concealed my movements was soon covered with French troops, and the fight began. The affair lasted until nightfall, without their having gained an inch of ground. At last their fire ceased, and they abandoned the pursuit. I then retreated along the road after the main body of my troops, which was already at a considerable distance.[19]

My flanks were protected by the natural features of the country, and the French general made no attempt to overcome these difficulties in the darkness, for he never doubted that Kellermann would cut off my retreat. He had every reason to believe it, and I to fear it. A five days' march lay between me and Orbitello, and there is a carriage-road that cuts across from Viterbo to a little town through which I was obliged to pass on the third day, and another leading to a town that I should pass on the second day. I marched all night, and at daybreak halted, in a fine position, for the troops to have some food and drink. I then continued the march, and at about four in the afternoon passed the first cross-road from Viterbo, without meeting with any opposition. I allowed my troops to rest for four hours, in the course of which we had an alarm that proved to be false. As night drew near I set out again in perfect order, for I had succeeded in warding off the discouragement in the ranks that is so fatal in circumstances of this kind. That evening we had another false alarm; but a genuine surprise was so extremely likely to occur that I dared not neglect any precaution, though I allowed nothing to interfere with the rapidity of the march nor with the order of the ranks. A flying column of reserves was, all the time, protecting the rest. Finally, at about eleven o'clock at night, I passed the second road from Viterbo and marched into the little town of Toscanella, which stood at such a height and was so well protected that I felt safe. I served out plenty of provisions, and gave the troops a rest of six hours.

The remainder of that day sufficed to take me to Montalto, the last halting-place but one before the Presidii of Tuscany.[20] Leaving an officer and fifty men behind me, with orders to warn me if they should see any signs of the enemy, I continued my march.[21]

When we were within four miles of Montalto we encountered as violent a storm as one is likely to see in the summer, which produced a flood too deep for me to cross. I waited for six hours at the brink, while the waters were sinking; and at last, in the evening, I entered Montalto.

I will take advantage of this moment of inaction to answer a question that my reader will very probably put to me. Why, he will ask, did I not force a way to Rome?

I am sure he will approve of my decision if he will be kind enough to consider the surrounding country and the circumstances. In front of me lay the Tiber, with Ponte Molle to be forced; Rome was in insurrection and had an army-corps to defend it; the armies of Generals Kellermann and Macdonald were on my heels, only a day's march in my rear, and would have come up with me before I could have hoped to gain any advantage. To make my defeat certain they would have combined their forces against my six thousand men—of whom three thousand were inadequately armed—and would have left me no loophole of escape.

By retreating to Orbitello I was strengthening an important part of the King's possessions. I could safely wait there for a convoy to take me back to Naples by sea, and, in the case of the Neapolitan army recovering the upper hand, the five thousand Neapolitan troops at Leghorn could combine with me to form an army of eleven thousand men in the enemy's rear.[22]

Mack thought my column had been cut to pieces. He never dreamt it possible that I could escape, and his eulogistic letters, as well as certain other circumstances, left me in no doubt as to his approbation.

When an army-corps cannot be cut off nor flanked its risks are confined to the usual hazards of war, and its general need only concern himself with the ordinary chances and dangers, with which he is more or less able to cope. Such was my

situation at Montalto. I had crossed all the roads by which the enemy could intercept me, including even the coast-road from Rome by Civita Vecchia, which lay on my left hand. I was not beyond the enemy's reach, but I could fight without being at a disadvantage. I could safely decide, therefore, to pass a whole day in my present position.

Kellermann, as we shall see, only missed his aim by a few hours. He surprised Toscanella on the evening of the day I left it.[23] The officer in command kept an insufficient watch upon the approaches: he was taken prisoner, with the little detachment under his orders. Kellermann, in his impatience to overtake my troops, whom he felt confident of defeating the moment he appeared, came after me with a few squadrons of *chasseurs*, leaving the rest of his corps behind him, in order to gain time. He reached my outposts at six o'clock in the morning. I refused to believe it when I was awakened; but the call to saddle was already sounded, and the infantry already under arms. On reaching the scene of action I found Kellermann's squadrons within musket-range. The lie of the ground made it possible for our cavalry to charge them. In a moment they were beaten back, with a loss of several men, and I only abandoned the pursuit when they were on the farther side of the stream.

I had decided to spend a day at Montalto, and had no intention of allowing so slight a reason to interfere with my plans, which I even thought might have a good effect upon the minds of my men. I therefore sent to Orbitello to engage quarters, and we returned to our rest.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I was again informed of the enemy's approach, with some infantry. They were still at a sufficient distance to allow of my retreating; and the fatigue of their terrible march would have prevented them from following me any farther. But I could not have forgiven myself: I preferred to strengthen my position and await them. I occupied the time in assuring the troops that our success was certain, and pointing out to them how shameful it would be not to check the enemy's imprudence, since it could only be founded on their opinion of us.

Kellermann deployed his column as soon as the ground allowed of his doing so, but owing to my artillery the evolution was not very well executed. It was hardly completed, however, before they beat the charge; and, with the cries that are customary in the French army, marched upon my line. Then the musketry opened fire; and for a long time this fire was very well sustained, while the Neapolitans behaved splendidly. The enemy's drums were beating the charge all the time, but they did not gain an inch of ground. I tried to attack their flank with my cavalry; but I found the latter less responsive, and gave up the attempt. Kellermann endeavoured to turn my left with his right, but I went in person with a battalion of grenadiers to oppose this manœuvre. The officer in command of the battalion might quite well have spared me this task if he had been present, but at the moment he was not on the spot. I received a terrible wound, but fortunately did not fall from my horse. The engagement continued until it was nearly dark, when the enemy retired. I followed them as far as the spot they had occupied during the action, and there I halted.[24]

If I had not been wounded I might have tried to cut off their retreat, but I admit I was reluctant to entrust the operation to any one else, since it was not conducive to my real object and was quite unessential. I had no confidence in any of my officers: the most experienced of the *brigadiers* had been taken prisoner through mistaking a French battalion for his own corps.[25] I was incapable of speaking a word; I was swallowing gallons of blood. If I had been attacked the next morning I should have been unfit to take command. I formed up my troops, and retired on Orbitello (20th Dec. 1798), after having my wound temporarily dressed at Montalto.

Kellermann occupied the place on the following day, and sent me a letter by two officers who had formerly been in the Damas Regiment, to ask me to grant an armistice. I allowed the commandant of the place to arbitrate in the matter, and he agreed to the armistice, subject to the consent of the generals in command, who confirmed his decision.[26] I sent M. de Talleyrand to Naples by sea, to give a full account of my retreat and obtain further orders.

Meanwhile Mack was retreating with his army towards Naples, followed by the French. The column commanded by General Micheroux had been beaten in the Abruzzi,[27] while, at the same moment, General Metch was defeated near the Tiber; and the disorder and discouragement that resulted made it very difficult for Mack to redeem the situation, or even act on the defensive. The enemy arrived before Capua, where for some time Mack held firm.

Acton, who was responsible for all the trouble, lost his head instead of mending matters. He believed his safety was threatened, and it became his sole concern. He professed to think the lives of the King and Queen were in danger; he infected the people with his own fear; and, at a moment when it was essential to give an example of coolness, he gave an example of terror. The Court and the diplomatic corps embarked in English and Portuguese frigates; and, when safely out in the roadstead, the government took counsel as to the best measures to adopt, thereby alienating public opinion, instead of winning it over by mitigating or sharing the people's danger. Prince Pignatelli was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom.[28] But the death of order always means the death of authority: he had no control over the people. A very brief time sufficed to decide the fate of Naples.

A short account of subsequent events will give some idea of the resources that were still available. The French were in a very painful situation: they had marched precipitately from Rome, and found themselves before Capua without either provisions or the means of obtaining them. They were harassed in the rear by the armed peasantry, and if the fortress of Gaeta had not shamefully surrendered would have been entirely isolated, and in a worse position than the Neapolitan army.

A corps of fourteen thousand men under General Gambs[29] was still intact, in the country between Naples and the Abruzzi. This corps might yet have come to the help of the capital; and, even if it had not arrived in time to save Naples, might have retired into Calabria to await the arrival of my column and the troops from Leghorn, and thus have saved that fine province

for the King. But I never heard that such an idea even entered Mack's mind. He had completely lost his head, and there was not the least chance that it would be replaced by any one else's. Capua surrendered.[30]

This was not enough to secure the safety of the French. To advance upon Naples seemed a great risk, and there were no provisions at Capua. It transpired afterwards that they had drawn up a conciliatory treaty which included their retirement; but the government of Naples foolishly forestalled them by proposing an armistice. The man who was sent to Championnet met his aide-de-camp on the way,[31] also bearing instructions, and instead of taking him back to Naples to deliver his message, hastened to announce his own. The French aide-de-camp saw where his advantage lay: he held his tongue, and took the Neapolitan to his general. Championnet was shrewd enough to deduce, from the fact of this overture being made to him, that the government of Naples was conscious of its own difficulties and unaware of his. He therefore increased his demands, and played upon the fears of his opponents. He established his headquarters at Caserta, and from that moment the people gave themselves over to excess and licence. Acton did not neglect to add the last straw to their exasperation: he set fire in the bay to two Neapolitan ships of the line and all the gunboats. By thus destroying the maritime resources, at the very moment when the royal family were deserting their capital in foreign ships,[32] Acton removed the last hope and last restraint of the people. The King's palace was pillaged, and the populace rose in open insurrection. While the King was at anchor he had been visited every day by deputations, begging him to stay. The *lazzaroni* swore they would defend the capital, and could have done it; but Acton's fears prevailed. It was Nelson who first suggested the burning of the ships, in order to make it impossible for the French to descend upon the shores of Sicily; but how easy it would have been to take them thither, instead of making them useless! In short, fear and folly reigned supreme. Mack, being in danger from the people, bethought him of going to Championnet, and claiming the right, as an Austrian general, of returning to

Germany; but all he gained was an escort to take him to France as a prisoner.[33]

Championnet, whose army did not comprise more than twelve thousand men, attacked the suburbs of Naples and tried to force an entrance into the town. The resistance he encountered was a sufficient proof that the *lazzaroni* could have saved the capital for the King, and have rallied his troops. Championnet never succeeded in overcoming the people's resistance at Capo di Chino, and was unable to enter the town until Prince Moliterno,[34] who had assumed the supreme command, undertook to let him in: he diverted the attention of the people by a religious ceremony, and admitted the French meanwhile. He proclaimed himself general-commandant, and chose Duke Roccaromana as his second-in-command. The kingdom, in its need of a leader, recognised and obeyed their authority. It was only gradually that corruption and the spirit of independence gained ascendancy; and Naples was proclaimed a Republic while the rest of the kingdom still believed itself subservient to the King.

Nothing could give a truer idea of the prevailing madness than this republican constitution of Naples: it was directed, authorised, and supported by no one but the general in command of a French army-corps. When the provisional government wished for the support of France and sent envoys to Paris with the object of obtaining it, the Directory refused to listen, or to recognise the Parthenopean Republic. This proceeding, one would think, might have had a calming effect on the public, and have shown the Neapolitans the instability of their position. It was infatuation rather than enthusiasm that was urging them forward; the people were intoxicated with lawlessness; the nobility were animated by hatred for Acton, and were more intent on avenging themselves for the injustice of the past than on launching themselves into unknown seas. The majority of the insurgents were malcontents and youths; the rest were either resigned to the change, or compelled to contribute to it, but never convinced. It was this fact that made the restoration so easy. It was absurd to call the changes in Naples a revolution. The unanimous will of the

people, or their apparent concurrence, is necessary to anything that can be called a revolution: this was simply an invasion, which was dignified with the semblance of a revolution in order to strengthen it. The weakness and ineptitude of its opponents made it easy of accomplishment, and gave a false air of importance both to its causes and its results.

Mack was still at Capua when he heard of my retreat to Orbitello. He wrote me the most flattering letter, and promised me a convoy for the conveyance of my troops, whom at that time he intended to reinforce his own. But shortly afterwards Prince Pignatelli informed me of his appointment and of other recent events, saying that I ought not to return to Naples in ignorance of its condition. Lieutenant-General Naselli,[35] who was in command of the detachment at Leghorn, had orders to join me at Orbitello and embark in the same transports. Being disabled by my wound I placed all the troops under General Naselli's orders, on the authority of Prince Pignatelli, and parting from the convoy set out to Palermo. An appalling gale, similar to the one in which the royal family were so nearly lost on their voyage, landed me at Messina, after a very narrow escape from death. General Naselli's convoy, which was escorted by a frigate with a treacherous captain, sailed into the harbour at Naples without taking any precautions whatever: the people disarmed the troops, and thereby deprived Calabria or Sicily of a force that might have proved most useful, in defending the one or saving the other. The lack of troops in Calabria had a very disturbing effect on Messina. Public opinion was divided. If the rancour that prevailed in the kingdom of Naples had crossed the straits the whole of Sicily would have been infected by it, and the peace of the royal family would have been disturbed at Palermo. Most fortunately Championnet's troops were not sufficiently numerous to be scattered: he overawed the Calabrians without occupying their territory. They were reduced to submission, but, being farther from the capital than the other provinces, they never completely succumbed to the contagion.

XIV

Arrival at Palermo, where the King and Queen give the Count so warm a welcome as to rouse General Acton's jealousy—Nelson and Lady Hamilton—Cardinal Ruffo's expedition—Fall of the Neapolitan republic, and cruel reprisals—Acton brings about Ruffo's fall—The Prince of Cassaro Viceroy of Naples—Damas and the Chevalier de Saxe are entrusted, in the capacity of inspectors-general, with the reorganisation of the army (Nov. 1799)—Financial trouble—Visit of the Duc de Berry to the Court of Palermo—Russian garrison at Naples—Prudent advice of the Council of Generals on the subject of active co-operation with Austria after Marengo is badly received by the King, who gives Damas the command of an auxiliary corps in Rome, and afterwards in Tuscany—Operations against the Cisalpine general, Pino, and Miollis (Battle of Siena, 14th Jan. 1801); negotiations with Murat—Armistice of Foligno.

After resting for a few days at Messina I set out to Palermo in a litter. I found the King's surgeon awaiting me on my arrival, and, as soon as I was in a fit state to present myself to them, His Majesty and the Queen gave me as kind a reception as my heart could desire. General Acton himself took me to them, and overwhelmed me with attentions; but he was very soon affronted by the praises that were lavished upon me, and the confidence placed in me.

I was asked to draw up a scheme for the defence of Sicily, and especially of Messina. I did so, and when my plan was laid before the council, it met with general approval. In the flattering treatment I received Acton saw a means of removing me from the Court: he sounded me through one of his devoted followers, to find out whether I should accept the post of commandant at Messina. I put forward no definite objection, but pointed out that Calabria was not occupied by the French, that the English fleet was at Palermo, that a regiment and an English general [1] were occupying the fortress of Messina, in which the chief defences of the island were concentrated, and that consequently that town was in no immediate danger. I

should be uselessly depriving myself, I said, of the services of the surgeon who was treating me, and should be risking life-long disablement; for which reasons I hoped Acton would be so kind as to postpone this mark of confidence, or appoint some one else in my place. He was displeased by my answer, and attributed it to a desire to cultivate the favour I had won. From that time forward he did his utmost to mortify me. The Queen warned me of his schemes, and graciously begged me not to show my annoyance. For some time I pretended to be unconscious of them, but at last I became weary of their constant recurrence and had an extremely heated conversation with him, in which I gave him excellent reasons for ceasing to annoy me. I took the precaution of writing to him on the subject, in order to secure in black-and-white the words he had used when we were alone. The result was quite satisfactory. Acton was perfectly aware that a very little thought on the King's part would make it plain to His Majesty that the loss of his kingdom was due to his minister's conduct, and he therefore spared no pains in hiding from the King everything likely to open his eyes. Recent events had given him a guilty conscience, and he was afraid of every one. The Queen's kindness might have reassured him as to her intentions; and in any case his mistrust was no excuse for speaking of her to the King behind her back. He made it his business to ruin her, to alienate the King from her, to rouse his suspicions in every way; and he finally succeeded in estranging them. He contrived to keep up this mischievous discord between them until the time of which I shall presently speak, when he overreached himself.

Everything at this time—the policy and proceedings of the government, every project that was put forward, and all correspondence with other Courts—was subject to Nelson's ruling. It would be unjust to deny that the King was under an obligation to him for insuring his safety in Sicily; but Nelson would have been hard put to it to redeem the harm he had done to Naples, or to efface the memory—at a later date—of the sorrows to which he contributed after the re-conquest of the kingdom.[2]

Nelson shared all his honours and triumphs with Lady Hamilton.[3] Her ambition rivalled Nelson's glory, and it was the glory that took the second place. Nelson, with his one eye and one arm, had never thought it necessary to be on his guard against seduction—least of all the seduction that emanated from himself. Lady Hamilton feigned a passion for him, and became his mistress in every sense of the word. His talents and virtues as a warrior were all in her hands, where they became indistinguishable from his vices; they had everything in common—money, faults, vanities, wrong-doing of every kind. Nelson had become a mere caricature of Rinaldo, the slave of an Armida who had neither brains, nor modesty, nor magic. The officers of the English fleet were mortified and disgusted: there was a social mutiny among them, and Nelson, whom they would have obeyed implicitly in a battle, was treated by them everywhere else without any of the respect and consideration that were his due. The Queen of Naples, who was too kind-hearted to set limits to her gratitude, encouraged the vanity of Nelson and his mistress: she gave a magnificent fête, and exhibited effigies of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and her husband Sir William,[4] in a temple of Victory. Young Prince Leopold [5] himself led Nelson into the temple, and crowned both him and his statue. Nelson came out of the temple more vainglorious—if less truly glorious—than he entered it. It is to his state of moral slumber that we owe Buonaparte's career. There can be no doubt that, had Nelson not been in this lethargic condition, his natural watchfulness and activity would have insured the capture of the frigate in which *Cæsar and his fortune* sailed from Egypt to France. Buonaparte should build a shrine to Lady Hamilton: she should head the list of all the happy chances that led him to the throne. This fact is as true as it is curious.

The King presented Nelson with the Duchy of Brontë, which brought in a yearly income of eight thousand ducats.[6] Luxury and intrigue reigned in one of the Two Sicilies, while drunkenness and violence were reigning in the other. As soon as the advancing season allowed hostilities to be resumed Austria and Russia united to attack Italy, and their first operations made

the position of the French in Naples very precarious. Cardinal Ruffo [7] had been sent from Palermo, without either troops or money, to discover the state of public opinion in Calabria, to check the contagion of the principles that emanated from the capital, and to fortify with encouraging promises such of the King's subjects as had remained faithful. The Russian, Turkish, and English fleets were stationed off the coasts of Sicily: everything seemed to point to a speedy reparation of the recent disasters. Cardinal Ruffo won over all the armed inhabitants of the towns; for the French, being hampered by the movements of the Russian and Austrian armies, were prevented from putting obstacles in his way. He was, therefore, able to consolidate his work, and to bring back to their duty such of the Calabrian towns as had strayed from it. While it would be absurd to make too much of the cardinal's services, it would be unjust to forget them: he did much to improve the state of things at the moment, even if he worked mischief afterwards. In all his peregrinations he never met a single Frenchman. He made use of the loyal to win over the rebels; and he might have done this, I think, without laying so many obligations on the King, or making so many promises in his name.

He raised an army of peasants, and invested its leaders with various ranks in the King's army. He procured money from the different provinces by exempting them from taxation for several years, and altogether his conquests would have entailed more inconveniences than advantages if all his pledges had been redeemed: they are still a burden on the kingdom, and will be so for a long time. It would be impossible to estimate the number of men derived from the lowest class whom he created generals, colonels, majors, and captains.[8] To break faith with such as these is cruelty: to keep it is a monstrous subversion of the natural order of things in a regular army. The success of many of his labours was eclipsed by disadvantages of this kind.

Championnet was recalled. Macdonald, who was hemmed in on one side in the south of Italy by General Souvarow, and hard pressed by the revolt of the Neapolitan provinces, was

making ready to leave the country, which he did four and a half months after invading it. He left the kingdom at the mercy of its outraged sovereign, and gave the Neapolitans the first lesson they had received of late years, in remaining true and loyal in misfortune.

The cardinal, aided by some Russian and Turkish soldiers, appeared before Naples with his Calabrians in June 1799. The insurgents opposed his entrance, but he overcame them.[9] All the forts capitulated: he was master of the capital, where he found all the Neapolitans in fear of their lives, and doing their best to palliate, or explain, or conceal the part they had played.

The Calabrians vied with one another in pillage and violence, and the remedy appeared to be worse than the disease. The thought of Acton's vengeance struck terror to every heart. The guilty could not doubt that they would be punished, while the guiltless had no confidence that their innocence would be proved, and feared that all would be condemned alike. Instead of being restored to happiness, the capital was plunged into a state of stupor and bewilderment that will continue for many a day.

As soon as the news reached Palermo Nelson persuaded the King to go on board his ship, and proceed to the Bay of Naples. Acton and Lady Hamilton, being inseparable from Nelson, accompanied them, and dictated the laws to which the town was to be subjected. The King submitted all his decisions to Acton; Acton laid them all before Nelson; Nelson referred everything to my lady, in whose person all powers were united. She was a far more relentless judge than a moody, violent sailor would have been. Her point of view seemed to be: *If one listens to them all, not a man will be hanged!* and she coolly and light-heartedly selected the victims. I do not mean to say that those who were condemned were blameless; but boys of sixteen, and only sons, were executed for yielding to force, or to fashion, or to ignorance; and this I can never recall without horror. The government set up two tribunals, one conducted by the State, and the other by general-officers, to decide the fate of civilians and soldiers respectively. The

former was a tribunal of blood; the latter was one of justice, I must admit, and I can declare it conscientiously.[10] The inquiry into past conduct having been confided to these two tribunals the King returned to Palermo, to discuss the military operations that were to be the next step.

It was decided to send an expedition into the Roman States, and to occupy Rome. All the troops that could be gathered together were placed under the orders of General Bourcard, and M. le comte de Vintimille [11] was appointed chief of the staff. To this force were added the armed peasants; and the whole horde was despatched to occupy the Roman States, where Lieutenant-General Naselli was appointed political and military governor.

It devolved upon Acton to direct the restoration of the two governments, since the Pope was not yet elected; but he dared not return to Naples. His well-founded terror of appearing there so soon after the crisis obliged him to carry on the government from afar, and since he was, therefore, forced to leave the sentencing of compromised persons entirely in the hands of the State Tribunal, Naples was delivered over to cruelty and corruption solely on account of his egotism. Sentences of banishment and confiscation were sold and bought again for ready money; and the consequences of this traffic, which will be felt for another century and more, are the most practical evils caused by this time of upheaval.

It would have seemed natural for the cardinal to be placed at the head of the restored state, for, if he was not without faults, neither was he without ability. But he had made himself useful; he had won distinction; Acton, therefore, must needs fear him, and compass his ruin. He led the King to mistrust his first measures, and look upon him as a subject who had turned dangerous. He made the King refuse to ratify the treaties concluded between rebel commandants and the cardinal, and, by dint of covertly undermining His Majesty's gratitude, he brought about Ruffo's removal and disgrace.

For more than four months Naples languished in the tortures of a venal inquisition. At last, however, the complaints and

sorrows of the public reached the King's ear, and Acton was obliged to institute the phantom of a legal government. He sent a Sicilian noble, the Prince of Cassaro, to Naples as Viceroy—an honest, upright man, but one who had neither enough abiiity to do any real good, nor enough character to force Acton's hand.[12] He was entirely dependent on Acton; but his simplicity and gentleness, combined with even the merest shadow of authority, were sufficient to restore order, or at least to stop the persecution. It next occurred to Acton that a new army should be formed from the fragments of the old, and he entrusted the task to the Chevalier de Saxe and myself. We were both made lieutenant-generals;[13] one of us was appointed inspector-general of infantry, and the other inspector-general of cavalry; and we proceeded to Naples with the Prince of Cassaro in the early days of November 1799.

The future that evidently lay before Italy made the possession of an efficient army urgently necessary to the kingdom of Naples, and we therefore embarked upon the difficult task of reorganisation with all the energy at our command. It was a matter of certainty that, if Buonaparte were to gain the ascendancy in Italy, an attack on the kingdom of Naples would follow; while if the Emperor of Germany were successful he would beg a contingent of the King of Naples, to help him in his operations. With these facts in our minds we set to work, with all the necessary diligence, to bring order into the terrible chaos that prevailed in the Neapolitan army when we arrived. It will give some idea of our labours when I say that we had to inquire—in conjunction with the Tribunal of Generals, of which we were members—into the conduct of all the officers in the army, which nominally numbered 60,000 men, though there were not ten private soldiers actually available. To sift out those whose behaviour had been blameless during the period of the Republic; to distinguish between the various shades of guilt; to select from the whole mass the number necessary for the strength of the new regiments, without omitting the men of all classes whom Cardinal Ruffo had so arbitrarily invested with military rank; to collect, from

all parts of the kingdom, soldiers and horses, arms and uniforms, and every sort of camp-utensil; to form regiments of all these odds and ends, without wounding or injuring any one for whose services the King had further use: such were our duties. After ten months of arduous labour we had twelve regiments of infantry and six of cavalry in fighting order. We had intended each of the infantry regiments to comprise fifteen hundred men, but could only muster a thousand, who formed three battalions. Each cavalry regiment contained four squadrons, and numbered four hundred troopers. They were all well armed, well equipped, fairly well drilled, and ready to take the field.

It was only natural that everything should be hampered and delayed by the disordered state of the finances, due to the occupation of the kingdom by the French, the exemption from taxation granted by the cardinal to several provinces, and the residence of the Court in Sicily. The government had been obliged to issue paper-money, and from the very first so great a loss was involved that the public gave the ministry neither credit nor confidence. And yet Zurlo,[14] the man who was then in control of the finances, had certainly a talent for obtaining money. If he had employed his abilities with greater moderation he would have saved himself from subsequent disgrace, but less money would have been forthcoming. It was necessary to punish him for his tortuous dealings, but possibly he would have been equally unfortunate if he had been guiltless.

His difficulties at this time were increased by an event that caused considerable expense: the Queen's expedition to Vienna. The King, under Acton's influence, had driven her to desperation by his treatment of her. After trying every means to bring him to reason she gave up the struggle in despair, and expressed a wish to leave him. In any other circumstances the expenses of the journey would have been a sufficient reason against it, but Acton's hatred easily overrode so trivial an obstacle. The Queen's generosity, which is one of her most distinctive qualities, should perhaps have been kept in check at this time, in view of the penurious state of the kingdom; but it was quite beyond her to deprive herself of the pleasure

of giving, and the controller of the finances of Naples supplied money for all her generous deeds.

A short time before her departure M. le duc de Berry visited Palermo,[15] for it had been previously arranged, in spite of the Revolution in France, that he should marry one of the Neapolitan princesses. I had seen him during the few days he spent in Naples on his way to Sicily, and had taken the opportunity of giving him some hints on the characters with whom he would have to deal. His own character, however, was incapable of adapting itself to the requirements of the position. He pleased no one but the Queen, who was charmed by his noble sentiments and straightforward nature. But he offended Acton, who never forgave him; and the match was broken off, to the great regret of the princess, who had looked forward with pleasure to marrying this prince. M. le duc de Berry and the Queen left Sicily at the same time. He was granted an allowance, but it was irregularly paid. As long as Acton remains in power the prince need not expect to receive any arrears.

The occupation of the Roman State effected no improvement in the finances of Naples. Ten thousand piastres a month was all the relief afforded to the King's coffers, a fact which has always seemed to me unjustifiable and inexplicable. The King did not take advantage of his temporary possession of Rome, either to enlarge his territory, or to acquire Benevento, or even to abolish the ancient and ridiculous feudal service of the *palfry*,[16] which is still a cause of dispute every year on the same day. He was, therefore, considered to be rendering a great service to the Pope, by preparing the way for his return to Rome, and avoiding, by means of the intermediary government, all the confusion that would have arisen when the Roman Republic came to an end. The extent of these services might have made it seem natural to His Holiness that part of his revenues should be appropriated; but it was not done, and the accumulation of expenses crushed the kingdom of Naples.

Early in the summer of 1800 the reverses of the Austrians began to cause anxiety. It was well known that France had been meditating a descent on Naples ever since the republican

troops had evacuated the kingdom. The Russian and Austrian armies were no longer united. Souvarow had crossed from Italy into Switzerland at the end of the last campaign, and, in accordance with an agreement between the King of Naples and Paul I, had sent a detachment of three thousand men to garrison Naples. Some time afterwards this corps was relieved by another of the same strength, and General Borosdine, who was in command of it, was deputed to form a regiment of Italian guards,[17] which is still in existence. Genoa was again in the hands of the French; and General Melas had been left in Italy to follow up the first successes of the combined armies. On the 14th June the famous Battle of Marengo restored to the French the fourteen fortresses of which Souvarow's descent had robbed them. A portion of the Austrian army was occupying Tuscany: another portion, under General Bellegarde, was in a splendid defensive position on the Mincio, between Mantua and Pescara. But an Austrian army is always discouraged by reverses, and if the minister Thugut had had more personal knowledge of the troops and generals he would have felt that the head of the imperial government would do well to make peace at any price, whenever the army were unfortunate, at all events until the time should come for another Eugene or Laudon to be born.

Then came the request that had been expected. The Court of Vienna begged for a corps of ten thousand men from Naples. Acton wrote to Cassaro, the Viceroy, to consult him as to the best means of furnishing it, and the best method of defending the frontiers. The Prince of Cassaro summoned all the generals, and asked each one his opinion on this important subject. I was the youngest, and therefore was the first to speak; and I made the most of the resources that were still left to us after all our misfortunes. The Chevalier de Saxe supported me, but thought it wisest to negotiate. The advice of the rest of the Council was still feebler. Finally the Prince of Cassaro bade us commit our opinion to paper without delay, as he wished to send it to the King that evening.

I observed that it was impossible (at least to me) to draw up a paper at a moment's notice, to enlighten the King on the

subject of his resources. Such a report could be neither exhaustive nor accurate, and I begged to be given until the next morning. This respite was granted. It was arranged that on the following morning each of us should take his written opinion, under seal, to the Prince of Cassaro, and that the Chevalier de Saxe should travel to Palermo to present them all to the King.

I spent the night describing all the means of defence upon the frontiers, the distribution and division of the troops, and the points where the *masses* [18] could supplement the regular troops. After allowing, as far as the numbers permitted, a sufficient force for the defences, I came to the conclusion that a corps of eight thousand men might be sent to the Austrians without endangering the frontiers. I gave my paper to the Prince of Cassaro, and the Chevalier de Saxe set out to Palermo.

Acton gave the Chevalier de Saxe a very bad reception, and the King was so much humiliated by the feeble counsels of his generals that he treated him with scant courtesy. The Chevalier handed in his resignation on the spot, and returned to Naples to make ready for his journey to Vienna.

The King, in answering the Prince of Cassaro, explicitly ordered him to follow, in every detail, the plan I had proposed for the distribution of the troops on the frontiers, and to give me a free hand in selecting the eight thousand men for the auxiliary corps, of which I was to have the command, under the Austrian general, the Comte de Bellegarde. He added that the expenses were to be regulated by me, and that on no account whatever was I to be left short of money. Such unlimited powers as these made matters very easy for me. I only took four thousand men from Naples, and I deputed the Comte de Vintimille (du Luc), who was in Rome, and was to be my chief of the staff, to choose two thousand from the Neapolitan troops in that city.

Artillery, pontoons, baggage-wagons, uniforms, and camp-utensils—everything was ready, and at the end of a fortnight this army-corps left nothing to be desired. The Minister of Finance promised that I should be credited with the necessary

funds in Rome, and I laid great stress on the disrepute and inconvenience that would fall upon the army-corps if it were reduced to pecuniary straits. Every means was employed to avoid it, and I had cause to congratulate myself on the regularity with which we received our funds: to this alone I attribute the discipline, order, and perfect subordination that prevailed throughout this campaign. My instructions were to recognise no authority save that of M. de Bellegarde; to serve the Austrian army in every way I considered right, to prove the King's entire devotion and adherence to the cause; and to send despatches only when there was some important reason for doing so, since the King had perfect confidence in me.

I left Naples on the 20th September. I spent four days in camp at Capua, organising all the smaller matters connected with the army-corps; and on the 1st October I occupied the villages on the hills of Albano, at Frascati, where I was to await my first orders from M. de Bellegarde. I remained at Frascati all the time that the Austrian cabinet was vacillating as to the best course to pursue; and it is well known how the operations of the Austrian army are always delayed by this irresolution, and by the dependence of the generals on the deliberations of the Council of War. General Bellegarde at this time was in an advantageous position for offensive measures. Tuscany was in danger; but the French force that threatened it was widely separated from the main army, and if General Bellegarde had been free to advance rapidly when it was his wish to do so he would have saved Tuscany, destroyed the army that was threatening it, and counteracted all the subsequent hostilities of General Brune by his superior numbers. But the ministry at Vienna left him inactive for so long that his army became weakened by a variety of maladies, and exasperation and discouragement were the result. Meanwhile I employed my time in manœuvring on the Roman plains. The King of Naples recalled General Naselli, the civil and military governor of the Roman State, and appointed me in his place.[19] The Pope had arrived. He was guarded by the King's troops, and I was instructed to make it plain that, though the administration would be nominally in the hands of the Holy Father's

ministers, I should retain the power of modifying and controlling their decisions. The King's standard was still flying on the Castle of St. Angelo, and I was careful to keep the papal authority very much in subjection to that of the King, while showing it every respect.

The Austrians in Tuscany were commanded by General Sommariva.[20] He wrote to me that, since his troops and mine would naturally be associated during the coming operations, he wished to have an interview with me; and he begged me to appoint a meeting-place on the road between Rome and Florence. As this overture on his part would give me an opportunity of glancing at the country that was to be my field of action, and judging for myself of the state of the Austrian troops, I answered that I would set out on the following day. I would not trouble him, I added, to come half-way to meet me, but would go to him in Florence.

I never dreamed for a moment that anything would occur to interfere with this plan: there was no question at the moment of any movement on the part of the troops. But to my great astonishment, when I was three miles from Siena, an officer who was travelling one stage in advance of me came back to meet me, with the news that the French had invaded Tuscany and entered Florence. General Sommariva had evacuated that town, and was falling back on Arezzo and Ancona; and the French were expected in Siena in two hours' time. He had heard the news from an official of the Court of Naples, who had left Florence at the same time as the Austrians, and was waiting at an inn in Siena for horses to take him to Rome. I could not bring myself to believe it, and decided to go to Siena: I should be there in a quarter of an hour, and the story was too improbable to be trusted. It was confirmed only too unmistakably, however, by the alarm that prevailed in Siena, and by the definite statement of all the authorities of the town. I only remained there for an hour, and then returned to Rome.[21] I instantly sent off an officer post-haste to General Bellegarde, to ascertain the course he intended to adopt, and to obtain his orders. My messenger was obliged to go from Ancona to Venice by sea, the March

of Ancona being already occupied by the French. I had to wait three weeks for the return of this courier, and the interval was a time of very pressing anxiety.

M. le général Dupont,[22] who was in command of the French troops that had just invaded Tuscany, sent two of his officers to me with a very arrogant letter. He informed me that I must evacuate Rome, and that the King must immediately give up three Frenchmen whom he had held prisoners since their return from Egypt, one of them being M. Dolomieu.[23] Unless both these demands were complied with, he said, he would march on Naples.[24] The real object of this mission was to give the two officers who brought the letter an opportunity of observing the Neapolitan troops in Rome, and on the hills of Frascati: it was most unlikely that M. Dupont would incur the risks of marching on Naples, as long as General Bellegarde was on the banks of the Mincio and still in possession of Mantua. I gave the two Frenchmen an escort of two officers to accompany them everywhere, and, when they asked permission to go and see the country round Rome, I told them they should not leave the town before the return of the courier whom I was sending to Palermo, to inform the King of their mission.[25] At the same time I sent an answer to M. Dupont to the effect that I should not evacuate Rome, and that I should return his officers to him when I was able to give them an answer to his other demands. After waiting for a fortnight they were sent off, accompanied for the first ten miles by an escort, with a confirmation of my refusal of Dupont's first demand, and some vague words with regard to the second.

The officer I had sent to General Bellegarde[26] returned to me,[27] with instructions to march instantly on Tuscany, and to let nothing prevent me from reaching the Arno. Before I was there M. de Bellegarde would have crossed the Mincio and attacked the whole French force. I was to have further news of him as soon as he had reopened communication between himself and me; and probably we should meet near Bologna or Modena.

My army-corps was on the march the next day.[28] During the second day's march I received a message by courier from

General Bellegarde. It was merely a confirmation of his first orders, and was only sent in case his first letter had not reached me.[29] In this second despatch, however, he added "that if, contrary to his expectations, he should meet with reverses (in which I was not to believe on a mere rumour, but only on trustworthy information), I must either return to Rome, or at all events must not cross the frontier of the States of the Church."

On the fifth day I entered Tuscany,[30] having as yet seen no sign of M. le général Dupont. On the sixth day another letter arrived from M. de Bellegarde, whose first act of hostility had been to reopen communications with the March of Ancona by way of Ferrara, which enabled his courier to travel by land. He wrote: "The French have been beforehand with me: they have crossed the Mincio in a fog. I am obliged to retreat towards Tagliamento. I hold to the instructions I gave you in case this should occur."

I consequently retraced my steps for a day, and took up a position on the frontier of the Roman State, where I concentrated my troops, only placing outposts on the Tuscan border.

The reverses of the Austrian army on the Mincio were a sufficient indication of the discouragement from which it was suffering. Since it was superior in numbers to the French army, and entrenched at every point of its line of defence, it appeared most unlikely that it should be defeated in the position it occupied. But not a single redoubt was defended. There was only the feeblest opposition at the two fords of the river; and if General Brune narrowly escaped punishment by the military authorities for not destroying the Austrian army as it retreated, it was not without reason. Having overcome the initial difficulties he could not possibly have met with the slightest hindrance in following up his success. If I had been on the Council I should have condemned him.

M. de Bellegarde's abilities, however, forbade me to give up hope. In every part of Tuscany I had agents engaged in watching the movements of both armies, and I learnt, in a way that was calculated to inspire confidence, that the Austrian army had made another effort, and had recovered the upper

hand. I also knew that General Pino, who commanded the Cisalpine troops, was observing my movements. He was on the Arezzo road, parallel to the road I was myself occupying; and at the same time I learnt that he was retreating in haste. It might have been my advance that lured him thither in the first place, but whether it were so or not I determined to make an offensive demonstration. A movement of the kind might be of service to M. de Bellegarde; since, if General Brune heard of my advance while still in danger from General Bellegarde, he would be obliged to detach some troops from his army to oppose me, and would not know the strength of my force. Moreover, I might perhaps destroy General Pino's corps, and give the Neapolitans a taste of success to reward them for all the marching they had done since leaving Rome.

I took two thousand men, of whom six hundred were cavalry, and advanced towards Siena.[31] When I was within half a day's march of that town I met a major sent by General Gorup,[32] who commanded the Austrians at Ancona. He brought me a letter urging me to employ the greatest caution, in view of the uncertainty of the future. I explained the circumstances to him: the possible utility of diverting Brune's attention to his rear, and the necessity, with this end in view, of driving the French out of Siena and waiting there for news. He entirely agreed with me, and I prepared to take Siena (5th Jan. 1801). I sent a detachment of cavalry to the farther side of the town in the night, to watch the Florentine Gate, and at daybreak I attacked the Roman Gate. When this gate was forced some of the French retired to the citadel, and some endeavoured to retreat to Florence, but the detachment of cavalry that was posted near the Florentine Gate fell upon them, and killed or took every one who appeared. My army-corps occupied the town, and on the third day the citadel capitulated, on condition that the garrison should go free, after pledging themselves to serve no more in that war. Lest the fortress should prove an obstacle in the future—supposing I were obliged to abandon Siena and recapture it, if General Bellegarde should recover from his reverse and make a movement in advance—I gave orders for the principal defences and

the walls of the gateway to be destroyed, by three thousand workmen from the neighbouring country.

I remained in Siena, impatiently awaiting news from General Bellegarde, whom I informed by courier of what I had done. I could employ a small detached corps effectively and conveniently; but, without knowing something of his circumstances, I should not have liked to endanger the rest of my troops, whose duty it would be to defend the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples, supposing the Austrians were forced to continue their retreat. With this possibility in view I had left the rest of the army-corps a day's march in my rear. If I were attacked by a superior force I could fall back upon it and retreat.

In the evening of the 13th January I saw, on the hills that border one of the roads between Siena and Florence, to the right of the main-road, the fires of a hostile force. My spies and other informants in the country assured me that it belonged to the Cisalpine general, Pino,[33] who had come to drive me out of Siena with three thousand men. It would have been an insult to the zeal and goodwill of my troops to evade so feeble a foe. I remained where I was, in readiness to receive his attack.

At dawn on the 14th he was still stationary. At about nine o'clock my outposts were attacked. I went to reconnoitre, and saw advancing, on the right of the Cisalpine column, a column of French troops about twice as strong as the other. Of this force, which was commanded by General Miollis, I had heard nothing.[34]

I could not long contend, with an outpost alone, against nine thousand men. Moreover, my expedition had been planned in reliance on the Austrian army. Since I had received no further news of General Bellegarde my hopes that he had recovered his position faded away, and in accordance with his orders I decided to retire. I instantly posted my troops on the farther side of Siena, and remained myself in the suburbs on the road to Florence, with no more men than sufficed to repel the first attack. The lie of the ground was favourable to me. After checking the first violence of the attack with three cavalry-

charges and a well-directed fire from my musketry, I barricaded the town-gate and joined the rest of the troops at their post behind the town, which I skirted outside the walls. The enemy forced the gate with their guns, but the time they employed in doing so gave me the chance I required to improve my position, and enable me to retreat in good order. The enemy then renewed the attack, but I gained ground by retreating in squares—which could not have been done in better order on parade—while our artillery kept up a regular and constant fire. As night drew near the enemy abandoned the pursuit, after eight hours' fighting. They took nothing of mine away with them but a few troopers and a few wounded, whereas they left many dead behind them, and many prisoners.[35]

I had taken precautions against a very persistent pursuit, by sending some troops to the Arezzo road at the beginning. They had orders, supposing I were attacked in Siena, to appear in the enemy's rear.

I rejoined the army-corps on the following day. Some letters from Rome were awaiting me, and informed me that General Bellegarde was in full retreat towards the gorges of Udine. The campaign was, therefore, considered to be over. There was nothing more for me to do in Tuscany, so I took back the army to Rome, in great disgust at the Neapolitans being disappointed in their hopes of forming the left wing of the Austrian army, in a campaign that bade fair to be prosperous. Their only satisfaction lay in having proved the goodwill of the King and his troops.

I sincerely regretted having had so little opportunity of responding to the enthusiasm of the people of Siena, and to the warmth of their reception. The only proof of gratitude that I could give was to avoid effecting my retreat within their walls. Though this precaution added considerably to my difficulties I felt it incumbent upon me to save this unfortunate town, in accordance with the laws of warfare, from the horrors of pillage; and I succeeded in doing so. But I could not save the bishop, an excellent and high-minded man,[36] from a fine of 20,000 piastres for singing the *Te Deum*. I had

given him a hint not to do it, but he was too enthusiastic to listen to me.

The Tuscan nation stands alone in its devotion to its former sovereign. No persecution has ever been able to weaken its fidelity and constancy. With the right leaders this country might have been another invincible Vendée.[37]

General Brune, who knew that there were troops in Tuscany, but could not, at so great a distance, estimate the importance of their movements, had detached a corps of 20,000 men to oppose them. General Murat was in command. He wrote to inform me that the Austrian army was about to conclude an armistice with the French, in which *the King's troops would not be included*, but he suggested that I should make one of my own. He was marching on Foligno, he said, and we could carry on our negotiations there, or even, if I were willing, have an interview.[38]

At that time the Hereditary Prince and Acton were daily expected in Naples, and I had every reason to believe that they had already arrived. It was so important, at this crisis, to have definite and direct instructions, that I resolved to make an effort to obtain them from themselves; and I set out to Naples, which I reached in eighteen hours.[39] Neither the Hereditary Prince nor Acton had arrived. The Viceroy had not the least understanding of the interests involved, and being always averse from committing himself refused to write a word. I was reduced to suggesting that I should draw up some instructions for myself, and that he should sign them; and I had great difficulty in winning his consent. The unpleasantness of our position was increased by the Russian general, who announced that he had no orders to protect the kingdom in the case of an attack, and that he would retire to the islands near Naples if the French should invade Neapolitan territory.

I assumed that the demands of the enemy would be the most likely and obvious ones, and that our answers would be as far as possible compatible with our interests. The Viceroy assembled his councillors, to inquire of them whether he could safely subscribe to what I had written. He signed his name; and after a visit of six hours to Naples I returned to Rome.

I sent a courier to Murat, and told him I would consent either to an interview, or to written negotiations for an armistice, whichever he preferred; that I should instantly warn my outposts that negotiations were in progress; but that the first condition was that his should not cross the Nera (a river between Foligno and Narni), which should serve as a barrier during the discussion.[40] He consented; and finally decided to treat in writing.[41]

The Queen, as I have already said, was in Vienna. The moment that the question arose of an armistice between the Austrian and French armies she secured an official promise in writing that the Ministry would consent to no treaty that did not include her army and her States. The Emperor owed this return to the King of Naples, after the active support that the latter had given him. However, he signed this solemn promise, and before the ink was dry put his name to an armistice that entirely ignored us. M. de Bellegarde wrote to me: "I have just concluded an armistice in which you do not appear: I could only obtain a promise that you should not be attacked, but you know how these people keep their promises: take precautions."[42]

By a chance that only the immorality of the century and the weakness of Austria could produce, I received within the space of two days this letter from M. de Bellegarde, and one from the Queen, who assured me that her mind was quite at rest, and enclosed a copy of the Emperor's promise on our behalf. I sent both letters to the government at Naples, where Acton had at last arrived.

General Murat sent me his first conditions, for an armistice of a fortnight. He added others, the acceptance of which would lead to a permanent peace.[43]

The most notable and the most insurmountable was the immediate dismissal of Acton. I cannot here give all the others, which were more or less acceptable; but I refused to consider any of them until that was expunged. I definitely rejected a condition that was fundamentally and directly offensive to the King. I pointed out that every sovereign had the right of choosing his own minister, the guardian of his con-

fidence, and that no motive whatever could justify the interference of a foreign government in the matter. Murat spoke of it no more.

I sent Acton my opinion on the other conditions, and mentioned the points on which I thought Murat seemed inclined to be more or less tenacious. In his answer Acton objected to some of the articles, and I saw very clearly, from his ambiguous manner of complying with the conditions without positively accepting them, that he intended the responsibility to be borne by me alone. By this method he would have a refuge for his vanity and reputation when the armistice was concluded, and could save his credit at my expense. This perfectly just suspicion probably saved me from much mortification. I wrote to Acton "that notwithstanding the desire shown by General Murat to treat directly with myself, as between general and general, I thought the matter involved too many complications to be settled without proper diplomatic formalities; that I begged him to appoint a negotiator at once; and that I was so sure of his approbation that I should write to General Murat to that effect." My letter was quite definite: Acton was displeased by it, and tried to compromise me in another way. He chose M. de Micheroux [44] to carry on the negotiations, and sent me a letter by him to Rome, saying that since the generals of the two army-corps had begun the transaction it would be more convenient if they were to finish it, at all events ostensibly; and that I must, therefore, give a signed *carte blanche* to M. de Micheroux, who would fill it up at Foligno.

I refused, and told M. de Micheroux he might continue his journey, since he need not hope to obtain anything of the kind from me. For this Acton never forgave me. His temperament was so suspicious and autocratic that, all through his career (and on a score of notorious occasions), he behaved with marked coldness and constraint to any one who was in a position to expect his gratitude. He was ruffled because I knew of the desire of the French for his dismissal, and still more because I had done him the service of preventing any mention of the subject. He knew that the terms of the armistice or peace would be too unfavourable to do him credit.

He intended to give the King the impression that the negotiator had contravened his instructions, in order to save himself from the burden of the consequences. He selected me for his scapegoat, because he thought I should not submit to an unjust mortification, and should leave the Neapolitan service.

Any one who really knows this man can testify that I understand him fairly well. The fate of the Chevalier Micheroux is a sufficient confirmation of the belief that saved me. After the Peace of Florence he was totally and publicly disgraced, and exiled for three years, for having—so it was said—signed articles without authority.

Of all the conditions of the armistice [45] the one that Acton most vigorously opposed was the closing of ports to the English; and he was quite right. But I had plainly seen that Murat would not relinquish it altogether. I had partially persuaded him to except merchant-vessels, and confine the condition to ships of war. I told Acton, at the very first, of this concession. But when M. de Micheroux assumed the direction of affairs Murat was annoyed, and held firmly to his first article; and the armistice, as it was signed, entirely excluded every kind of English vessel. M. Murat at the last moment added a secret article demanding a sum of 1,500,000 livres *for luck*, which was granted.[46] He never mentioned the subject to me, and would not have dared, for very shame, to speak of it when treating with me.

This armistice was merely the prelude to a still more unfavourable peace. The article involving the residence of a French army-corps in the kingdom was more important than all the rest put together: it was the one that did the most practical harm, and harm of an increasing kind, since it created a precedent. It was stipulated in the treaty of the Peace of Florence [47] that the army-corps should be removed on the conclusion of a general peace: but in accepting the condition its recurrence should have been guarded against. As will be seen, no precautions whatever were taken in the matter.

XV

Return of the army-corps to Naples, March 1801—The Hereditary Prince gives Damas a kind reception, and so does Acton, but the latter is really hostile to him—Peace of Florence, 28th March, 1801—Violent scene with Acton, after which Damas hands in his resignation—Goodwill of the King and Hereditary Prince—Damas visits Battaglia with Bellegarde—Further reflections on the Austrian army—Long visit to Vienna (Oct. 1801–Dec. 1803)—Damas is recalled to Naples by the King and Queen, and returns on the 5th January, 1804—Persistent hostility of Acton—Elliot and Alquier, the English minister and French ambassador—Acton is sent to Sicily—Conversation with the Queen of Naples, whose influence becomes supreme.

As soon as the armistice was signed the Neapolitan troops returned to their own country in accordance with the terms of the treaty. I left Rome with the army-corps, without having seen General Murat. He had written to me very courteously, asking me to expect him on a particular day, as he wished to speak to me on matters of business. I consented to see him, and invited him to dine with me, but he was delayed by affairs of some kind, and after sacrificing several hours to politeness [1] I left Rome and returned to Naples (March 1801 [2]).

Acton's reception of me seemed to indicate the most perfect satisfaction with my conduct and correspondence. The Hereditary Prince overwhelmed me with kindness, and with praises of the discipline and behaviour of my troops, and of the excellent administration of their affairs during the past six months. I placed more confidence in his flattering compliments than in those of Acton, whom I had only too much reason to mistrust. The Peace of Florence was quickly concluded. The Chevalier Italiensky, the Russian Ambassador, made use of his master's influence in the matter, but was unable to save the kingdom from conditions of the hardest description; and yet, judging by comparison, it must be admitted that they were by no means as bad in proportion as the terms to which Austria, a

first-rate Power, was obliged to submit. Naples only lost one tract of territory, which was interesting because of its connection with the ancient customs and rights of the crown, but was really more costly and burdensome than it was worth: the Presidii of Tuscany. Three frigates were to be lent to France; and a division of the French army, numbering twelve thousand men, was accorded the right of occupying the Abruzzi and Puglia until the general peace.

The Neapolitan government was not called upon to reward the army for martial exploits and memorable battles, but in a new army encouragement is of the first importance, and on this ground alone I called attention to the few individuals, and the regiments, that had most successfully seized the opportunity of distinguishing themselves. For these I asked moderate rewards, which Acton promised to give. Indeed, he met me more than half-way, and himself very justly weighed the claims of all whom I considered deserving of encouragement. Three months went by, and still the most important of his promises were unfulfilled. I importuned him in vain. At last one day I went to his house, when a courier had just arrived from the King with a letter that condemned all his recent actions. He was beside himself; and from the first moment I suspected that our conversation was going to be of a most stormy nature. And, true enough, it was. The tone of his voice lent much vivacity to the scene; while as for mine, my displeasure was made known to all the surrounding rooms. On leaving him I assured him that I should put it out of my power to injure the King's subjects by my importunities on their behalf; and as soon as I returned to my own house I sent him my resignation, together with an unsealed letter to the King, complaining openly of Acton. I gave a copy to the Hereditary Prince, and sent to the Ministry of War all the papers connected with my appointment.

The next day, at Acton's instigation, the Minister of War wrote to beg me to reconsider my decision. But I held to it, and awaited the result, which was delayed for six weeks.

The King accepted my resignation, and not only wrote me the most flattering letters, but granted me a pension of three

thousand ducats. He also gave me an order to all his ambassadors at foreign Courts, to the effect that I was on all occasions to be treated and supported as a general in his service, who had always deserved well of him and of the country.

In the eyes of the Neapolitan it was a glorious deed to have resisted Acton, and I was considered a hero, as the Hereditary Prince made plain to me. I left Naples—or rather the ghost of Naples—disfigured by the ill-treatment of her minister, and trembling beneath his heavy scourge. I prayed that Time the Restorer might one day enable me once more to serve a country and an army that had always treated me with confidence and kindness; and I went away.

Here I was, then, for the first time in my life, a free agent, without a duty in the world. I remained in Rome long enough to see all the antiquities that I had not previously had time to examine thoroughly, and the pictures of certain artists whose work I had not studied in detail. A violent inflammation of the eyes, from which I had been suffering for two months, obliged me to be careful. I therefore left Rome, and went to the wells at Battaglia, near Padua, where I spent six weeks. During this time I saw a good deal of General Bellegarde, an agreeable man, well grounded in the theory of his profession. He would be more fitted for it if he were not extremely short-sighted; and he must be reckoned among the generals who are never favoured by fortune. He is accustomed to reverses, but is very skilful in mitigating their severity. It appears to me, however, that he would be most advantageously employed in the diplomatic service: he seems to be endowed with all the special gifts of an ambassador. He pointed out to me all the mistakes made by the Council of Vienna during the past campaign—the opportunities that he had been made to miss, in spite of his repeated entreaties to be allowed a free hand in dealing with them. He confirmed me in the opinion that I have since expressed to the Archduke Charles: that the Austrian army will always be left at a disadvantage, on the whole, at the end of two campaigns, as long as the generals do not possess the entire confidence of the Council and the

entire control of the commissariat. The object of the campaign should be held in view from the beginning, and the general should be able to attain that object in whatever way he thinks best: the despatch of a courier to authorise every movement always delays his operations till they are useless, and very often till they are impracticable.

M. de Bellegarde entirely agreed with me as to the probable brevity of a peace that left the Emperor of Germany with the Adige for his frontier. This line of demarcation means disaster for the State of Venice; for it is only natural for a sovereign to neglect a State that he holds so precariously, and must lose on the first rupture of peace. How can this unfortunate people hope for the same attention from the government as the hereditary States? Moreover, this arrangement leaves Tyrol exposed to the French whenever the German Emperor is not the first to assume the offensive; and even if he should be so, where can he find a base, since he has now neither Mantua nor Pescara?

There was certainly no reason to make peace at the cost of accepting such a frontier as this, unless it were the total discouragement that existed in all classes of the army, as was plainly proved by the Battle of Hohenlinden and the retreat from the Mincio. Buonaparte will always begin a war with five advantages to one. He has left the Austrians no resource save the possibility of forestalling him: if they wait for him to make the move I believe they are lost. They have gained something in Germany in the Electorate of Salzburg: the whole lie of the country there is in their favour on the Bavarian side; but this slight advantage does not compensate for the other drawbacks, which are incalculable and cannot continue. The administration and interior mechanism of the Austrian army enable its losses to be repaired more quickly than those of any other European army; this is a matter of certainty, and constitutes its main resource and strength; otherwise it would be inferior. The very excellence of its administration hampers its operations; the national character and the slow brains of its leaders are a clog upon its strategy; the uncertainty of its movements renders them useless; and

the incurable German apathy places an insurmountable obstacle in the way of its improvement. Hohenlinden repeated the mistakes of Prague, and Neustadt those of Kollin. The Austrians are either defeated through the slowness of their movements, or are ineffectually victorious for want of decision and activity. Moreover, they have shown no improvement in their tactics since the earliest days of the empire.

The individuals of this army combine with these faults, which are unfortunately notorious, an indescribable amount of pretentiousness and self-sufficiency. They cannot preserve harmony with any ally: they care for nothing but subsidies, and this kind of assistance only serves to prolong their struggles, without correcting their mistakes. Every war in which they have been allied with the Russians has demonstrated their lack of natural cordiality and sympathy, and the most recent example makes one tremble for the future. Nearly all the treaties made by the Court of Vienna during the past century have proved its skill in laying all the burdens of the partnership upon its allies, and the contracting Power is always victimised both in the field and in the cabinet. Never did any alliance begin more propitiously than that of 1799. Paul's calculations and forecasts were the outcome of his military mania; while his general's [3] passion for warfare cut a way through all difficulties and all countries; but everything that was done by the Austrian army undermined and shook this alliance, and Thugut meanwhile was busied in breaking it. The shameful treaty of peace was the result. I spent the summer in the States of Venice. A convoy that was starting from Trieste for the Levant gave me the idea of carrying out my old design of visiting Constantinople. I went to Trieste to make the necessary arrangements; but the Queen of Naples wrote that she wished me to go to Vienna, and I obeyed (Oct. 1801).

The bad faith shown by the Court of Vienna in making an armistice, under the Queen's very eyes, without including her troops, and this in spite of a formal pledge to the contrary, naturally created a good deal of coolness between her and her daughter and son-in-law.[4] In the matter of outward observ-

ances, however, there was no change; the Queen's tact and quick intelligence modified the embarrassments of her situation, and she was not even daunted by several indecorous scenes that were made by her daughter. But she was by nature incapable of concealing her feelings, and, as she allowed her contempt for the government to be seen, she was feared by the ministers and her presence was disliked. She ought, however, to have conciliated the government tactfully, and laid stress on the inclination of the Russian Court to protect that of Naples; but the need of sharing her thoughts often made her indiscreet. With her the making of confidences is—if one may use such an expression—a volcanic eruption of the imagination, and where she has had no means of insuring the rectitude of the mind in which she confides, only time can save her from her mistake. M. d'Antraigues was often the depositary of her most secret thoughts, and made the worst use of them.[5] This intriguing, inferior, and consequently dangerous man was not suspected by the Queen till her visit to Vienna was nearly over: he had therefore two years in which to make mischief, and I do not doubt he made the most of them.

The thirty months that I spent in Vienna ought to have been among the calmest and happiest of my life; and if, every morning, I had thought of nothing but the day that lay before me, I should have had nothing left to desire. But my concern and anxiety for the future, the revolt that my past habits had created against living an idle life, the discomfort of existing without any motive but pleasure, or any home but those of others, always prevented me from enjoying the present.

The Queen saw at last that her visit to Vienna was exceeding all proper limits: the King felt it also, and begged her to return to Naples.[6] Acton invested her return with every mortification he could devise; he even prevented the usual ceremonies, in order to show the people that the Queen's arrival should not save them from his tyrannies. She patiently endured this ungrateful behaviour; not that she hoped for any change, as long as Acton remained in power, but because she was conscious of her own rights, and despised the insults of

this upstart, whom she herself had placed so high that his yoke could gall her.

The Peace of Amiens had been concluded: the French, more faithful to their engagements than could have been expected, had returned the frigates, and evacuated the kingdom. The right thing for Acton to do at this time, it is obvious, was to take every possible measure to prevent their return, in the case of the war being renewed. It seems impossible for an Englishman to have imagined that his nation regarded the peace as anything but a time for recovery and preparation. Surely he must have recognised the likelihood of the English breaking the peace before the Austrians, to whom nothing but rest and forgetfulness could restore the strength that their moral deterioration had impaired. Surely he must have seen that, if a rupture were to take place, there would be no restraint upon the French in Italy, and that a resumption of their former attempts on Egypt, to which their designs on India might easily prompt them, would render the occupation of the Neapolitan coast advantageous to Buonaparte. Acton, therefore, should have profited by his two years of peace to organise the army, strengthen the weak points of the frontier, and make it possible to prevent any invasion of the kingdom; but not a man was employed, not a redoubt was built, not a fortress was repaired. In his enthusiasm for English protection he thought the promises of England were a sufficient safeguard. Is it possible that he can have been blind enough not to see that England's one desire, when she breaks with France, is to drag the whole continent into the fray? It is her great hope that the French conquests may rouse all the chief Powers; and the temporary ruin of Naples is nothing to her, if a general conflagration be the result of it. In war and politics, moreover, everything is a matter of compensation. If the French invade the kingdom of Naples the English compensate themselves with Sicily, which their superior navy enables them to occupy more easily. Consequently, though the English may prefer the kingdom of Naples to be an independent Monarchy when the war is over, it does not matter to them at all whether it be more or less in disorder

while the war is going on, nor, at the end, whether one dynasty or another be reigning over it.

Acton's mind was incapable of being enlightened by reason: only actual events could open his eyes. The rupture of the Peace of Amiens put all precautions out of the question: the French sent an army-corps of twenty thousand men into the kingdom, and the English sent Nelson into the Mediterranean. The arrogance and insults of the French Ambassador [7] showed Acton very plainly that he need not expect the losses of the kingdom to be proportionate to its means: he was forced to submit to the law in all its cruelty, and champ the bit from which he had not had the sense to save himself.

There was still a shadow of resistance that might have been employed in this miserable situation. When the French entered the kingdom it would have been possible, not only to set a limit beyond which they should not pass—which was done—but also to place a cordon of troops parallel to their cantonments. This measure would at all events have left the government free in the interior of the kingdom, to take a stronger hold on the principal strategical positions, of which there are many in the central provinces. But even this simple precaution was neglected: not a barrier was erected between the French and the capital; and when once they were in the kingdom they were careful to protest against any idea of the kind.

It was about the month of December 1803, when the King and Queen recalled me to Naples.[8] I arrived there on the 5th January, 1804. I was received by the King with the greatest kindness, and by the army with a degree of friendliness that I shall never forget as long as I live. Men of every rank and class in the town came to show me their goodwill. Acton's feelings were terribly outraged. He went to the Queen, and said angrily: "There's a great deal of jubilation about M. de Damas's arrival! I don't know who persuaded him to come back to Naples."—"His health persuaded him," answered the Queen, "and his attachment to us, which made him think this a pleasant climate to live in."

Acton, seeing that this answer denoted no coldness towards

me, tried to influence the King to treat me less cordially, and succeeded, for the time being, as far as outward formalities were concerned. But he was never able to keep the King from greeting me with an air of satisfaction, and showing me kindness whenever he met me. On the day that Acton himself had fixed for me to pay my court to the King I presented myself at the private *entrée*, which I had formerly been privileged to use. I noticed that the officers of the guard were somewhat embarrassed; and one of them, who had been my adjutant-general in the last campaign, came up to me and said very apologetically that the orders were for me to enter through the ordinary rooms. I submitted to this curious alteration, and on arriving at the other entrance I found that arrangements had been made to save me from waiting: the King gave orders that I should be admitted at once.

I re-read the note in which Acton had appointed the hour; and a certain phrase, which had not previously struck me as indicating so unusual a change, showed me on the second reading that Acton had contrived to insert some ambiguous words that might be so interpreted. I wrote to him to express my surprise, but made no demand nor complaint; and he never answered me. The Queen at once sent to tell me of her annoyance at this fresh instance of petty persecution on Acton's part, and begged me not to be angry, but to feel sure that she would put an end as soon as possible to a thing that troubled her more than me. In short she was a thousand times kinder than I felt to be necessary, as soon as I knew the source of this insignificant mortification.

I lived in Naples as a mere visitor and spectator, following the course of events, predicting them beforehand, and sometimes giving the Queen my opinion on the conduct of affairs. She listened, sighed, and grew embarrassed when I touched on the point where her influence was powerless, and I spared her pride as far as possible, by avoiding a subject that could not fail to move her profoundly.

I often saw Elliot,[9] the English Minister, an extremely pleasant and attractive man, with an active but ill-regulated mind, and always two aims in view: the service of his govern-

ment, and his own advancement. If there be two ways of attaining his desire he will always choose the one with the more conspicuous effects. He is keenly imaginative, insincere, unscrupulous and unprincipled: in short he is as dangerous in public affairs as he is amusing in society. Every man in office should fear him, and deal cautiously with him; while a man who takes an interest in affairs, and is free for the moment but may be employed in the future, should conciliate him, distrust him, and study him—but will certainly enjoy meeting him.

My motives in returning to Naples caused Elliot much exercise of mind. To save himself the trouble of finding out whether I should forward or hinder his aims, or be merely innocuous, he adopted the simple plan of hinting that he did not wish me to be employed. I knew he had done so, and spoke to him on the subject. I pointed out that he had done well both for himself and me: for himself, because he had avoided the trouble of trying to subjugate a new-comer, and for me, because I found it far more agreeable to cultivate him on the surface than to dig deeply into his mind. I saw him every day; we chatted together as if I were a Swede or a Pole; we talked of Naples as if I were a tourist; and when he saw how loosely I was bound to the place he accustomed himself to treating me with confidence. He adhered to Acton because that minister was obnoxious to the French, and because he thought it impossible that Acton should not yield in the end to England's utmost desires; but he was by no means attached to him, and constantly complained of him. Acton deceived him every day; and he once showed me a report that Acton had given him, on the strength of the forces that Naples could add to the English troops, to drive the French out of the kingdom and prevent them from ever returning. When I looked at the total I saw 24,000 troops of the line and 75,000 of the militia, ready to take the field.[10] He assured me that this was a most accurate estimate, and was the lowest computation of the forces available. "You will get me into trouble," I said, "if you say that I laughed at your report; but I rely upon you." I reduced his reckoning

to 10,000 men in all, and explained that the militia was a myth invented by one of Acton's tools in the war department,[11] and had never existed except on paper. It had cost the recruits nothing but pen-and-ink, whereas they had gained a variety of exemptions and privileges in return; but the King could not muster five thousand of them without the support of a foreign army, and without the presence of a French army to guard against any kind of combination. "I have fifteen thousand English," he said, "and as much money as the government requires." I denied the existence of the fifteen thousand English, and assured him that he would not gain his end by money. And what that end was, all our conversations showed me clearly. It was always and invariably the same: the end that Nelson had pursued in '98 and that England would pursue to all time.

It always irritated Elliot that the French Ambassador was allowed to lay down the law; but he did his best to excel him in that respect, when he insinuated himself into the Queen's most intimate and private circle, and openly blamed her conduct. I made him see how he was misunderstanding his own interests, both as a minister and an individual, and persuaded him rather to conciliate the Queen, and learn to know her better. I asked him to appoint a date when I might appeal to his honesty, and make him confess the justice of my advice. He believed me, and succeeded even better than I could have wished. The Queen responded to Elliot's efforts to see her oftener; she fell under the charm of his conversation, and allowed him more ascendancy over her than was discreet. He began to extol the Queen, and her talents and abilities, and to declare that she was the only person fit to rule. But what was his object? To compromise her, and show Alquier that he enjoyed her full confidence. He took care that Alquier should always know when he was conferring with her, and this unscrupulous abuse of the Queen's kindness was the origin of the harshness and rigour that distinguished Alquier's relations with the government. He had force on his side, and his severity knew no bounds. He forbade recruiting and the

repairing of fortresses; he put a veto on all the ordinary measures, and exercised the most insolent despotism. Acton was galled by his arrogance—which bade fair to equal his own—and had several scenes with him. The last of these scenes was Acton's undoing, for Alquier announced that either Acton or himself must go, and was taken at his word more promptly than he wished. Alquier would have regarded an apology as a sufficient recognition of his superiority: this was all he had intended. A formal victory of this kind would not have robbed him of a minister who admirably served his crooked purposes, and forwarded his secret schemes; for Acton and his methods of administration were so heartily hated that he kept the kingdom always torn between love for the King and Queen, and the desire for *any* change that would free it from the ministerial yoke. But every class of person, in the government, the Court, and the town, was clamouring for his departure; and though Elliot made a last effort to oppose it by every means in his power—official notes, conferences, and threats—it was of no avail. Even the King felt the restfulness of being rid of the inquisitor. The prayers of the people carried him out to sea, and the nation's breath filled his sails. He vanished (May, 1804).[12]

The reader can imagine my surprise when I learnt that Acton, in his last conversation with the Queen, had recommended that the control and administration of the army should be placed in my hands. I cannot doubt the fact.

Acton sailed out of the bay in the morning, and before night the Grand Master of the King's Household came to tell me that the privilege of the private *entrée* was restored to me. I was far more pleased to receive this public proof that I owed the loss of this favour to Acton, than flattered by its restoration. I resumed the use of the *entrée* without any expression of gratitude, and behaved as if I had never been without it.

On the following day I visited the Queen, who took me into her private room. I respectfully congratulated her on *her accession to the throne.* "I take that as a compliment,"

she said, with some embarrassment. "The compliment," I said, "is only to all your Majesty's subjects, and I am expressing their sentiments when I say that I am delighted to see you in a position to employ all your talents and all the goodness of your heart for the welfare of the kingdom." She changed the conversation, and spoke of the army, the position of affairs, and the obstacles that the vigilance of the French put in the way of all progress and improvement. I opened her eyes to the danger of being without a more accurate knowledge of her military forces. I observed that I could not have let Acton think I had any desire to penetrate his secrets, but that chance had put into my hands a report on the strength of the army, which he had given to Elliot, and it was plain that he was either deceiving himself or was deceived by all the men in his employment. The Queen raised her eyes in a way that expressed a world of anxiety as to what she would next discover; but she went through the form of repeating that Acton was an excellent creature, with none but the best intentions. Finally she exhorted herself to patience, and declared she would look into everything. I left her distressed and sad, and was myself as much disturbed as she, but at the same time full of admiration for certain qualities of mind which she shows on every occasion. For twenty-five years the Queen had been subjected to Acton's rule, while his ascendancy passed from stage to stage: inclination had originated it, habit had prolonged it, fear would have perpetuated it. He controlled all these different situations, and made of them a firm basis for his own career, which nothing but an external event could have interrupted; for he was above all danger of disgrace, and safe from every change that was not imposed from without.

The government now began to suffer from the effects that must invariably result from so marked and unexpected a change, and from the sudden enfranchisement of all its members from their strained and subordinate positions. Acton possessed the key to all departments of public affairs, and never entrusted it to any hands but his own; for he preferred

to keep even the ministers, who were supposed to be his colleagues, from acquiring any direct or fundamental knowledge of the situation. He would approach them with a vague design, or suggestion, or scheme; then he would allow some time to pass, in order that the minister whose department was concerned might be put off the scent; and finally he would give an order on the subject in question, without referring to the principle involved, with the result that his real aim was rarely discernible. Acton had only gone to Palermo: his shadow still remained as a menace to all the ministers whose emulation, ambition, or self-interest might otherwise have prompted them to suggest improvements in their own departments, or enlighten the King and Queen on matters with which their Majesties were insufficiently acquainted. They dared not divulge anything without knowing whether Acton had gone for good and all, or only for a limited period; and this anxiety, which lasted for some time, though it became less acute, introduced an element of uncertainty into public affairs, which was almost more harmful than the iniquities of the past. The departments had orders to send general reports to Sicily; he was consulted; the King and Queen kept up a very close correspondence with him; the remains of the old habits and the old deference paralysed everything. I ventured to speak to the Queen on the subject. "Either bring Acton back at any cost," I said, "or forget him, and above all make others forget him. This uncertainty is making the state of affairs worse than ever." She agreed with me, but could do nothing as yet to improve matters.

Little by little the King's confidence in the Queen increased. Her assiduous attendance at the Council, her care in preparing its deliberations, her active imagination, and her intelligence, enabled her to acquire knowledge of everything. She made the mistake of trying to mend too many matters at once, and especially of conferring with foreign ministers herself. It is not without regret that I feel obliged to disapprove of this method of negotiating: there is a very attractive side to the idea of a sovereign discussing in person so important a matter

as foreign relations; but reflection and experience prove it to be a mistake. Conferences between a sovereign and a foreign minister are undoubtedly fraught with the greatest danger, when they are concerned with the details of policy: the head of a department can listen to things that cannot be said to a sovereign, things that no sovereign could answer personally without harm resulting. A sovereign is more compromised by listening than is a minister by answering; and the Queen had many a good reason for being convinced of this fact, though she could not bring herself to make any change. In spite of all her efforts it was impossible for the various branches of the government to recover the necessary vigour: they were thoroughly weakened, and the French ambassador was a constant hindrance to their regeneration. The uncertainty of the future relations between Naples and the French was another source of weakness. The Ministry of the Interior could not reform abuses, nor make innovations, without producing temporary discontent in the provinces, and the help of the people was required, in case of need, against the French. The Ministry of War was powerless to develop or improve anything, since the ambassador definitely forbade it; and though it might have been possible to cure certain long-standing weaknesses in the army, a great number of individuals would have been displeased thereby, and the effect would have been injurious at this time. The public funds were so heavily burdened by the maintenance of the French troops that any unusual expense was out of the question.[13] The ministry, then, in its penury, could only endeavour to stave off further decay, and to make its expenses proportionate to its resources; in the meantime cultivating foreign relations, in such a way as to inspire general interest in case Europe should experience another change. To this end the Queen constantly laboured; and she deserved to succeed.

The English Minister and French Ambassador were perpetually in a state of antagonism, both outwardly and in matters of intrigue. In their determination to secure personal success they were constantly infringing the laws of neutrality, and

daily lodging complaints against one another, with which they ought not to have troubled the government. The Queen's patience was not always proof against the traps that were laid for her at every turn; but I doubt whether any prime minister ever resisted the difficulties of such a position with more perseverance, and honour, and dignity.

XVI

Queen Marie Caroline and public affairs—The ministers De' Medici and Forteguerri—The Comte Roger made Inspector-General of the army (12th Oct. 1804)—The reforms make the French Ambassador uneasy—The Comte's relations with the latter—Napoleon insists on Damas's dismissal—The Queen contemplates resistance, even by force of arms, but finally yields—The Comte goes to Messina (March 1805)—Visit of the English colonel, Smith, to Sicily—The Cardito incident at Napoleon's coronation in Milan—Secret mission of the Russian generals Lascy and Opperman—A quarrel arising from the expulsion of Prince Chtcherbatof ceases on the arrival of the minister Tatistchef—Comte Roger gives prudent advice in vain—Attitude of Austria, England, and France.

To-day, on the 26th May, 1806, I take up the thread of these memoirs. What a gulf lies between this moment and the 25th of last September! How many varied events and how many disasters have occurred since then! I began to write during the first time of leisure I have ever enjoyed since my youth. It was suddenly succeeded by a time of the greatest activity and stress that I have ever known. And now, after eight months of every kind of occupation and vicissitude, I have returned to the state of idleness that first induced me to begin writing, and will probably permit me to continue doing so for a long time. But I do not wish to move too fast; I will take up the story where I left it. It is a consolation, in this general upheaval, to compose one's thoughts of the past, and recall, in their proper sequence, the events that led to the present state of things. The immediate past will figure in its right place in these Memoirs; I will now revert to the events of an earlier time.

The Queen, I repeat, would have removed many difficulties from her path and have avoided many a false step, if her interviews with foreign ministers had been less frequent; but in this matter it was impossible to moderate her zeal. Her

imagination is stronger than her character, her energy greater than her industry; her mistrust of others leads her to do everything herself; there is too little persistency in her undertakings and too much inconsequence in her schemes. These weaknesses cripple the best and most kind-hearted of women, and leave one in doubt as to her usefulness; though useful she might, and would be, if she were not constantly carried away by her own impulsiveness.

The affairs of the nation were never at a standstill after she took them in hand, but no important object was attained. The two departments to which she should have given the most attention were those of finance and war. The Chevalier de Medici, who controlled the former, gave her every satisfaction, and since entering the Ministry had raised his department to a level that had not been thought attainable, especially in so short a time.[1] The Ministry of War was languishing in a state of complete inanition, which M. Forteguerri, the minister, allowed to become more marked every day.[2] The Queen suggested to the King that I should be made Inspector-General of the army and other forces of the kingdom, and found it easy—so great were the favour and kindness with which he honoured me—to persuade him in the matter. This was the first independent choice he had made for twenty-seven years. I was appointed on the 12th October, 1804.[3]

The Queen wrote to me at once that she had ordered the Minister of War to send me the *Dispaccio* in the course of the same day; and I knew, from another source, that I was going to receive it.

I wrote to the minister that I had heard of their Majesties' intentions towards me, but that I begged him to postpone the matter until the following day. At six o'clock in the morning I went to the Queen, and told her that I had taken the liberty of having my appointment delayed till that day, as I wished to owe it to her deliberate reflection rather than to her kindness of heart. I desired to warn her beforehand that I knew that Buonaparte hated me, on account of my having borne arms against all the governments of France since the Revolution.

He had visited his wrath upon my family when the opportunity arose;[4] and consequently it was possible that my appointment to so prominent a post might provoke remonstrances from the ambassador, which would embarrass and annoy the Queen. I should be sorry, I told her, to cause her any trouble for which I was not sure that my abilities would compensate. But she refused to listen to any objection. She answered that she would contrive to smooth over and ignore any remarks that might be made, but that she did not really believe anything would be said on the subject; and she wished me to be installed that very morning.[5]

Seeing that her determination was not to be shaken I did not persist, but proceeded to give her some idea of the deplorable state of the army, and of the essential matters that required attention at once. We agreed as to the first steps to be taken; and I then left her, and went to express my gratitude to the King.

I next visited the Minister of War, to ask that the matter might be concluded at once; and that same evening I received so many expressions of goodwill and satisfaction from the garrison of Naples that I was inspired with the greatest enthusiasm for the work, and determined to do it as patiently, and well, and thoroughly as in me lay.

During the nine months that I had passed in Naples since my return from Vienna, I had so closely observed and studied the abuses that existed, and so carefully considered the best means of remedying them, that I was quite ready to introduce all the regulations that were most urgently needed. I had taken notes from time to time, and having always expected to be employed sooner or later I was prepared for anything that might arise, and was able to carry out my plans without loss of precious time. All my first suggestions, all the bases of formation I selected, and in short everything relating to the various branches of administration, received the King's approval. I simplified everything that seemed to have been complicated on purpose to encourage disorder; and I think I may say that, though a certain amount of severity was necessary, and a little discontent was unavoidably roused among a

few individuals who were inimical to the public good, I won the confidence and affection of the army.

I reviewed all the regiments of every kind. I reorganised all the administrative councils; and at the end of the first three months I saw that I should be able to secure a high degree of excellence for the army, and considerable satisfaction for myself, as soon as the King should be master in his own country, and able to have as large an army as the bases would permit.

The French Ambassador made no objection to my appointment, but he spied upon me and watched me, and as soon as he imagined, rightly or wrongly, that any of my proceedings involved an increase of the army, he despatched a furious note to the Council. His tyrannical threats were only silenced by a fresh assurance, in writing, that not a single man would be recruited or replaced.[6] This despotic behaviour was all the more annoying that the King could have increased his army to a strength of forty thousand, with no additional charge upon the funds beyond the pay of the private soldiers, since the officers and all the accessories were already proportionate to that strength. After the campaign of 1798 and the Revolution of Naples the King possessed no army at all; when the Monarchy was restored he only set on foot a force of twenty-four thousand men, but kept up the full complement of officers of every rank, and all the old depôts. To increase the forces, therefore, only a slight additional expense would be necessary. I could at least have replaced the missing men, in defiance of the ambassador, but I could never persuade the government to allow it. I was therefore reduced to keeping the existing—but constantly decreasing—force of twelve thousand men in a condition to receive an increase without any other change being involved, so that there would be no difficulty at any moment, if circumstances should deliver the King from the yoke that France had laid upon him. I made the most of the fact that this deliverance, if it should ever occur, would be sudden, and persuaded the King on the strength of it to determine that the maintenance or increase of the army, in future, should be effected by conscription and not by recruiting. The

gaining of this essential point consoled me for the actual state of things.[7]

The presence of a French army-corps in the provinces,[8] its exacting behaviour, the activity of its generals, the ambassador's determination to reduce the King's army to the lowest possible degree of efficiency, and his repeated threats on the smallest suspicion, whether just or unjust, left no room for doubt that on the first opportunity these pretexts would be transformed into valid reasons, and the kingdom would be invaded. An opportunity occurred of taking a step on the King's behalf, and I made haste to seize it. An epidemic fever was spreading in Leghorn, and was sufficiently alarming to oblige Tuscany and the States of the Church to take the precautions generally used against the plague. I had an opportunity one day, when dining with the Spanish Ambassador, of observing that the French Ambassador, who was present, was terribly frightened of this so-called plague, and I took advantage of his terror as a means to my own ends. I pointed out to the Queen how urgently the circumstances called for a cordon of troops on the frontiers. The King acquiesced, and I did not lose a moment in drawing up the orders for the assembling of the troops. The orders were despatched, the commanding-officers were appointed; and in twelve days' time thirty thousand armed men were distributed along the frontier-line in such a way that, if the French had marched on the capital from the coast where they were cantoned, they would have had thirty thousand men on their flank, and the regular army in front of them. I have always been surprised that it should have taken M. l'ambassadeur Alquier a whole fortnight to find out what was being done. On the sixteenth day [9] he declared that he preferred the plague to the precautions against it, and was even prepared to avoid the infection by leaving the kingdom on the following day, if the cordon were not broken up. Every means was employed to resist or evade his decree: we pleaded the safety of the country and the natural demands of the people: but nothing availed. The choice of commanding-officers, which had fallen on the men who had distinguished themselves the most at the

time of the first invasion, was a source of much disquiet to the ambassador. He thought himself safe from infection, since every one avoided him and fled from him; and his suspicions made him insistent to a degree that there was no withstanding. The cordon was broken up.

In order to make the means of defence more certain and efficacious in the case of an attack, the King sent a *secret proclamation* to all the provincial governors at the time the cordon was removed (7th Dec. 1804).[10] This proclamation was an urgent appeal to the people, in the case of the enemy deciding to infringe the line of demarcation. All the governors were instantly to assemble the "masses," and act as circumstances should direct, subject to orders emanating from myself. The knowledge of this proclamation would doubtless have kindled a terrible war; but the importance of keeping the secret was so much impressed upon the governors, and they were so conscious of their responsibility in the matter, that it was never divulged.

The French Ambassador, when we met, treated me with cold civility. He often expressed regret, I was told, that I was not more cordial to him, and indeed I noticed that he was always ready to meet me half way;[11] but our relations exactly suited me, both personally and officially, and I always kept them the same. On one occasion I was, in a way, associated by chance with him and all his legation. A French merchant, who was greatly respected by all his fellow-countrymen in Naples, and indeed deserved their esteem, fell from his horse as he was passing my door, and lost consciousness. I was not in the house, but my adjutants were on the balcony, and hurried to the assistance of the unfortunate man. They had him carried into one of the rooms, and gave him all the attention he could desire. I was greatly surprised, on my return home, to meet the whole of the French legation and all the French officers then in Naples, and until I was informed of the reason for their presence I was amused to see my house invaded before the kingdom. The ambassador had just gone away when I came in. As soon as all these gentlemen told me the cause of their presence in my house I at once went off, as

may be imagined, to visit the invalid, whom I found already surrounded by the best surgeons. I did all I could to ensure his being as well cared for as if he were in his own house. I went to see him several times daily, and always found him surrounded by the French legation. Two of these gentlemen attended to him at night, one of them being the secretary, Beer,[12] one of the greatest rascals alive; but my manner gave him no clue to my opinion of him. The poor invalid never recovered consciousness. At one of the consultations two of the surgeons were in favour of trepanning him, and two were against it. I wrote a line to M. Alquier to inform him of this difference of opinion, and beg him to decide in the matter: he sent for the Court physician: the operation was postponed to the following day, but the unfortunate patient died before it took place. After the funeral a whole band of his fellow-countrymen came to pay me a visit of thanks, and I received them as warmly as though their country had still been mine also. The ambassador wrote me a letter, too, that could not possibly have been more cordial and agreeable, in the name of all the French then living in Naples. His personal behaviour on this occasion, however, made no difference to his ministerial anxieties: he still seized upon the most minute circumstances, and tried to prove from them that I was raising a formidable army.

Those who know Naples will remember, for instance, that the only place for drilling the troops is the little piece of ground near the Villa Reale[13] and its extension. The ambassador lived exactly opposite to it, and was comically annoyed by the drill, and especially by the firing-practice, which often moved him to speak reproachfully to the Minister of War, on the subject of the energy with which I persisted—so he declared—in forming an army. His remonstrances could only be met with laughter, and the drill continued; while, unhappily, the army was not increased by a man.

Who could foresee that there would emanate from Buonaparte's cabinet representations on this subject that were even more absurd than those of his ambassador, and unfortunately less negligible?

At about the end of January Alquier sent the Minister of War an official note, in which he positively demanded my dismissal from the kingdom.[14] The Emperor of the French, he said, was displeased to see that the King's armies were entrusted to an enemy of France, who had shown, by his past and present actions, that he desired to rekindle the war. He ended by calling upon the King to dismiss me from his service immediately, and to give the control of his army to a Neapolitan general.

The answer to this note was a refusal, based on the circumstances of my position before joining the Neapolitan army. I was not liable to any remonstrance of this nature, since I had left France three years before the Revolution, and had passed into the King's service from that of Russia.

Several days elapsed before the ambassador raised any objection to this answer. He then produced a second note very similar to the first. It was refuted with more detail, and the Queen wrote a letter with her own hand to Buonaparte. This was forwarded by Gallo, who seems to have added some very stringent remarks of his own, with regard to the tyranny of attempting to dictate to the King and Queen of Naples on the choice of their ministers and generals. The style of the Queen's letter was firm, dignified, and friendly; and she had no doubt that, unless Buonaparte were seeking for a pretext to break the peace, he would adopt a more reasonable and cordial tone, which would be perfectly compatible with the position of supremacy that his pride demanded. But this hope was short-lived: Buonaparte's answer to the Queen was full of rancour and arrogance. He laid all the troubles of the past at her door, and made her responsible for all that were yet to come; and he ended with a prophetic sermon and some impertinent fatherly advice, to the effect that she would do well to be careful, lest she should fall a victim to her own actions and be reduced to begging for assistance at the Courts of her kinsfolk.[15] Several phrases in this letter clearly showed that he believed a war was at hand, and part of his advice aimed at keeping the Court of Naples from having anything to do with it.

These were his final and least harsh expressions. The Queen shed torrents of tears as she read this fatal letter, and if it had the effect of increasing her bitterness and hatred towards this man, who can wonder? In the daughter of Maria Theresa these feelings were excusable. Her nature would have needed to be either basely resigned or more than angelic to endure, with any degree of calmness, the insulting patronage of this greedy and perfidious usurper.

I talked to the Queen for a long time after reading this letter. I tried to make it plain to her that as the greatness of this man was only derived from force, so his style of writing was merely the result of his education; that she must forget his phraseology until she had transformed all the artillery barracks into colleges; and I thought she seemed quite determined to give no sign to Alquier of her feelings with regard to this ridiculous letter. But the ambassador, at the same time, had sent a third note to the Minister of War, with an intimation that I must leave the place on the spot, or General Saint-Cyr, then stationed in Puglia, would march upon Naples.

The King seemed even more offended than the Queen by this act of despotism, and being of an irascible temperament, wished to have a scene with Alquier or else go off to Sicily. The Queen pacified him, and persuaded him to send a message to General Saint-Cyr, to explain the facts and attribute the difficulty to Alquier's excitable character.[16] General Saint-Cyr appeared to know nothing of the matter, and to disapprove of it entirely; he spoke with the greatest propriety and respect of the King and Queen, and declared that he had received no order to infringe the fixed line of demarcation, and had no intention of doing so. This answer seemed to confirm our idea that Alquier, on his own initiative, had added to his instructions concerning me; and several days passed in Naples without any further demands being made on either side.

It was amid all the amusements of the last days of the Carnival that my fate was decided.[17] We were at a concert given by the Queen for the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, when

a courier arrived from General Saint-Cyr, and the Director of Foreign Affairs [18] summoned the Queen to his official room. General Saint-Cyr wrote that he had just received orders from the Minister of War himself; [19] that the orders were extremely definite, and it was only his personal respect for the Court that made him send this warning without delay. If I were not gone before three days had passed, he said, and if Elliot, the English Minister, had not also left Naples, he—Saint-Cyr—must march upon the capital. At the same time he recalled all the officers who were away on leave, and made his orders known in the cantonments. The rupture was now a matter of certainty.

The Queen returned to the concert-room with a greatly troubled face, and I heard her whisper to the Hereditary Prince: *the French are coming*. The prince repeated the words to his sisters, and when the audience saw by the faces of the royal family that bad news had arrived, the consternation became general. The Queen allowed the concert to go on for a few minutes, and then dismissed her guests. I placed myself so that she must pass me as she left the room, and she said to me: "The French are going to march on Naples; prepare the troops, but do it quietly; give your orders this very night."

I returned to my house and sent for all the colonels of the garrison: I told them that the secrecy enjoined by the Queen prevented me from writing to them, and I postponed until the morning all the orders that might have created a panic if they had been given at night. I waited on the Queen at daybreak, and found her still resolved on resistance, but as firmly persuaded as ever that the preparations might be made secretly. I combated her opinion, pointing out to her that it was impossible to make the guns ready without taking them out of their sheds at the arsenal; but while reasoning like a woman she insisted like a Queen, and I promised to do all that was humanly possible to satisfy her.

With this object I did not write a single order: I gave my orders verbally in Naples and the neighbouring garrisons. I had the ammunition-wagons loaded inside the arsenal itself,

and in two days' time the whole of this small and inadequate army was ready for action.

Seven-eighths of the King's Council very reasonably thought that my presence was too dearly bought with a rupture of the peace that would probably ruin the kingdom, for they had not sufficient sense of honour to see that Buonaparte's demand was humiliating to the Court. An attempt was made, therefore, founded on this reasoning, to persuade the King and Queen of the necessity for yielding. The Queen withstood this party, for she made sure that the secret proclamation sent to the provinces in the previous December would bring out the whole population to oppose the French army, and that all the regiments of militia and *masses* would present an imposing front. The Council debated the whole morning without coming to a decision, but in the end the King and Queen consented to send me away to Messina. Alquier, who was horrified to learn that Saint-Cyr had himself informed the Ministry of his orders, had set out on the previous evening to meet the general, and confer with him, at a spot half-way between Naples and Saint-Cyr's headquarters. On his return Alquier made a great favour of having postponed the advance of the French army and arranged with General Saint-Cyr that the demand relating to Elliot should be abandoned, provided that the one concerning myself were complied with. He was informed that I was going away; and the storm was over.[20] It has since transpired that the Director of Foreign Affairs saw him when he was starting for this interview, and took the precaution of pledging himself that I should be sent away, although the Council had not yet met. He was quite right, for my departure was a matter of certainty; and considering the situation of Europe, and the prime importance of gaining time to prepare really efficient means of shaking off the yoke, I should certainly have voted with the majority if I had been an adjudicator in the case instead of the bone of contention.

On that same day, at a ball given by Prince Leopold, I had a long conference with the King. He spoke with extreme bitterness of the humiliating position in which he was placed; he described his situation at the moment, the advantages that

he would gain by postponing hostilities, and those that the French would gain by a total or even partial invasion of the kingdom, which would enable them to seize all the finest strategical positions in the country. He then pointed out how useful I could be to him at Messina, if he were to give me authority to combine with the Russians, when the right moment should arrive, to secure his safety. I consoled him by heartily agreeing with him, and describing the means I should employ to serve him; and I then parted from him, greatly gratified by his kindness and all the proofs of his entire confidence in me. The Queen observed this interview, and on the following day she gave me a paper signed by herself and the King, which invested me with powers that I shall describe later on. On the morning of the 12th March I went to Caserta, to take my leave of the King and receive his final orders. After repeating in brief a good deal of our previous conversation he said that he wished to give me a fresh mark of his regard, and hung the Order of St. Ferdinand[21] round my neck. I then left him, inspired with the deepest gratitude, and an intense desire to give him fresh proofs of my zeal and devotion.

Elliot, the English Minister, disliked me because I was aware of his personal insincerity and his perfidious diplomatic system; and also because, when the French government began to persecute me, he had hoped to make me a partisan of England, and had found I was as much disgusted by his views as by the proceedings of Buonaparte. None the less he was much annoyed by the course of action that had been chosen. He had hoped that the fate of the kingdom would have been decided by a determination to defend it, and that he could then have realised his favourite project of seizing Sicily by force of arms. We had an interview, in which I made no secret of my opinion of him, and assured him once for all that I was entirely devoted to the King's interests, to which his wishes were quite as much opposed as was the tyranny of France. We have not met since that day. The sequel will show that his perseverance triumphed, because unhappily he was seconded by the baseness and madness of the Russian and English generals, who should have been the chief obstacle in

the way of his unworthy plans. The rest of these Memoirs will show the development of his schemes, and their success.

I left Naples in the evening of the 12th March, 1805, in one of the King's frigates; and I venture to assert, without wishing to be presumptuous, that I carried with me the regrets of the whole army and of all honest folk.

The Queen wrote a second letter to Buonaparte,[22] in spite of the natural distaste that the style of his first letter had aroused in her. She had yielded to his will, and she now protested against its injustice; but as she also appealed at the same time to feelings of delicacy to which he was a stranger, her letter remained unanswered.

At the time of my departure the Courts of the North seemed already to be meditating combined action against Buonaparte's political aggressions. There was much division of opinion among the foreign governments, but they all appeared to be equally displeased by Buonaparte's arbitrary acquisitions, which fact gave reason to hope that they would combine to put a stop to them. The Court of Naples, whose friendly relations and intimate correspondence with the Emperor of Russia had never ceased, drew these ties closer and closer as Buonaparte's yoke grew heavier. The cabinet at Petersburg had already promised, in definite terms, to seize the first favourable opportunity of restoring independence to the kingdom, and, without actually naming a date, announced that two generals would be sent to acquaint themselves with the locality. They were to pose as ordinary tourists, and would begin by visiting Sicily, in order to remove all possible suspicion as to their object. The Court was to appoint some one to make all the arrangements and fix all the preliminary conditions; to amend, accept, or refuse suggestions; and to give information as to the Emperor's intentions. On leaving Naples I was invested with all the powers for this important mission. The King had made them absolutely independent of Acton, who lived at Palermo: I was merely, as an act of civility, to write to him as events developed. The King, by putting this suggestion in the form of a mere request, left me free to keep an eye on Acton's constant leaning towards the

English; and, as I was to be in direct correspondence with the King and Queen, his intrigues in favour of that nation would have no influence on the course of events. Castel-Cicala, the Neapolitan Minister in London,[23] had already put forward a plea that the English Government should come to an understanding with Russia on behalf of the Two Sicilies; but there was not one of their measures or actions that did not clearly show a strong preference and special solicitude for the Island of Sicily, and Castel-Cicala expressed much anxiety in his despatches on that account. I continued to be as well posted in the affairs of Naples as though I were on the spot. The Queen was kind enough to write to me twice a week, and often in cipher; and there was not a single gap in her interesting and charming correspondence during the seven months that I passed in Messina.

In the month of April we learnt that six thousand English were daily expected in Malta, over and above the troops that garrisoned the island; and at the same time an English colonel, a friend of Lord Mulgrave,[24] was sent from London to Naples to convey the good intentions of his government. After a visit of only a few days he announced his desire to see Sicily, and started for Palermo, whence he was to come by land to Messina. I was informed that he was on his way thither, that he would converse with me on certain subjects, and that he was bringing some letters of introduction with him. He brought letters from Acton and Elliot. Acton explained the colonel's designs in such a confused manner, that all I understood plainly was his intention to conceal them from me. Happily the colonel's conversation was more lucid, and left me in no doubt as to his real wishes. My first care was to ask him if I might put him in communication with the Russian generals whom I was expecting. He declined, saying that his instructions were quite unconnected with the Russian generals; which naturally surprised me. I felt that the allies would greatly detract from their usefulness if they did not co-operate in their intentions as well as their actions; and the colonel's statement could not fail to confirm my opinion as to the private designs of England.

Colonel Smith [25] added that the English troops expected in Malta were intended to serve the cause of the King of Naples, but he must warn me that Parliament would not consent to pay them for an indefinite time for no purpose: it was important that the King should decide to use them sooner rather than later. I reminded him of the interest that he had expressed in the King's cause, and begged him to reflect that to employ the troops too soon would defeat the King's object. The troops being in Malta, within easy reach, it seemed to me that the King's intention was probably to hold them in reserve until circumstances should point to their employment. He asked how many troops we had in Sicily, and offered to increase the number I quoted, by sending us some English troops. I had been expecting this offer, and answered positively that it would be contrary to the King's wishes. We parted without either of us being deceived as to the intentions of the other. He only remained in Messina for a day, and then continued his inspection of Sicily, which was nothing more nor less than a military reconnaissance; the end in view being to seize and occupy the island at the earliest opportunity, even if the kingdom of Naples were the price to be paid. I reported everything to the Court and to Acton, who was not too much pleased, I think, that I should be as well informed on this point as himself; but none the less he confessed to me in his answer that several of Colonel Smith's ideas had disturbed and alarmed him.[26]

The news from the foreign governments increased our hopes that a coalition would shortly be formed in the North; and Buonaparte's haste to acquire and appropriate the Italian principalities seemed to show that he himself thought there was no time to be lost. At the end of March he proclaimed himself King of Italy, and announced that he was coming to Milan. Parma and Placentia were added to his possessions. The generic title of King of Italy and the vagueness of its meaning alarmed the Court of Naples, which, in view of its weakness, could not dare to demand an explanation. Gallo, the ambassador in Paris,[27] had orders to regulate his conduct by that of the Austrian Court, and to be more or less firm or

deferential according as the Powers involved were more or less prepared for war. However well-prepared these Powers might be, the Court of Naples was in imminent danger, seeing that it was under the knife of the French army-corps stationed in the kingdom, and that the operations of the Powers could not possibly be sufficiently prompt to save Naples from an act of despotism on the part of Buonaparte.

The behaviour of the King in this difficult situation was worthy of all praise, in so far as the sovereign of a secondary and subjugated Power can possibly maintain the dignity, firmness, and ceremony appropriate to his rank. The fate of the kingdom now hung in the balance, and depended entirely on the comparative success of Buonaparte's attempts on the one hand, and the enterprise of the northern Powers on the other. The King believed that servility would avail nothing, and that the appearance of fear would only encourage Buonaparte's perfidy, while its absence might possibly have the effect of postponing the evil day. Gallo was instructed to keep this principle always in mind, and when he was first called upon to recognise the King of Italy, he answered that the position of the Court of Naples demanded that it should be neither the first nor the last to make this recognition.

On arriving in Milan Buonaparte repeated this demand more urgently, and requested further that the King's Orders and his own should be exchanged. Buonaparte had himself spoken to Gallo on the subject, in such a way that the latter thought the request could not be refused. Alquier asked the Queen for an audience, to discuss the matter. "I am opposed to it myself," said the Queen, "but I will talk it over with the King, and he will decide. As for the exchange of Orders, do not rely upon it. St. Ferdinand and the Legion could not possibly meet above the same heart—they would fight!" I doubt whether even the recognition of the King of Italy would have been made, unless—contrary to all expectation and all probability—the man who was most violently opposed to the peace and interests of Naples had begged the Court to yield. Elliot, the most inconsequent and insincere of men, actually took this step: the Queen was bewildered, and thought he

must be mad or ill, but when once this overture had been made by Elliot it was impossible to withhold consent, and Gallo was ordered to acquiesce.[28]

It cannot be denied that the sarcastic allusions to Buonaparte, in which the Queen often indulged in her conferences with Alquier, vastly increased his bitterness and desire for revenge. The Queen is agreeable and full of charm, and Alquier often enjoyed his interviews with her. Perceiving this, she gave the rein to her imagination, and indulged in extremely free criticism of the newly-made Emperor. Alquier went away laughing, without any intention at the moment, perhaps, of abusing her confidence: but the next time that he had a serious scene with her, and had suffered as much as his master from her tongue, he would go away in a rage, and would console his injured vanity by repeating in his despatches everything that she had said against the Emperor and his chagrined representative. Nothing would persuade the Queen to deny herself this pleasure. She welcomed a conference with Alquier as a vent for her bitterness: neither entreaties nor counsels could move her in this matter, and there were a thousand instances to show that, if she had only had Alquier to deal with, she would have treated him like a Neapolitan Minister in Paris. When he spoke of his master's desire for my departure she said: "I have really decided to send the general away; and I have just written to Buonaparte to ask him to find me a *Corsican*. There is a Corsican to be found everywhere, is there not, Monsieur Alquier?"

In every interview with her he heard things of this kind, and was often amused; but the very first dispute in which he himself was attacked led to the despatch of a general report.

When he came to present his letters of credence, as the ambassador of the newly proclaimed and recognised Emperor, the Queen made a point of humiliating Alquier personally. It is well known that he is very republican at heart, that he detests Buonaparte and is secretly furious at his elevation, and that it caused him real anguish to make the formal entry and speech with which he was forced to celebrate the accession that he hated. The Queen, standing on the steps of a throne,

received him with a dignity of bearing that was truly impressive. When he had finished his speech, which he pronounced in a very sad voice, it devolved upon her to answer him. She therefore began: "The Emperor, *your master*," and pretending to hesitate for a word, repeated *your master* twice. She ended with a vague and insignificant phrase, which proved that her only object in speaking had been to begin and end with *your master*. Alquier very foolishly admitted that he had perceived her intention and felt its malice. This is assuredly the only instance of the Queen's spite that he never reported to *his master*. I often spoke to the Queen of the dangers of this persecution, of which she never tired: it doubtless contributed more to her undoing than the final pretext that Buonaparte so cruelly seized.

As soon as the latter arrived in Milan Alquier and General Saint-Cyr set out to that town, to contribute to the general melancholy. On the day of their departure [29] they dined with the King at Portici, and the Queen had an interview with Alquier. On this occasion, however, she felt the necessity of letting him carry away a pleasanter impression, and treated him with all the graciousness at her command. She begged him to assure the Emperor that if he would remove his troops from the kingdom she would pledge herself to absolute neutrality, and that, whatever the course of events might be, no foreign troops should be admitted to the King's dominions. There is not a doubt that, if this suggestion had been accepted, the engagement would have been scrupulously kept. Alquier promised to do all he could to pacify Buonaparte and persuade him to employ gentler methods. He even undertook to make an effort towards the repeal of the decree that concerned myself. We shall see how he executed his commission.

One of the courtiers, Prince Cardito, who was much attached to the Queen and had more than once been employed by her on missions to General Saint-Cyr, wished to attend the coronation. She adopted the idea with pleasure, knowing his devotion, and being uncertain as to whether the Marquis del Gallo would be invited to attend, since the question of the recognition was not yet decided. Prince Cardito, however, found

Gallo in Milan, and therefore had no object in his visit but the festivities. He was presented to Buonaparte, who spoke to him, and in the course of his conversation lost his temper, and finally worked himself up into a rage that culminated in an unseemly and unbridled attack upon the Queen.[30] Prince Cardito was scared and bewildered, and losing his presence of mind, listened to it all without replying a word—a sad pity!

This outburst against the Queen on the Emperor's part was not calculated to increase the gentleness and calm to which she was constantly being counselled by myself and several others. Indeed her heart was now filled with undying hatred towards him, which no motive of prudence could ever again subdue. All her thoughts were now bent on seizing the right moment to combine her efforts with those of the rest of Europe, and on regulating those efforts by the interests at stake, the distance of the other Powers, and the development of events.

It appeared, from news that arrived in April, that the foreign Courts were all in agreement, and that a coalition was certain. We even heard of certain premature settlements and conventions, relating to conquests and the distribution of territory[31]—always a disquieting thought when one knows the fatal results of similar hopes, which have so often fallen to the ground in the past. England had already fixed the subsidies that she would grant to the various Powers, but had pronounced it impossible to assist Naples. She could only undertake the defence of Sicily, an enterprise which, in the case of reverses on the continent, carried with it the *greatly desired* compensation. The English government, in making this arrangement, bade Elliot protest very definitely against any concession by the Court of Naples in favour of the French and antagonistic to England, such as the closure of ports or the dismissal of the minister. Any suggestion of the kind must be rejected, on pain of immediate hostilities against Sicily; and yet it seemed hardly worth while to defy an enemy on the spot, for the sake of pleasing a distant ally.

The Queen, however, had no hesitation as to her choice. She depended upon her tact and her luck to help her in the

weighing and removal of difficulties, and gained time by carrying on a daily warfare against all the complaints and threats—and often the insults—of the French cabinet. One event, which was extremely likely to occur, might at any moment place the Neapolitan Court in a most embarrassing position. The French fleet, at that time, was daily expected to leave the harbour at Toulon: if it escaped Nelson's notice (as it usually did) and sailed along the Mediterranean, it might be forced, by bad weather or an enemy in pursuit, to take refuge under the forts of Naples. The same circumstances might bring the English fleet to the same spot. In the first case, supposing the forts did not defend the anchorage, the English would take advantage of the pretext to occupy Sicily: in the second, General Saint-Cyr would seize the opportunity of opening hostilities. Ruin, therefore, was always threatening either Naples or Sicily—possibly both of them.

Alquier would have roused ill-will in any one by his stupid way of assuming that he inspired it. One day, before I left Naples, there was a false rumour that the fleet was coming, and I received orders to put all the forts in a state of defence within twenty-four hours, and to keep the gunners at their posts night and day. No one had told Alquier, nor given him any reason to believe, that these precautions were especially directed against his nation: it is laid down by all the rules of warfare that any infringement of neutrality shall be forcibly prevented. He appropriated our precautionary measures, however, and insisted that they constituted a rupture of the peace.[32] It took several days to pacify his wrath, and a great deal of trouble to prevent awkward consequences.

This brief description of the perplexity and slavery of the Court of Naples will give some idea of the intense desire that was felt for a change in the affairs of Europe, and of the prudence that was required to save the Two Sicilies from being cut up before the general movement took place. The secrecy that should be so strictly observed in connection with official despatches was extremely hard to secure among the Neapolitans, with whom corruption—the child of poverty—was a habit, and a habit that had grown since the last revolution.

At any moment, therefore, the intentions of the government might be divulged and published. It was merely a chance—which I prefer to call Providence—that maintained the throne of Naples so long, and kept it standing till it obtained the support of foreign forces and so-called protectors, who took advantage of its weakness to involve it in their blunders, and finally in their reverses.

I was impatiently awaiting in Messina the arrival of the two Russian generals, who had been so long expected. I heard indirectly that they had already reached Trieste, but forty days went by before any further news transpired. I then received a letter from General Lascy, dated from Cotrone, a little Neapolitan port in Calabria in the Gulf of Taranto (May 1805). I had known him very well in Russia (we had received the Cross of St. George on the same occasion) and he was obligingly anxious to recall himself to me. He informed me that a horrible voyage and a gale at the end of it had forced him to land at Cotrone; that his intention had been to go to Messina, but he had neither time nor strength for the crossing; that a litter had been provided to carry him to Naples by land, and he had resolved to go thither. He hoped to see me there very shortly, he said; and added that he was accompanied by General Opperman of the engineers.[33] Never was a change of plans more unfortunate. I could picture the anxiety that his appearance would rouse in the King and Queen, the embarrassments that he would cause, the interpretation that Alquier's spies would put upon his actions, and the indiscreet remarks that Elliot would enjoy making on the subject of his visit. The Queen at once informed me of his arrival and her own fears. It was some days before she saw him, and she tried to persuade him to set out to Messina at once; but his health forbade it. If this wretched old man had had the sense to consult his health before leaving Russia he would never have started on the journey. He was unable, not only to act, but even to think. In these circumstances a man of really good feeling would not have allowed public affairs to suffer from his decrepitude. He would have won respect for it by retiring into seclusion; but as it was he made every one curse

it, by trying to lead an active life in defiance of the general welfare and of all the difficulties that could not fail to arise. The extremely undistinguished appearance of General Opperman and himself served to hide their rank and condition: as they wore neither uniform nor orders they resembled bankrupt merchants rather than generals representing a great Power. The Queen postponed giving them an audience as long as possible, but she was obliged to find out their intentions and act in accordance with their instructions. She therefore saw them. Lascy stated the Emperor's views, and the initial conditions on which he would insist before employing his forces to support the Court of Naples: but the general explained them so badly that they were unintelligible, and he was asked to state them in writing, which he promised to do. These two generals had had time to verify the reports furnished by the Neapolitan Minister in Petersburg,[34] as to the number of troops; and when, instead of 24,000 troops of the line, they could only discover 12,000, they were very naturally annoyed. They asked for the last reports I had made before leaving Naples, and finding them perfectly correct they refused thenceforward to accept any statistics that had not been confirmed, and indeed signed, by me. They asked to see my plans of defence, and my scheme for organising and augmenting the army. They approved of everything, and conveyed the fact to me with kind expressions of regret for my absence.

So firm was their confidence in me, and so determined their refusal to deal with any statements but mine, that the Queen suggested to the King that I should be summoned, and hidden in the island of Ischia or Procida. The King quite rightly opposed the idea. There had never yet been a moment when it was more important to avoid rousing Alquier's attention, and the smallest pretext at that time would have served him as a proof of his most ill-founded suspicions.

I devised a way of satisfying them. I sent them one of my officers from Messina, a man in whose intelligence and discretion I had absolute confidence. He was able to give them correct information on every subject they wished to investigate. Opperman made a tour of inspection with him in the

neighbouring provinces, reconnoitred the strategical positions of the surrounding hills, and began to form a definite scheme of operations. General Lascy laid before the Queen the demands and conditions that he thought it right to make, which he tabulated and numbered, leaving a space in the margin for the answers—whether objection, consent, or refutation. The Queen sent them to me, and I inserted the answers, which they thought rather severe, but were kind enough to consider perfectly just, and I may even say perfectly fair (if I am to quote their own words). Some of their propositions involved great difficulties; others were ruinously expensive; several were founded on their ignorance of the country; and many were quite practical. On the whole, there was nothing to prevent their plans from being carried out, and they recognised at once that no hindrances would be put in their way. They inspected the troops in strict incognito,[35] and were genuinely pleased with them, especially with the cavalry and artillery: a perfectly natural preference, since the Russian infantry is inimitable, and, in the short time that had been devoted to improving and reforming the King's troops, his infantry had certainly not attained a degree of perfection that can only be claimed, perhaps, by the Russian army. But the cavalry was nearly all that could be desired. The whole army, however, only numbered 12,000 at most, and this was quite insufficient.

The King made the garrison of Capua execute some manœuvres in the presence of the Russian generals, who were perfectly satisfied. It was here that I had established the school of instruction. It had been arranged that this garrison should change quarters every year with the garrison of Naples, where there was no parade-ground large enough for drilling two battalions, and where, therefore, only the most perfectly organised and trained regiments could properly be stationed.

The secrecy maintained as to the presence of these two generals in Naples was far from satisfying Elliot's turbulent and unquiet spirit. Lascy, who was of Irish birth, was weakly and fatuously gratified at being treated as a compatriot by the English Minister, and submitted to his dictation on many

matters; but stoutly refused to cast off his disguise, in spite of all Elliot's pressure. The two generals frequented the minister's house, but had begged him to address them by name, without the addition of their military rank. Elliot saw no object in this essential precaution, and one day when he was entertaining a large circle of guests he introduced Opperman to them all as *General* Opperman, to their great surprise. Opperman was much annoyed, and from that moment was more sparing of his visits to Elliot, whom he seemed to mistrust profoundly.

Russia's first plan had been to devote 30,000 men to the deliverance of the kingdom of Naples, without demanding the assistance of any English contingent. Coalitions, whether great or small, have such notorious disadvantages, and the combination of troops of different nationalities entails so many disputes over the prerogatives of the generals-in-command, that all parties were of one mind in wishing this wise and suitable scheme to be carried out as it stood. General Lascy's mission, he declared, was to be executed on this understanding alone; and he was perfectly honest in this matter, I do not doubt. Where is the plan, however, that remains unaltered to the end, and is carried out exactly according to the original forecast? First thoughts are generally the best and the finest; but economy soon resumes its empire; the persons concerned persuade themselves, on second thoughts, that they can attain the same end with a smaller or divided outlay; the advantages appear immense; and finally that same outlay is found to be quite inadequate. To men of small intelligence and foresight there is compensation for this fact in the slight saving of expense.

The cabinet in Petersburg, therefore, made a direct arrangement with the cabinet in London that the English army-corps stationed in Malta should be combined with the Russian army-corps, and be under the orders of General Lascy. This plan was presented to the King of Naples as a condition. General Lascy, then, was to be commander-in-chief of all the forces in the kingdom.

When the question arose of choosing a general to command

the King's troops, Elliot, who cherished the hope of controlling everything through his ascendancy over Lascy, and feared he would be unable to acquire any power over me, asked the King very confidentially to entrust his troops to the Prince of Hesse-Philippsthal or M. de Bourcard (lieutenant-generals in his army). The Queen mentioned the subject to Lascy, and if his opinion had been the same as Elliot's she knew me well enough to be sure that I should not be offended, nor even annoyed, in view of the immense importance of ensuring absolute harmony in this limited coalition. But General Lascy declared positively and repeatedly that if I were not placed in command of all the King's own troops he would have nothing to do with the affair; and the King himself did me the honour of preferring me. So Elliot gained nothing by this step, which might have surprised me if I had respected him enough to believe in his expressions of regard.

There was one thing that might well have caused surprise to any one who was ignorant of Elliot's character: namely, that when Lascy was complaining of not receiving all the information he desired, the English Minister constantly urged the King and Queen to send for me, even if it were only to hide me in Ischia, supposing that unnecessary precaution were considered essential. His only object in this act of condescension towards me was secretly to spread the news of my return, in order to revive Alquier's persecution of me, and give him a fresh pretext for invading the kingdom, if he desired one. This event would have crowned Elliot's wishes by preventing the co-operation of the English and Russian troops, and favouring his dearest hope, the occupation of Sicily.

An incident that was insignificant in itself, but derived importance from the intimate relations existing at that moment between the Courts of Russia and Naples, created a certain amount of stiffness, for a time, in the dealings of the two generals with the King and Queen. Prince Sherbatow,[36] who had killed the Chevalier de Saxe in a duel two years earlier, came to Naples under a false name, and was not presented by the *chargé d'affaires* of his Court. To have visited Naples at all showed a lack of delicacy, while his method of trying to

avoid reminding the Queen of an event that she will never cease to deplore showed an equal want of judgment. The Queen knew that he was in the town, and regarded it as a personal insult: she sent him a message to the effect that his presence was displeasing to her. He insisted on remaining, which was certainly imprudent; but the Queen, on the other hand, allowed her impulsive feelings to run away with her too quickly. She sent an official from the police department to remove him: he was put into a post-chaise and taken to the frontier. The *chargé d'affaires* quite rightly presented an official note of protest against this proceeding; but instead of doing so firmly and at the same time with the respect that the circumstances demanded, he employed a discourteous and arrogant style. He received no answer. Upon this Elliot, profiting by the opportunity of making mischief, took upon himself to remonstrate as an ally of the Court of Russia, and prompted the *chargé d'affaires* and the two generals to mark their displeasure by omitting to pay their court to the Queen. This state of mutual offence continued for some time, and did not altogether cease until the arrival of the Russian Minister, M. Tatistchef,[37] who smoothed matters over and brought about a reconciliation.

This little quarrel, however, did not alter the intentions of the two generals with regard to coming events. In all their confidential discussions on the future they advanced the wisest and most moderate ideas, which all tended to the welfare of the kingdom and the safety of the royal family, and were calculated to make the presence of a Russian army not only an advantage for the moment, but also a lasting source of usefulness to the army in Naples. They declared that the King's army could not act at a distance from the garrisons until it had been enlarged, and proposed that the Russian army, on landing, should proceed to the frontiers and form a screen before the fortified towns, which would make it possible for fresh levies to be undertaken, and for the troops to be organised and perfected. They would then be in a position to guarantee the kingdom permanently against aggression. By word and deed alike the generals inspired hope and satisfaction in every

respect; and their enthusiasm seemed all the more genuine because their behaviour did not belie their fine speeches: their plans were never divulged, nor indeed even suspected by the public at large.

Great as were the satisfaction and hope of independence promised by this measure, it would be still better, as I wrote to the Queen, to be in a state of neutrality that was recognised by the Powers. This would remove the French from the kingdom, would prevent any other army from entering it, and would ensure liberty for the King to increase his own forces without hindrance. I was overjoyed when the Queen wrote to me that this was precisely what the Powers desired, and that if Buonaparte were to accede to this oft-repeated suggestion of neutrality the allies would remove their field of action to North Italy, and would protect the kingdom without occupying it. The Neapolitan Ministers in London and Petersburg both encouraged this prudential measure in their despatches, and declared it was the only certain way of securing prosperity for the kingdom without delay. For there could be no doubt that, wherever the allies might land on the coast of the kingdom, the provinces occupied by the French, even though they might be evacuated, must expect a farewell resembling that of Medea. If the French desired to remain, even a successful issue to the efforts of the allies would not save the kingdom from being the scene of war for some time, and the recuperation so long needed by the country and the finances would be indefinitely postponed.

The Queen seemed to accept this simple argument. She was never deceived, either by her clear intellect or by her feelings, as to the wisdom of any measure; but her character was growing more bitter every day under the treatment of Buonaparte, and the idea of making any treaty with him was unconquerably repugnant to her. She despised and hated him, and perhaps allowed her policy, and her actions as a Queen and a mother, to be too much influenced by her private impressions.

Everything that made her feel it would be impossible to avoid joining the coalition gave her pleasure and consolation

to a degree that she could not hide; but I must hasten to add —to her honour be it said—that she was incapable of agreeing lightly to unsuitable conditions, and it is certain that there was not a promise, nor a plan, nor a suggestion made by the foreign generals and ministers that did not deceive her until the very last moment. The circumstances, when a war in the North began to appear imminent, were far from propitious. The cabinet of Vienna only made very feeble protests and timid preparations, and contented itself with half-measures. Buonaparte's proceedings, on the other hand, were politic, but at the same time audacious and even insolent: he was well aware of his superior moral position, and used it as a weapon with marked success, while awaiting the best moment to employ arms of another kind. When the probability of fresh hostilities first became apparent he shrank from the idea of war. His designs upon England—whether practical or chimerical—entirely occupied his mind: he wished to concentrate all his attention on ruining that enemy, and disliked the thought of encountering others. But he was too wise to be long uneasy: an enemy who was so much afraid of throwing down the gauntlet and measuring swords with him was not likely to inspire much awe in a man of his character. The Emperor of Germany, with one Cobenzl at the head of the ministry in Vienna, and another in Paris—two samples of his feeble resources, two worn-out tools—was discrediting himself every day in the eyes of his antagonist, who began to see the possibilities of the future. Buonaparte cannot have forgotten that on two occasions within a few years the Court of Vienna had broken treaties, in complete disregard of its engagements and of the welfare of its allies; and he must have felt that he was in no great danger, since the whole fabric of the coalition was likely to crumble to pieces very shortly, owing to the defection of the Power that formed its foundation. The weakness of a coalition which Prussia refused to join was another point in favour of his safety, and of his designs, which might well have been regarded as foolhardy if they had not been directed against a ministry incapable of resolution or energy. All this plainly demonstrates that Europe was not subjugated by

Buonaparte's troops and military tactics, but rather by the superior strength of his intellect and character. Such as they were they had certainly no rival in this unhappy century.

The Court of Vienna never said a word in support of the Court of Naples, but merely recommended discretion at all costs, thereby proving that its own terrors were as much as it could manage, without burdening itself with those of others.

England's willingness to protect Naples was tempered with self-interest: she regarded the matter as an investment from which she hoped to derive a handsome dividend. Russia alone seemed to be straightforward in her wishes, or, at least, her situation enabled her to veil her motives more decently than the rest—for it has been decided once for all that in politics there is no such thing as an unmixed advantage. If these Memoirs tend to show that it was Russia, more than any other of the allies, that ruined and deceived the Court of Naples, I wish to make it quite plain that I bring no accusation against the Emperor Alexander; for it is impossible that perversity, immorality, and perfidy should have infected the mind of this young sovereign, who owes his throne to the hatred that evil-doing inspires, and who appears to be thoroughly upright. But he has not yet been able to reform the character and influence the opinions of all his subjects, some of whom, unhappily, are deplorably corrupt.

During the last days of June the frigate in which the Russian Minister, M. Tatistchef, was being conveyed to Naples, anchored off Messina. I had orders from the King and Queen to talk to him: to give him a hint as to the way he should behave in the matter of Prince Sherbatow, enlighten him indirectly on the subject of Elliot's character and point of view, and briefly describe the state of affairs in Naples. I had an interview with him, and was equally satisfied on every point. The difficulties connected with Prince Sherbatow were absolutely smoothed away; and M. Tatistchef expressed an amount of devotion to the cause of right which, combined with the influence *he believed himself to possess* with the Russian generals (in the choice of whom he had had a share), seemed to augur everything good. As I only spent an hour with him,

however, my judgment was very superficial; and it is well known that, even in the most cultivated regions of Russia, the slightest scratching of the ground will promptly reveal the rock. I gave him a letter for the Queen, in which, of course, I could only say that he appeared, on a first meeting, all that was charming. On arriving in Naples he was subjected to a fortnight's quarantine: it was therefore the middle of July before he presented to the government his instructions with regard to the projected operations. Those instructions were founded on the supposition that the practical assistance of his Court would be claimed. He left *no room for doubt* as to the subjection of the generals to his control; he stated that the English troops in Malta were at General Lascy's disposal; and he declared himself ready to draw up the treaty as soon as was thought desirable. He had come directly from Vienna, and was in a position to speak with authority as to the real intentions of the Russian and German Emperors.

The more certain the coalition became the greater were the dangers that beset the kingdom,[38] and the more was it liable to be ruined by any trifling act of indiscretion or tactlessness. M. Tatistchef was fortunately shrewd enough to see through Elliot and protect himself against him, and thereby to obviate the harm he might have done, before doing the harm he actually achieved.

It was the more necessary to be prudent because, at this time, defensive measures were all that the cabinet of Vienna proposed to undertake. It is probable that this limitation was merely nominal, and was designed to secure more time for preparation, but the evasive character of the Court of Vienna gave reason to fear that it might really confine its efforts to such measures; and if the Court of Naples had revealed its intentions it would infallibly have been crushed. There was one method that could have been employed and was at first a temptation. This was to bring a Russian army-corps into the kingdom without declaring war, and to let it occupy the forts in Naples and all the other principal fortresses until the French should consent to leave the country and subscribe to the neutrality of the Two Sicilies. M. Tatistchef pointed out,

possibly with reason, that since the reinforcements had not yet reached Corfu the number of troops available was not large enough to justify any risk of exasperating Buonaparte, before the war had begun in North Italy. This reason had to be accepted; although it was plain that the rage and hatred of which Buonaparte daily gave the most unseemly proofs—either in the behaviour of his ambassador or in the excesses of his generals in Puglia—would achieve the ruin of the kingdom before hostilities broke out.

XVII

Alquier's violence on his return—Naples adheres to the coalition—Recall of Comte Roger—Severe criticism of the treaty signed by Circello, and of the selfish behaviour of the allies—Treaty of neutrality with France signed, and retracted simultaneously—Interview with Elliot—Letter from the Queen—Attempts to move Tatistchef, and council held to discuss his strange suggestion—The Queen's share in the determination to let the allies land at Naples—Their arrival (19th Nov. 1805)—Alquier's departure.

Not only did Alquier, while in Milan, neglect to carry out the promises he had made before going thither, but in the first interview he had with the Queen after his return he made use of such unseemly expressions and behaved so indecorously as to make it obvious that he had received orders to treat her insultingly. In the face of this unexpected attack the Queen lost the power of speech, and even her dignity: she could do nothing but burst into tears, and sob out between her convulsions of grief: "And who is it that sends me these horrible messages? A Buonaparte! And whom does he choose as his mouthpiece? An Alquier—an *Alquier!*" The wretch was alarmed at the Queen's condition. He turned pale; and the Queen sent him away.[1]

The King was beside himself with rage when he heard of Alquier's astonishing tirade. He wished to have the man flung into the sea, and then to go off to Sicily and give up everything; and once more the Queen was obliged to soothe him, and persuade him to be patient.

Since the storm that was gathering in Europe was bound to be especially concentrated and direct in its action on the kingdom of Naples, the latter was in a state of agitation that bade fair to destroy it. The Russian pilots were consulted, but could not tell how to avoid the breakers that seemed so near and threatening. The movements of the foreign armies

were so slow that there was no immediate necessity for Buonaparte to employ the troops quartered in the kingdom, nor to transfer them to some other point. The number of the German Emperor's troops in Italy was increasing, but only gradually; and the reputation and proceedings of the cabinet of Vienna still seemed to give Buonaparte the impression that he would be unwise to break definitely with Austria. In Naples, therefore, it was still feared that all these preparations might end in nothing more than the defensive measures that had been officially announced.

The Marchese Circello,[2] formerly Neapolitan Minister in London, had been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs. He is one of the least capable and most narrow-minded men that ever lived, but his absolute loyalty—a valuable quality that is very rare in Naples—was the reason for his being chosen for the post. Buonaparte objected, and put a finishing-touch to his despotism by declaring that he would regard all friendly relations as broken off, would recall his ambassador, and march on Naples, unless the Neapolitan Court appointed a minister known to favour the French,[3] and chose, as the commander-in-chief of the army, a French general [4] belonging to the French army and sent by the Emperor himself. Further conditions were the removal of the English ship that had been lying off Naples for the past two years, and the closure of the ports to all vessels of that nationality.

Alquier, for his part, had at last discovered that the Russian generals had not come to Naples for a holiday. He had written an official note, to ask what the King intended to do, if the foreign troops should descend upon his dominions, and how he meant to behave during the coming crisis. Alquier begged for a definite and immediate answer. At the same time he repeatedly urged General Saint-Cyr to take upon himself to infringe the line of demarcation; but Saint-Cyr had received no orders, and declared that Alquier had no authority over him. The postponement of hostilities was perhaps entirely due to the pretensions and conceit of these two men. It was fortunate, perhaps, that these final vexations took place during the short time that the Queen was absent,

for in the confidence inspired by the activity and resolution of the Powers, which were then quite firm, she would have lost her self-control. But one of Elliot's secret intrigues had roused the wrath of the King, who took the control of affairs out of the Queen's hands; upon which her Majesty went to Castellamare for the sake of her health. The King's ill-temper only lasted for six weeks, and the Queen on her return to Naples was as influential as ever. The couriers from Vienna and Russia assured her that the two emperors were perfectly in accord, and that the cabinet in Vienna, on being urged by Buonaparte to disarm and enter into an arrangement with him, had answered by increasing the energy of their preparations, sending troops openly into Italy, Tyrol, and the direction of the Inn, and publicly appointing the generals of their different armies. The Queen, therefore, decided to make a provisional and secret treaty with M. Tatistchef, which was signed early in September.[5]

She wrote to me saying that, while she felt it was of the greatest importance that the French Ambassador should remain in ignorance of this treaty, she also thought it essential to make everything ready for the opening of hostilities. The operations would certainly begin suddenly, and might perhaps continue for a long time. She informed me that the Russian generals were demanding my return, but in the meantime she wished me to send her a list of all the preparations she could make without imprudence.

The need for secrecy made it impracticable to augment the army by fresh levies: it was only possible to take the risks of a few minor preparations. I wrote out a list for her, and added all the means that should be employed to save time.

At last, on the 26th September, a Russian frigate cast anchor in the roadstead of Messina, and brought me a letter from M. Tatistchef. The ship, he said, carried no instructions, and was entirely at my disposal. At the same time I received an order from the King and Queen to proceed instantly to Castellamare, where I should be met on landing, and shown the house that was being made ready for me.

Their Majesties enjoined upon me to keep my departure from Messina a secret from every one but the governor;[6] to leave my servants there and keep possession of my house; to pretend I was merely going to see some of the sights of Sicily; and in short to take every precaution lest the French Consul at Messina, or any of my friends, should find out that I was leaving the island.

I carried out these instructions in every detail, and after giving out that I was going to Catania and Syracuse, I hired a *speronare* to take me thither by sea. The very evening of the frigate's arrival I set sail in this boat of the country, which had been paid and engaged for the little voyage I professed to be making. But when I had sailed for a certain distance in the wrong direction I ordered the helm to be put over, and steered for the frigate. The boatmen received orders to stay away from Messina for a fortnight: the secret had been confided to the boat's owner, and he did not betray it. In thirty hours' time I was in the Bay of Naples. The frigate had spent so short a time in going and returning that the King and Queen, who saw her sail in, were both positive that she could not be the same ship. I tacked close under the walls of Portici, hoping to be recognised; and I cast anchor off Castellamare in the evening. On landing with a Russian officer I found no instructions, because I was not expected until two or three days later; and it was not till I had despatched an express-messenger to Portici that some one came to fetch me. I was taken to Portici itself, to a *casino*[7] that was sufficiently secluded to keep me more or less concealed, and yet within reach of public affairs and conferences. I also had a *casino* near the palace, for use in the evenings only. It was there that I saw the people whom the Queen sent to talk to me: the Russian generals, the Russian Minister, and the King's ministers; and, to enable me to give the necessary orders, I had arranged with the Queen that she should tell the Minister of War (the only member of the council who did not know of my arrival), and the inspectors of the different corps of the army, that every day a certain couple of officers would take them her orders, which they were to carry out.

In this way I controlled all the affairs of the army in the Queen's name. My captivity lasted for six weeks, and I made such good use of the time that when I recovered my liberty all the preparations were well advanced, and in a condition to be quickly completed.

The moment I arrived the Queen sent me the treaty that had been drawn up and signed by the Marquis Circello and the Russian Minister, and asked me to give her my opinion of it in writing. I was amazed when I saw how absurdly it had been framed, to the detriment of all the King's interests. It was inconceivable that a man so devoted to his master as the Marquis Circello—a man who had been concerned in public affairs for thirty-five years—should have signed such a treaty. Every line of it tied the King's hands and pledged him to definite engagements, for which there was no compensation but a purely optional reciprocity. It is always a dangerous thing to throw oneself into the arms of an ally, and trust entirely to his honour; but there are compensating advantages, and, if necessary, remedies, when the contracting Powers are at the ordinary distance of one country from another. When, however, they are a thousand leagues apart, each of them is in the hands, not of another Power, but of its minister and generals, and is at the mercy of their good feeling. If they should happen to have none it is impossible to obtain redress under five months, and when the answer comes it is no longer appropriate. In dealing with Russia, therefore, it was more necessary than in the case of any other Power to weigh the advantages on both sides, and the chances and dangers involved in a treaty. A school-boy, or a twenty-year-old clerk might have blushed to produce a treaty so overflowing with blunders as this. I demolished it, article by article, and begged the Queen to let me talk it over with her. She admitted me to the palace one evening by a secret entrance, and I proved to her by word of mouth, as clearly as I had already demonstrated in writing, that advantage had been taken of poor Circello's piety and innocence, and that all her interests had been sacrificed to arrange for a diversion that should serve those of Russia. The latter had ensured having

an auxiliary corps, entirely free of expense, on her enemy's flank, while all the essential means of permanently protecting the weakness of the kingdom of Naples had been entirely neglected. This treaty had been framed by very astute men; and misunderstood and signed by an idiot. It had won the approval of the Queen because she was blinded by anger, and weary of a state of dependence from which any change, whatever it might be, seemed a consolation and a relief.[8]

The Queen agreed with all I said, but bade me hide this melancholy fact from the Russians and from her own ministers, since, the mischief being already done, she had no resource save an appeal to the Emperor Alexander's honour. I must forget the details I had been pointing out to her, she said, and concentrate my attention entirely on making everything go smoothly. I left her with an aching heart, but submitted to her decree; and on the following day the Russian generals came to my house to discuss the preparations for hostilities. Not all the cordiality and protestations usual between generals who are about to take the field together could disguise from me that the style of the treaty had already taken effect: they were disposed to give orders rather than to discuss matters. But I felt that this inclination must be nipped in the bud, and curtly told them so.

General Lascy, who was still ill—weak in body and mind—rarely attended our conferences; and everything was arranged through General Opperman, who was to be quartermaster-general.

After we had had two interviews General Lascy sent me a list of questions, which he begged me to answer in writing. I will only give the most important.

"How long could I undertake to defend the kingdom, if it were attacked before the landing of the allies?"

"At what points should the troops be disembarked to be most efficacious?"

"How quickly could the government engage to supply about three thousand horses, which the allies would require for their artillery and baggage-wagons?"

"How many troops could the King furnish on the first

requisition of the commander-in-chief, to serve either within or without the kingdom? "

I answered the first three questions, but had many objections to make to the fourth. I reminded the generals of their own words when they so truly said that the King ought to take advantage of the circumstances—the independence that the support of his allies would give him—to increase and reorganise his army, and make it capable of protecting the kingdom, without assistance, from all future aggression. I recalled the good intentions they had shown when they promised to protect the frontiers, in order to facilitate the fresh levy of troops that the King proposed to make before becoming an active member of the coalition.[9] He was not in a position, I pointed out, to play any useful part until he had sufficient forces to garrison the fortified towns and the capital, and to furnish in addition a flying column, which should be at the disposal of the Emperor of Russia.

Until this could be done it was entirely contrary to reason that the King should be dragged into the hazards of a war by the descent of the allies. He could acquiesce in their actions and even help them, without openly and actively declaring himself; and, if the intentions of the Russian Minister and generals had been honest, they would surely have seen that their conduct was irregular and self-seeking, and yet would not forward their cause. The rôle filled by the King was entirely to their advantage. They made use of his resources, they compromised him, they made his ruin certain, before it ever occurred to them to give him any relief, or to compensate him for his losses.

If it were really true that the Russian army-corps was to number 25,000 men and that of the English 7000, as had been verbally promised by the ministers and generals—though the Marquis Circello had never thought of including their promise in the treaty—what advantage would they gain from a premature demonstration on the King's part, when he could only furnish 8000 men? But what an immense amount of good they could do him, on the other hand, by granting him time to form an army that would suffice to ensure his per-

manent safety, and enable him, when once it was formed, to give his enthusiastic support to the cause of which he was the most zealous and interested partisan! The first coalitions formed against France were lessons in prudence; and moreover, it was surely necessary to leave a certain number of troops to keep order in the capital and the rest of the kingdom? The King only had between eight and ten thousand men. It was hardly likely, then, that when the necessary number had been deducted for the capital and other towns, there would be a sufficient surplus left to be of any use to the allies, in the case of their carrying hostilities into the north of Italy.

Another point worthy of consideration (supposing the allies were really honest in their intentions) was that, if the Powers were not successful, the fact that they had not involved the Court of Naples in the struggle from the first might give the impression that that Court had been coerced. The French Ambassador, in that case, need not have gone away; and this would have been some equivalent for the circumstance that it was always open to the allies to take to their ships again, and leave Naples in its original plight. Supposing the King of Naples had openly declared himself, on the other hand, and the allies were defeated, they could not leave the kingdom without handing it over to its enemies unreservedly and irremediably.

To these observations, which were unfortunately only too true, the Russian generals merely answered by pointing to the absurd treaty signed by Circello.[10] They would not have used it as a weapon if the King's fate had been a matter of the least concern to them, but it formed a useful tool for their indifference. Preparations had to be made, therefore, for mobilising the troops, which could not now be used as the nucleus of a larger army. This circumstance destroyed, or at least postponed, our hopes of securing a sufficient force to make the kingdom independent of foreign aid.

This was not the only instance of the Russian generals' barbarous exaction. Not content with a plan of operations that enabled them to make an important diversion in the south

of Italy, nor moderate enough in their demands to consider themselves well paid by England—which was pledged by treaty to supply the pay of the Russian corps as soon as it left Corfu—they made the King responsible for all the expenses connected with their troops. High pay for the private soldiers, fixed gratuities for the officers, cost of provisions, forage, ammunition, transport, and horses for the artillery, cavalry, and baggage-wagons—all was to be supplied by the King. This was even to be the case, in certain conditions, outside his own dominions, if the allied armies should go beyond them.

Every minute of the day I bemoaned the incalculable grievances that were entailed by that rash treaty. The yoke was changed, but not the situation. I made a last attempt to persuade M. Tatistchef to alleviate it.

I obtained leave from the Queen to beg him to issue a manifesto at the time of the troops' disembarkation; and I composed a suitable model, which I gave to the Queen. In it the Emperor Alexander reminded the King of the friendly relations that existed between the two Courts, and of the treaties and pledges that had maintained their alliance uninterruptedly. He declared that the presence of the French in the kingdom gave him the right to attack them if they should persist in remaining, while their admission to the King's dominions gave him the right to claim the same favour: that on both grounds he was sure of the King's consent to the step he was taking; but that, if he were mistaken in this, he would be forced to secure that consent by force of arms. Such, more or less, was the substance of my manifesto. And as the French had deliberately crippled the King's army, and had never allowed a single man to be recruited nor a gap in the ranks to be filled, the French Ambassador could not exact measures of resistance that he had himself made impossible.

The Russian minister absolutely refused to let it appear that Naples was being coerced. He answered uncompromisingly that if any attempt, of whatever kind, were made to keep the treaty a secret, he would publish it in print.

Only two possibilities, therefore, remained: the allies must persevere and the coalition in the North be successful, or the

kingdom must be totally ruined. In this game of war the Powers were risking, at worst, a portion of their territory, but the King of Naples was staking his crown; and this unpardonable disproportion was entirely due to the imbecility of one of his own ministers, and the dishonourable character of the two generals and the Russian Minister.

Since this step was irrevocably taken, the only thing left to work for was that the two army-corps should be as strong as possible, with a view to creating a more effectual diversion in Italy, or at least defending the kingdom in the case of reverses. But two disastrous pieces of news reached us within the space of a few days. The first was that the two army-corps, the Russian and the English, only comprised 15,000 men, and had been reinforced by a corps of 2000 Albanian peasants, an uncontrollable horde of robbers who devastate any country they may occupy: the second was the news of Mack's defeat, and of the capture of Ulm with all its attendant circumstances.

And yet, if ever Providence deigned to hold out a helping hand to a sovereign on the point of ruin, it was at this moment. A courier from the Marchese del Gallo arrived from Paris, bringing a treaty of neutrality [11] to be signed instantly. If it were accepted all the French troops would leave the kingdom, and the King would be neutral, and free; if it were rejected the French Ambassador would leave the kingdom and General Saint-Cyr would open hostilities. The moment the matter reached the ears of the Russian Minister he hastened to declare that he would consent to no change of plans: he would hold by the treaty without any modification whatever.

The cruel state of perplexity into which the government was thrown by this circumstance can easily be imagined. The Russians had postponed their embarkation from Corfu so often, in order to await the reinforcements (which never came), that no one knew whether they had actually set out or not. It was therefore impossible that they should arrive in time to prevent the devastation of the kingdom, which was quite inevitable, even on the supposition that Buonaparte had proposed the

treaty of neutrality simply because he was forced to employ his troops elsewhere at once. They had five provinces at their mercy. These they could pillage and plunder on the march, without any obstacle being put in their way; and after Mack's defeat and the loss of 70,000 Austrians it seemed very doubtful whether such proceedings would be followed by reprisals.

The Queen wrote to ask my opinion as to the best course to follow. I answered: "Do not sign: tell Alquier that your acceptance of the proposed neutrality makes it incumbent on you to communicate with the Powers beforehand, and that you are despatching the couriers. By this means you will gain time; and you can let the Russians do what they please, for *Tatistchef will consent to no change.*"

The Council did not think this was a sufficient response to Alquier's very urgent note, and it was decided to sign the treaty of neutrality, at the same time giving the Russian Minister a *contradictory reversal.*[12] The habitual bad faith of the French was the excuse given for this dishonourable proceeding. The number of days to be allowed for the removal of the troops was fixed on the spot; and they began to march out at once.

On the very day of this curious transaction Elliot asked the Queen's permission to visit me in my retreat, and speak to me alone. The Queen consented, and wrote to me that she wished me to see him, which disturbed me considerably. An interview with Elliot is at the best of times a dangerous thing: he brings nothing with him—he is only concerned with taking away as much as he can. His object is gained if he can mislead you as to his intentions, and enlighten himself as to yours. A conversation with him on public affairs is a kind of fencing-match: to cross swords with him, and parry and thrust, leaves one in a state of exhaustion, and in some uncertainty as to whether one be wounded or not. "Well," he said, as he came in, "so the Rubicon is passed!"—"If Cæsar had had an ally like you," I answered, "he would not have thought it such a dangerous step."—"In this case, however," he replied, "it is a very dangerous step indeed, and I should never have advised it."

How can one argue with a man who, after doing his best to compromise a country while it was dependent on its own resources alone, begins to recognise the danger when two of the great Powers have promised it their support? I reminded him of all he had said to me, before there was any question of a coalition, to persuade me that we should not attempt to conciliate Buonaparte, seeing that we were strong enough to resist him alone. After proclaiming this silly or perfidious doctrine during the peace, how could he reconcile his new anxiety with it? He wearied me with a host of futilities, but I tried to disentangle the object of his visit. At last he began to hold forth on the importance of perfect harmony between the generals; and, insisting on this truth in such a way as to show me very quickly what was in his mind, he repeated that the whole success of the enterprise depended on this harmony, and that he had consented to the absurdity of an English general being under the orders of a Russian with the sole object of removing all possible cause of discord. He begged that I would give a friendly reception to Sir James Craig, the general-in-command of the English troops;[13] and he told me he would point out to the Queen that, as soon as the troops had landed, everything must be decided and controlled by the generals alone. I concluded without any difficulty from these frank and honest words that he had quite decided, if he should fail in bending us all three to his will, to set us at sixes and sevens, in order to have a pretext, in case of need, to remove the English troops if they were required elsewhere. I knew him so well that I could not help laughing as I listened to him, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that he did not imagine me to be taken in. In spite of the wish he had expressed to speak to me alone I had carefully abstained from denying myself to other visitors: we were fortunately interrupted, and he went off to seek more lucrative occupation elsewhere.

The sacrifice that had been made of a certainty to an uncertainty, the alarming news that continued to come in, and the exacting ways of the Russian Minister and generals, gave the Queen food for melancholy thought with regard to the future.

As the time approached for the troops to land she was filled with anxiety: her deliverance from the French was accompanied with other tribulations that might very easily become equally unpleasant. It was too late for her to undo anything officially, but she tried to persuade the Russian Minister to make a change in some private fashion. Knowing one day that M. Tatistchef was dining with me at Portici she wrote me a letter intended for his eyes. It was so prophetic that, in the light of subsequent events, it may interest the reader to see the whole of it.

6th November, 1805.

I wish to speak to you with the frankness of a friend on a matter that is occupying my mind a great deal, and fills me with a keen sense of responsibility as a wife, a mother, and a queen with six millions of subjects. I am assuming, as a matter of course, that we shall be faithful to our engagements; and however onerous they may be we shall carry them out: but allow me to make some observations to be laid before M. Tatistchef.

Between the signing of our treaty and the present moment everything has been changed and upset; I am not speaking of the French neutrality, with regard to which I only feel remorse that I should have been forced, with a pistol at my head, to sign it; still less am I referring to the removal of the French army; I have no confidence whatever in their good faith, and am certain that, as it suits their convenience at this moment to go away, so, if it should suit them to return, they would do so without hesitation. Moreover, as the original pretexts of Malta and Corfu are still existing, it will be the same reason that brings them back as soon as they can come. My observations, then, are not concerned with them, and I do not share the egoistic delirium that makes the country believe itself safe because the French are beyond the frontiers. No, what concerns me is the terrible events of the war, of which we hear very confused accounts, but enough to make us fear the worst. One more advantage gained by Buonaparte will take him to the gates, and into the city, of Vienna: a truce, a congress, a conference, the suspension of hostilities, and a disadvantageous peace will be the results. If the conqueror at this moment, in his resentment at our broken treaty of neutrality, should add this fresh grievance to all that he already has against me, and declare that in view of our treachery and bad faith he will not admit us to the armistice and peace, the Emperor of Austria, who has exhausted all his resources, will certainly not continue the war to save us, and the whole French force will fall upon us and crush us.

There is a second supposition to be considered. The Austrian army on the Rhine having dissolved and melted away so unaccountably, it will probably be necessary for the Archduke Charles, with a portion of the army in Italy, to withdraw into Germany, lest he too should be cut off. Since Augereau has already crossed the Rhine and is on his way through Switzerland, on this second supposition Italy will be left entirely unprotected, and we shall have to bear the whole brunt

of the shock. I have the highest opinion of the Russian troops and the greatest confidence in them, but their numbers are far less than was always believed and stated to be the case. The difficulties, at so terrible a distance, of recruiting, and renewing, and replacing the men who are lost, is a matter for consideration. As for our own military resources, at this moment they are almost *nil*, and the greatest energy and most assiduous care will be required to restore them, for which I count entirely on your courage, intelligence, and activity, as you can count on all the assistance I can give: but all this will need time and labour, and for our part we will work wonders to push matters on.

There is yet another consideration to which I would call attention. It has become generally known that the Russian squadron has arrived in Sicily, and a good deal of alarm has been aroused, especially by the request that the Albanian legion should be landed. Their insubordination is feared; and the widely spread news that there is sickness among the troops has scared the whole country. Put all these considerations together, and you will see how disadvantageous the circumstances are for the Russians themselves, who at another time and in other conditions would be welcomed as deliverers; whereas at this moment they would be regarded as disturbers of the public peace. But, I repeat, we shall be faithful to our engagements and *fulfil them all;* but it will be well to consider and weigh the matter thoroughly, and then decide whether a small body of troops would be able to save Naples from invasion by the French. And we must not delude ourselves: the hatred with which Buonaparte honours me, and has often loudly proclaimed, is such that, if he should again take possession of this fine kingdom, he will at once choose a king for it from among his own relations or his Spanish allies. By this means he will attach the whole nation to the new government, and will transform this rich kingdom with all its resources into a tributary province of France, to which country its ports, commerce, oil, corn, building-timber, and other products will be most useful.

Such are the dangers; but what is the remedy? I have limited myself to a very slight sketch of the ills we should most probably have to endure; and I repeat for the third time that we shall stand by our engagements and fulfil them. But the Emperor of Russia, our friend and ally, wished us well and could not foresee the reverses and appalling events that have actually taken place. The terrible distance that lies between us has prevented the prompt communication that is so necessary; but *listen to my ideas.* The Russian convoy might return to Corfu and the English one to Malta, to await events that perhaps, even as I write, may have already occurred; and might go later on, when the situation is less obscure, to the point where they can be most useful, either to help the archduke near at hand, or to Puglia, or Ancona, or even Naples. If this either cannot or will not be done, or if this suggestion be thought to betray feelings that are discreditable to us, and not our real ones—our only true motive being the desire to do what is best—then the troops must land, unless there should be some contagious disease on board the ships, in which case it would be our sacred and unavoidable duty to place the lives and the health of our beloved subjects before everything else, even before our own lives. The disembarkation will take place, then, and the

manifestoes must be carefully drawn up, lest they should contain anything to humiliate or wound the king, friend, and ally whom the troops are professedly coming to aid.

I think that General Lascy and all these other gentlemen, although they are masters of the situation, should undertake nothing, absolutely nothing, without consulting the King, or those whom the King shall appoint: nothing should be considered or arranged without our approval and consent, for these are auxiliary troops granted in accordance with our request, by a sovereign who is our friend and ally.

The Albanian legion, I think, will be paid by us as was arranged, but considering the state of insubordination in which they already are, they are a gift of doubtful value.

Such, in few words, are my thoughts on the subject: the decision will not rest with me, but with the allies. I am and shall always remain equally their friend, ready to fulfil our engagements, even if my observations should carry no weight with them. A vessel can be sent to them in forty-eight hours, to take them back to Corfu and Malta for a time, to await more certain news of the events of which we have such confused accounts, but which give us reason to fear the worst.

If the troops should come later on I shall expect sincerity, confidence, and perfect and entire agreement in every step that is taken: in everything we must be consulted beforehand, and asked for our opinion and consent, and, in short, treated like allied sovereigns who are bearing the weight of the enterprise. I know your sentiments and your devotion: you will explain it all. This letter is scribbled in the enthusiasm of honesty and truth, etc., etc.

I read this wise and prophetic letter to M. Tatistchef, and was convinced, as I did so, that the responsibility he was taking upon himself in risking the safety of the kingdom so lightly had already been forcibly put before him by various well-disposed persons of devoted loyalty. He had heard complaints that touched his conscience, and had some suggestions of an accommodating nature ready in his pocket. He produced a memorandum for me to read. He offered to change the destination of the troops and guard the kingdom without occupying it, and at the same time to make no alteration in the King's claims to the protection of his master and the allied Powers, *on these conditions*—

"That he should immediately be paid the sum of five hundred thousand Neapolitan ducats;[14] that the government of Naples should further engage to pay for the same number of horses—to be supplied at a given spot—as had already been furnished in the interior of the kingdom, but at the price of a hundred and twenty ducats apiece; and that to these

sums a monthly subsidy should be added" (the amount of which I do not now remember).

So a Power as great as Russia, the ally of the Court of Naples—a Power that was already paid by England in accordance with a special article of the treaty relating to these operations—was offering to save the kingdom at a price beyond its means!

I made this observation to M. Tatistchef, but he refused to modify his demands in the least. He declared he had already made them as moderate as possible, and that he would not alter them by one iota. I sent his memorandum to the Queen, who wrote to me the next morning that it was her private opinion that the suggestions could not be entertained, but that we must find out where the Russians intended to land, since this new memorandum promised *that they should guard the kingdom*. M. Tatistchef, who had apparently feared he had shown too much clemency, answered that the Russian army-corps would disembark at Venice. The Queen, in her letter to me, added that she was about to assemble the Council, to whom she would not mention her own view, but would request that every member should write down and sign his opinion; and she would then send their decision to the King.

The Council met that same morning (7th Nov. 1805) for this important discussion.[15] I knew the character of all the members,[16] and their way of thinking, and I can safely assert that there was not one of them who would not willingly have starved himself and gone unclothed to contribute to the subsidy that would stave off the scourge of war. I did not doubt that two hours would suffice for the discussion, nor that M. Tatistchef's memorandum would be accepted as it stood. I was already resigning myself to an indefinite prolongation of my exile and was making plans in my own mind, without dreaming for a moment that there could be any issue but one, when I received a line from the Queen, telling me that the Council had voted unanimously against the memorandum, and had signed their decision, which had been laid before the King for confirmation.

The Council argued "that so large a sum could not be given

secretly; that the French Ambassador must therefore know of the transaction; and that the granting of this subsidy to the enemies of France would be as compromising as the presence of the army-corps, while lacking in the advantages that its bayonets would give. If the Russians were in Venice, moreover, they would be no protection to the kingdom, and comparing one expense with the other their immediate services appeared preferable."

This decision proves that it never entered any one's head that the allied troops would break all their pledges and delive the kingdom into the hands of the enemy. But I shall deal more fully with this subject later on. What is certain is this: the opinion that the Council expressed so reasonably was not the opinion of a single one of its individual members.

If, in a Council composed of the most distinguished men in the kingdom, there was not a member who dared to make a stand against the admission of the troops, since they all well knew that the Queen would never forgive them, was it possible for me to dash into the lists and offend the Queen's prejudices with an opinion that I could only give in writing (being then concealed in my *casino* at Portici), in order to point out the danger of receiving the allies? I was born in France; and the Queen, when carried away by mistrust and passion, would not have failed to make me suffer for it. I should never have been able to justify myself, for the events that were to come were still unrevealed; and if she had lost her kingdom in any other way she would always have believed that the allies would have saved it for her. They would not have been backward in telling her so, and reproaching her for the decision that kept them away. There was but one man in the Council who could have dared to remind her of the situation of the Austrian army, of the probability that it would not recover from its losses at Ulm, and of the likelihood that the change in the circumstances would also change the influence and good intentions of the Russians, and would therefore put an end to the coalition and the war, which would mean the ruin of the kingdom of Naples. If this protest had been made an appeal might have been sent to the Emperor of Russia, who would

certainly have withdrawn the demand for money put forward by M. Tatistchef.

The Queen's preternatural repulsion against every arrangement that tended to restore ordinary relations between herself and Buonaparte must have affected her manner unconsciously when she put the question before the Council; and the magic of her influence had a compelling effect upon characters that are naturally pliable, not to say servile. When they left the council-room the members seemed hardly to realise what they had done, and appeared half petrified.

The Queen is a most remarkable woman, and there never was one more completely dominated by her emotions: pride, and rectitude, and goodness of heart are the foundation of them all, but her personal feelings invariably influence her decisions. She would be in despair if she thought the opinion professed by the Council had been dictated by herself, but she was quite misled if she thought otherwise. Her lips asked the question and her face gave the answer: any one who knows her is as sure of this as I am myself. Is this inconsistent with the letter I have quoted above? Never mind—if you know her you will agree with me.

The King ratified the decision, and on the 19th November the convoy was signalled. Her Majesty had entrusted to me all the details connected with the disembarkation. Three or four days were required for the various arrangements, and it was thought that Alquier's annoyance at my reappearance would be quite forgotten in the explosion caused by the transports' arrival. I was accordingly authorised to emerge from my retreat, as though I had just arrived from Messina, on the day that the convoy was expected to leave the shores of Sicily and cast anchor in the Bay of Naples. Although the treaty of neutrality excluded me from all employment, it did not forbid me to live in Naples: and indeed it was indirectly assumed that I should do so, though I was not actually named on this occasion. Armed with all these rights I repaired to Naples and established myself in my former house; and wishing to observe all the usual courtesies I left cards at the doors of the whole diplomatic corps, not forgetting Alquier. He

was furious. He declared I had intended to snap my fingers at him; and he was only diverted from his rage when he looked through his telescope and saw a fleet carrying eighteen thousand men, who could have snapped their fingers more effectually than I, had they been better managed. He spent the whole morning disputing the evidence of his eyes. The convoy sailed in before a gentle breeze in perfectly correct order, passing Capri by the wide entrance; and cast anchor at about five o'clock in the afternoon.[17]

Alquier did not explode until the next day. He then removed the escutcheon from his door and wrote to the minister that, since a convoy hostile to France had been allowed to anchor in the roadstead, he must ask for passports for himself and his whole legation. He was remonstrated with as a matter of form, and regret was expressed for his departure. None the less he persisted in going; and demanded an escort as far as the frontier.[18] All his requests were granted, and he left Naples on the 21st November.

XVIII

The Anglo-Russian occupation—Lascy, who has the chief command, promptly sends the Neapolitan army, commanded by Damas, into the Abruzzi—The allied generals hold an acrimonious conference before Damas goes—Lascy and Opperman make a tour on the frontier—The news of Austerlitz decides the English and Russians to abandon the kingdom—Letters from the Queen and Lascy—Vain attempts to keep the Russians and to stave off the French invasion.

THE French yoke, then, was altogether shattered. We will now consider that of our so-called protectors and allies. A yoke of the latter kind is the more painful of the two, for it weighs upon the heart; it affects every sentiment and every principle; it destroys the consoling thought of the strong protecting the weak, and deprives one of the pleasure of being grateful to one's defenders.

Never were the headquarters of a general established in a hostile country with so many exactions as were practised by the allied generals in Naples. Generals Lascy and Opperman rented an inn for their own use, and made the King pay all their expenses. Facing this inn is the Hereditary Prince's *casino*, which he and the princess [1] constantly visit. The generals demanded it, for use as a *chancellerie*, and when it was refused to them were as much offended as if their troops had been denied barracks.

From this insignificant example of their demands in matters that were quite outside their rights, it will be easy to judge of their insulting methods of exacting their due. I had gladly undertaken to supply all their wants; my enthusiasm for the Russians was well known; and they themselves had wished that their affairs might be placed in my hands; but I soon found that I had neither the time to attend to their importunities, nor the foresight to be prepared for all the devices that came into their heads for increasing the expenses of the government.

The English general was infinitely more moderate, and made a point of paying for everything that was supplied to his troops, in order to emphasise the sordid avarice of the Russian general. One day, when dining with Elliot, the Englishman said in a loud voice that "if he had known, he would not have let himself be associated with mere merchants, who were not satisfied with being paid by his government, but insisted on Naples paying them as well." The Cross of St. George that I wore, my unvarying attachment to Russia, my belief that I could really be useful to the Russians, and my hope that the future independence of the kingdom might be won by them, made me do my best to keep the public unaware of their indiscretion, and of their surprising indifference to all the expense they were bringing upon the King. It was most important for the success of the operations that the Russians should be regarded as saviours, rather than oppressors, of the kingdom, since they had been careful to publish that they came at the King's request. The most effectual way of relieving all departments of the government was to mobilise the Russian troops as quickly as possible, and send them off to their cantonments on the frontiers. In order to complete the grant of horses that was due to them a requisition was made in the town of Naples itself, with the result that their artillery was supplied with the carriage-horses of private persons of every rank. In short, by hook and by crook, by dint of unceasing complaints on their part and unceasing outlay on the part of the King, they were made ready to leave their cantonments near the capital at the beginning of December.

The King reviewed the Russians, regiment by regiment, and the English in a single corps. Of the former there were about nine thousand under arms, without including the two thousand Albanians, who were a band of savages and a scourge to any army. Of the English there were six thousand.

The Russian generals declared that in less than a week they would be reinforced by twelve thousand men, including a regiment of dragoons and one of Cossacks; but, whether they deceived the government or were themselves deceived, this much-desired reinforcement never came, and from first to

last the number of troops was less than the circumstances demanded.

As soon as the French left the kingdom I had prevailed upon the King to send 3500 men to occupy the most important positions in the Abruzzi, and Generals Lascy and Opperman were both of opinion that this number—taken from the Neapolitan army—was sufficient. They had agreed to leave the rest in the garrisons, in order that after the levies were completed—they were already announced and begun [2]—the army-corps might at once be fit for active service, since no delay for forming the *cadres* would be necessary. I had promised in the King's name that this army-corps should be ready to take the field by the 1st March. It was to comprise between fifteen and eighteen thousand men, over and above the number necessary for garrisoning the castles, the fortresses, and the capital. From the 19th November to the 5th December I had been entirely absorbed by the affairs of the Russians and English, while all the time the conscripts for the King's army were coming in. I was intending to devote myself to their training and formation into corps as soon as the Russians should have gone away to the positions assigned to them.[3]

I had received General Lascy's written consent to this arrangement [4] on the very day that he received the *Dispaccio reale* appointing him to the chief command of the allied armies. It was on this 4th December,[5] therefore, that the King definitely proclaimed himself an active member of the coalition, and that his army, of which I was commander-in-chief, was placed under the orders of General Lascy. The government had postponed Lascy's appointment as long as possible, and had shown great wisdom in doing so; but Tatistchef, Elliot, and he had been daily writing official notes to complain of the delay, and their persistent importunity had at last won the day.

Two days later, on the 6th December, I received orders from General Lascy to take the Neapolitan army to the Abruzzi, and occupy the right side of that province, from Popoli, at the centre of the line, to the shores of the Adriatic.

The moment, therefore, that General Lascy was appointed

commander-in-chief of the allied forces he took advantage of the fact to send the King's troops to the farthest extremity of the kingdom—the point where they could least easily be augmented. All the arrangements made by the King with a view to winning his confidence were upset in a way most prejudicial to His Majesty's interests: all the plans for organising and employing the conscripts were made useless by the absence of the regiments in which they were to have been enrolled. The cantonments on the frontier nearest to the capital were reserved for Lascy's own troops and those of the English; and Lascy established his headquarters and those of the English general at a spot five leagues from Naples.

This behaviour was too extraordinary to lack a motive. To divine that motive fully was no easy matter: but when this measure was combined with keeping all the transports in the bay there appeared to be sufficient reason for alarm.

On receiving M. Lascy's order I went instantly to Portici with the news. The Council was assembled; and I read the order aloud. The Queen and all the other members of the Council were dumfounded by this unexpected change, but were one and all agreed that it should be carried out without remonstrance, in order that the Russian generals should have no pretext for complaint or blame.

I therefore said in answer to General Lascy's order that on the 8th December, two days later, the first column would march.

Before we parted I invited Generals Lascy, Opperman, Anrep,[6] and the English general, Craig, to meet at my house and discuss our future actions. The result was a great deal of acrimony on both sides—a miniature version of all the coalitions of the world, with one of the parties downtrodden, one of them dominant, and the general good sacrificed to individual interests. Sir James Craig said to me among other things: "The King ought to be very thankful to me, monsieur, for coming here, and I shall expect him to show his gratitude by giving me everything I think necessary."—"I have no doubt," I answered, "that the King will feel himself to be under an obligation to your government; but you, mon-

sieur, are not the government. As a general you carry out the orders you receive, and if you demand more than any body of troops can require to make it efficient, and more than the King can give (and in this matter I am something of a judge, having seen as much active service, I imagine, as most men), it devolves upon me, monsieur, to point out the fact." He assured me that the English troops were on a different footing from any others, and mentioned such ridiculous and unsoldierly requirements that I gave up all hope of imbuing him with the common sense he had always lacked. The whole conference was carried on in this style. Opperman's bearing and opinions gave promise of all that he has since done. We continued our discussion in a state of mutual dissatisfaction, and felt some embarrassment in having met to no useful end. I saw that the introduction of dinner between our discussion and our decisions was quite indispensable. I gave orders accordingly, and kept the gentlemen at the table as long as I possibly could. I afterwards began another argument with Opperman on the course to be followed if the French were to attack the kingdom on the shores of the Adriatic, a side that he insisted on leaving in my care alone. I made him see that, in these circumstances, if I were to fight them I could not at the same time hem them in by the sea with my right wing, and keep my line close to the centre of the Russian line of battle; but I only referred to this kind of manœuvre because he absolutely refused to strengthen this district with a few Russian regiments, for which I had asked him. And yet, not only every principle of strategy, but the very nature of the country should have prompted him to give them to me. If I could have made him see the advantages of doing so, my position would have been impregnable, owing to the configuration of the ground; but I must not enlarge upon the undeviating principle that underlay the Russian generals' refusal. Nothing could shake their resolution to remain between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, and as near as possible to Naples, in order that they might be able to embark without delay, if any pretext or subterfuge should warrant their doing so.

I left Naples on the 11th December to cross the Apennines in snow that was four feet deep, and parted from the *precautionary allies* on this side of the bleak passes that lead to the Abruzzi. Only one Russian regiment and the Albanian Legion were sent to Sulmona, at the extreme left of my position, and placed under my orders. I set up my headquarters at Chieti, at a distance of seven Italian miles from the fortress of Pescara-on-Sea, and at the foot of the Apennines.

Every one knows the loss and labour and fatigue that are involved when troops open a campaign with a march in winter, upon a road that presents constant difficulties to the artillery and baggage-wagons. Neither Tyrol nor Switzerland contains passes more dangerous than are those of the Abruzzi when snow is on the ground. It is one thing to surmount endless difficulties of this kind in the course of a campaign, and quite another to begin with them; and the very fact that the Neapolitans are so little used to war makes it the more desirable that they should be gradually accustomed to the sufferings that an army often has to undergo. On the fifteenth day, however, the troops reached the cantonments that had been assigned to them; and I had only been at Chieti for three days when Generals Lascy and Opperman came to inspect the lines between their headquarters and mine.

I received them at Chieti, and on the following day took them to Pescara. This fortress on the sea was supposed to protect my right wing. It has always been neglected, however, in spite of its important position on the river of the same name, because during the twenty-seven years of Acton's ministry there was no branch of the administration that he so completely disregarded as the fortification of the towns.

I took the generals to see the works and repairs that had been undertaken, and the troops and means of defence; and I gave, in their presence, all the orders that their comments seemed to call for. I then took them back to Chieti. On arriving there they asked if all my artillery had succeeded in traversing the horrible roads, and had already reached its destination. The field-artillery had arrived, but the guns of

position and many of the wagons were still on the way. "Send some one to meet them at once," said General Lascy, "and let everything that has not yet arrived remain where it is. I think our line of defence is too long, and wish to shorten it by placing your right wing in the position that is now occupied by your left."—"What?" I cried; "and what about the space that I shall leave, which includes the finest country in the kingdom—Puglia, for instance: who will occupy that?"—"No one. The fortress of Pescara will defend itself, and your battalions of *chasseurs* on the Tronto will do their best to defend the river and the town."—"What can the town do," I objected, "when the river is fordable at several points? The fortress contains two thousand men: if the enemy should wish to invade the country they could easily repulse the light troops posted on the Tronto in such inadequate numbers, and, by placing a covering force between the town and the rest of their troops, could march unopposed on Naples itself through the most fertile province in the kingdom, completely turning your line of defence."—"No matter," he said; "we cannot spread ourselves out so far."—"Well then," I went on, "let some less important point be left undefended, but remember the great importance of this spot, and before deciding let me take M. Opperman on a tour of inspection along the Tronto frontier." This suggestion was accepted: poor old Lascy returned to his headquarters, and I set out with his *factotum* Opperman to inspect the frontier.[7]

Quite apart from his inherent disadvantages I never had such a dull travelling-companion in my life. For four days we spent twelve hours daily in the saddle, but never once did I win a sign of life from him. Every evening we reached a little town or an abbey, and each place entertained and fêted us more lavishly than the last: but nothing roused him. He was a bundle of dry sticks, neither more nor less, and the sticks were covered with thorns. Unfortunately this metaphor even applies to his riding, for every day he gave another of my horses a sore back; and this trifling inconvenience was not counterbalanced by any pleasantness or interest of the smallest kind.

The province we saw could only be defended by a combined force of *masses* and *chasseurs*, who might harass the enemy within its borders. We had not enough troops at our disposal to admit of defending the Tronto, but the more this was the case the more indispensable it was to keep Pescara, and the more important to guard the entrance to the Apennines with a sufficient force to prevent the enemy from invading Puglia after passing the town. This wretched man filled me with foreboding. We parted on the fourth day: he returned to the headquarters of his poor invalid, and I returned to my own to await the result of their reflections—or rather of their lack of reflection.

I was greeted on my arrival with the sad news of the Battle of Austerlitz, and with the announcement that a French army [8] was about to attack the kingdom. Disastrous battle!—melancholy and terrible result of blindness and vanity and presumption—how long, I wonder, will your influence be felt? More than one branch of European administration has its roots in the soil of Austerlitz, and will flourish or not according to the memories that water it.

As long as the previous reverses in Germany had only obliged the Archduke Charles to divert a portion of his troops the French could spare none for the invasion of the kingdom; but when Italy was evacuated by the archduke there was no doubt that a considerable army of observation would approach our frontiers, while awaiting vaster enterprises. The peace concluded by the Emperor of Austria,[9] of which we did not hear until some time later, made anything possible. I received orders from General Lascy to change my position, and take my troops to the point then occupied by my left, as he had already arranged; while my Russian regiment was to be posted on the central frontier, in the defiles of Aquila. I carried out this movement without delay, thereby retracing my steps. My troops, therefore, might have been spared the second half of their exhausting march, from the effects of which they had hardly recovered. If M. Opperman had inspected the frontiers in some other way than on the map, he would surely not have made the unpardonable blunder of wearing out an army-corps

with marches and counter-marches: but the last march was the most surprising of all. The following order is copied word for word from the original.

I had sent off the troops from their cantonments, and was waiting at Chieti to join them as soon as they had reached their new position. At daybreak on the 25th December I was leaving my house and was about to drive away, when I saw a Russian courier approaching me with some letters in his hand. Here they are:

Naples, 23rd December—4th January, 1806.

GENERAL,

I have the honour to send Your Excellency the copy herein enclosed of a protocol signed by an assembly of generals, who met here yesterday.

We know for a fact that the French troops now approaching the frontier are between thirty-five and thirty-eight thousand in number. You are aware, General, of the strength and composition of our army-corps, and you know that, as soon as the enemy thinks it necessary, we must expect to see some more troops coming in from North Italy. We cannot flatter ourselves, therefore, that there is any possibility of our saving the kingdom, except by waiting for the time when the great Powers will save it. Since, then, the retreat of our army-corps is definitely decided upon, you will have the goodness, immediately on receiving this letter, to summon all the troops under your orders to Chieti, and thence, when the enemy shall have crossed the frontier, to march along the coast-road. As they will be traversing very fertile and populous provinces I *suppose they will be able to march sufficiently quickly* to avoid encountering the enemy. You must collect, and cart, and bring away from Puglia as much corn, flour, and forage as is absolutely necessary for the subsistence of your corps and ours. These transport wagons must be sent with all possible speed to Gravina and Matera,[10] and it is here, too, that Your Excellency will endeavour to take up a position for the time being, until something better can be contrived. As General Gerduc's Russian regiment is to form part of the garrison of Gaeta he is receiving orders by the courier of to-day to leave Sulmona at once.

I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,

LASCY.

Copy of the protocol enclosed in this letter.[11]

Generals Lascy, Craig, Anrep, Stuart,[12] Opperman, and Campbell,[13] together with Commodore Greig,[14] Captain-Commandant Sotheron, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury,[15] having met together on this 22nd day of December (3rd January), 1806, to deliberate upon the very critical situation of the Russian, English, and Neapolitan corps in the Kingdom of Naples, these naval and military officers have discussed and considered—each in his own capacity—the following points:

The two foreign army-corps were summoned when General Saint-Cyr was still in the Kingdom of Naples, but the chances of the sea prevented them from arriving until after the French troops had left the country.[16]

Shortly after the disembarkation of the Russian and English troops the news arrived of the successive disasters in Germany, and of the retreat, to the frontier of Hungary, of the entire army commanded by the Archduke Charles.

Thenceforward the general-officers of the Russo-English army-corps could not fail to see, to their great regret, that their object in coming into the Kingdom of Naples—namely to make a diversion [17] in favour of the operations in North Italy—could no longer be fulfilled, and that the French, profiting by the time of repose necessary to the Austrian troops in their winter quarters, could easily send a considerable force into the Kingdom of Naples; and the said general-officers, seeing that the situation of their respective corps must shortly become very critical, made a point of securing more detailed information with regard to the frontiers of the Kingdom of Naples, especially on the side of the Abruzzi, and a tour of inspection in that country showed them that the province in question is much more open than it appears to be in the maps.

Hardly was this tour over when the news arrived that between thirty-five and thirty-eight thousand French troops were marching rapidly on the Kingdom of Naples. At the same time we knew that the English corps still lacked nearly six hundred horses to make it effective, and the Russian corps more than three hundred; [18] that the depôts had not yet been formed by the Neapolitan government; and that not a single district except Calabria contained any really advantageous positions for a force that was weak in cavalry.

The opinion of the *majority* was in favour of retiring into that province, taking the Russo-English corps, with two Neapolitan cavalry regiments, to Reggio by the high-road from Naples, and the Neapolitan troops to Cassano by the Taranto road; and placing an Russo-English garrison in Gaeta. It was further resolved to inform Messieurs the Russian and English Ministers of this decision, and beg them to lay it before Their Sicilian and Sardinian Majesties.[19]

Signed: Lascy, Anrep, Stuart, Opperman, Bunbury.

Personal opinion of General Craig, written below this protocol.

My opinion is absolutely opposed to that of the majority of the assembled general-officers. I think that, by adopting this measure of retiring into Calabria, we shall be putting ourselves into a position that can be of no possible utility to the operations in general, nor to this kingdom in particular, and I should think it incumbent on me to withhold my consent if it were not that I consider myself bound, by every sentiment of honour and duty, to support and stand by the Russian army under the orders of H.E. General Lascy; and it is this consideration alone that induces me to face the risks and dangers that will, I foresee, result from the measure in question.

It is my opinion that *we ought to embark*,[20] and preserve the troops of our sovereigns for occasions when we can be of more real service to them. *Signed:* CRAIG, general.

I am of the same opinion.

Signed: CAMPBELL, brigadier.

My blood froze as I read these two fatal missives. I was placed in an awkward position with regard to my troops: it distressed me greatly to be forced to give orders, for the third time, for a march of which every man in the ranks must be heartily sick and tired. The only authority that the men understand is that of their own commanding-officer; and not unnaturally in this case he was the person they held responsible, when in their bewilderment they cursed these burdensome marches.

I could picture the grief and the remonstrances of the King and Queen, when they discovered that their treacherous allies were handing over unresistingly to the French ten out of the twelve provinces that composed the entire kingdom. I could not account for the haste with which this resolution had been taken, nor for the ignorance in which I had been kept; for it had been previously arranged that no important discussion should take place without the three generals being summoned and assembled for the purpose. I was all the more surprised because General Lascy had said to me many a time "that if eighty thousand men were to come against us we should be vanquished *together*, but that if there should be no more than forty thousand *he would confidently accept the challenge*. Why, then, should the news that thirty-five thousand men were on the march involve so disastrous a retreat, when we ourselves had an equal number of troops in impregnable positions, to say nothing of the militia, the *masses*, the resources of the towns, and a large population, all prepared to make resistance? All these considerations decided me to go to Naples, visiting the cantonments on my way. I set out at once, and with my own lips gave the orders embodied in that terrible despatch, blushing, as I did so, that I should have such orders to give.

When I had covered three-quarters of the distance I received

a letter from the Queen, summoning me to Naples as I had expected.

I am writing in haste, my good General, wrote Her Majesty, at half-past eight, in the hope that this letter may find you still at Teano. The King wishes to speak to you: if you can, contrive to be at Belvedere [21] early in the evening. He wishes to talk to you, and consult you as to what should be done, and he is going to *try to take his army into Calabria, and thence, if resistance be impossible, into Sicily*. He will talk to you, and you must listen to him and tell him what you think, and then you must come to Naples to talk to me this evening and to-morrow morning, and make arrangements for Naples. I do not know what the Russians have decided, and do not even understand how they can stay after receiving orders. Cardinal Ruffo has gone off to negotiate: [22] God grant he may succeed. In short, our position is very painful, and in this century one need not look for men of honour. Farewell, and believe me, with much esteem, your grateful friend.

But news of a still more fatal description was awaiting me in Naples.

An adjutant had arrived from the Emperor of Russia, with orders for his troops to set sail for Corfu. This harsh order could not fail to be taken literally by timid generals, but it was quite capable of being interpreted with more intelligence and judgment. I cannot question, without throwing doubt on the truth of M. Tatistchef's statement to that effect,[23] that the orders were *to retire only if the enemy had not arrived, to do nothing to compromise the dignity and honour of H.M. the Emperor's arms, and to restore neutrality to the Court of Naples*. If the generals had not thought the enemy so close that they might be regarded as having arrived, what was the meaning of this precipitate flight into Calabria? And if they had arrived, why disobey the Emperor, and betray the country that was counting on his protection and had broken its neutrality through confidence in his honour?

But Generals Lascy, Craig, and Opperman were only too glad to see their own desires authorised: there was nothing to be hoped from them. Opperman, especially, was *imperturbable*. General Anrep, and the English General Stuart (who both held the principal command under their respective commanders-in-chief), loudly protested against so humiliating a measure: all the major-generals in the army, and the colonels,

and the naval officers, remonstrated publicly against a proceeding that disgraced their uniform. M. Tatistchef had already made an official protest, which he had drawn up with M. Pozzo di Borgo,[24] a clerk in the department of Foreign Affairs, employed in matters connected with the army. But Lascy, Opperman, and Craig, inspired and encouraged by Elliot, clung firmly to their shame and were irrevocably resolved on departure.

The King and Queen were in despair. There was a great deal of public excitement: the most offensive attacks were openly made in the streets upon the generals, and upon the government that had been credulous enough to trust in such allies. In short, the scene was most alarming, and filled one's heart with the fear of some sudden upheaval.

The generals remained in their own quarters: they dared not show themselves in the capital. I received this letter from M. Lascy:

Teano, 28th December (9th January).

Monsieur le Comte,

An adjutant from H.M. the Emperor, my master, has just brought me a positive order to leave Italy instantly with the imperial troops of Russia, and to inform the English general-in-command of the step I am about to take.

Your Excellency already knows that for some time past I have feared that the unfortunate turn taken by the events of the war would make it impossible for us to be of use to His Sicilian Majesty and his Dominions, and my regrets that I was ever brought into this kingdom have now reached a climax.

The English corps will retreat beyond the Volturno to-morrow, the 29th December / 10th January, the Russian corps on the following day, the 11th; and in consequence of the order mentioned above I can no longer consider myself in command of the three army-corps.

Your Excellency has probably already received orders from H.M. the King with regard to the Neapolitan troops. As for me, I can only repeat that I am truly grieved that Your Excellency and all the other brave soldiers in the King's service should be in a more painful situation, even, than my own, in consequence of a most unfortunate concatenation of circumstances.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

Lascy.

I suggested to the Queen and the Hereditary Prince that I should go to General Lascy's headquarters to make a final effort: though I could not urge him to remain in the kingdom

for an indefinite length of time, it was really essential to persuade him to assume a defensive position—even if it were only on the banks of the Volturno—until fresh negotiations had been opened with the French. This strategical position is formidable, and could not be carried by the number of troops that the French could devote to the purpose, if it were defended by the number we had at our disposal. The proposal that I intended to lay before Lascy, then, was in every way conducive to his master's dignity, and could not possibly result in misfortune.

Fortified with arguments that were strategically, politically, and morally irresistible, I suggested to M. Tatistchef that he should come with me to Teano, to give my proposition the support of his presence. General Anrep was with him, and said to me with tears in his eyes as we were on the point of driving away: "I give you full authority to express to the commander-in-chief how earnestly I hope that he may yield to your just desires. Tell him from me that if he wishes for the support of my opinion in writing, I am quite willing to write it in conformity with yours. The good of the public is at stake, as well as our own interests and the honour of our uniform, which has become too embarrassing to wear since this infamous suggestion was made. And add, too," he said, "that it is all the more incumbent upon us to support you, that we made use of your army-corps by sending it to the most remote corner of the kingdom, and have, moreover, deprived you of your own resources." I embraced him gratefully, and we drove away. We went first to Opperman's quarters, because old Lascy was asleep: we found Opperman in bed, but his conscience had not permitted him to sleep. Only a word was required to prove to him that the King's crown was in his hand; but a good deal more was needed by his debased nature before he could be induced to hold that crown in its proper place on the King's head. And yet he agreed that everything I advanced was true, but pretended to fear the opposition of the English. "However," he said, "it is *a sacred duty.*" But a man's expression will betray him: his face showed no desire for a change of plans, but only a

deep and earnest concern lest the decision should be imputed to him. I could not arm myself with his sentiments—the man never had an honourable sentiment in his life—but I seized upon his words and determined to make good use of them with the venerable infant who was entirely guided by him. We were taken, Tatistchef and I, to see M. Lascy when he awoke, that is to say at three o'clock in the morning. I talked as though he were a hero who could not endure to stain the end of his career; I pointed out how easy it would be for him to bring his influence to bear upon the French, and insist that the King should be restored to the position of neutrality from which he had dragged him. I described the strategical position that he could occupy, and impressed upon him that his master would be under a deep obligation to him if he would save his honour and conscience without incurring any danger, and would promise to open negotiations in the King's name on the very next day, and even consent to make fresh sacrifices, if necessary, to hasten matters. "I look upon all that you are saying as a duty," he said. "We shall do it; yes, I tell you, we shall do it; why not? Yes, we shall do it."—"Can I rely upon it?" I asked (without relying in the least).—"Why not? we shall do it."—"I can reassure the King, then?"—"Why not? we shall do it." It was useless to hope for a more eloquent guarantee. I made it as effective as possible by my expressions of gratitude, and returned with his promise—such as it was—to the King and Queen. I presented it to them under the guise of a mere hope.

The Queen spoke of the matter to Elliot, who declared that Sir James Craig asked for nothing better, but that the Russian generals would not depart from their first intention. He proceeded to do his best, in secret ways, to prevent any mutual understanding. With Sicily so nearly in his grasp, would he have allowed it to escape?

The retreat that M. Lascy had announced to me in his last letter took place, accordingly, on the following day. But what a retreat! No one could picture it without having seen it. The enemy was still on the farther side of Rome: only very small detachments, as yet, had appeared near the March of

Ancona, about two days' march from the frontier, when the English were seized with panic. They decamped in confusion from their cantonments, and fled towards Naples. After crossing the bridge of boats over the Garigliano they set fire to it, and flung the burning planks and beams into the middle of the stream, and the officers of the Neapolitan pontooniers had the greatest difficulty in preventing them from sinking the copper pontoons. I was discussing matters of business with M. Lascy when he received from Sir James Craig a report of this prudent expedition, which must, therefore, have been undertaken by M. Lascy's orders, or at least with his consent. He and M. Opperman both felt my presence very embarrassing. "Now that the Neapolitans," I said, "must try to carry out alone the task they were to have shared with famous troops, this is an unfortunate lesson for them!" I was speaking of the English only; but on the following day we heard that the Russian regiment which was retreating on the road from the Abruzzi, having been informed of the flight of the English without learning its true cause, sank the ferry-boats of the Volturno after using them.

What might I not have to suffer from the effects of this panic? When the allies arrived I had been counting on holding them up as models to soldiers who had but little experience of war; but I was reduced to hoping that this shameful example might be forgotten.

The English marched to Castellamare in a day, and began to embark the same evening. This was quite enough to make MM. Opperman and Lascy forget all about the half-promise that they had given me, and authorised me to give to the King: [25] however, they tried to make it serve their own ends. M. Tatistchef came to me, and said that it would be necessary for the safety of the generals' position that the King should place at their disposal all the castles and fortresses they required. I assured M. Tatistchef that no difficulty whatever would be made. I told him that he had only to name those for which he wished, and that I would instantly lay his request before the King and Queen. He named Capua, and the castles of Baiœ and Pozzuoli.

Only those who know Naples will recognise that the two last have no connection whatever with the Russians' possible line of defence; but the worthy generals were also afraid of the Neapolitan populace. They did not wish to risk embarking at the spot where they had landed, and in order to be safe from the stones and muskets of the *lazzaroni* they thought it would be as well to embark at Baiœ, and to secure the protection of the fort. I whispered this suggestion to Tatistchef, who exclaimed against so base a thought; but it was also the thought of the King and Queen, who, to prove to the generals that they were not deceived, granted all the fortresses that were desired, except the two connected with this precautionary policy. The idea of postponing their departure by a day had never occurred to the Russians, who marched to Baiœ without passing through Naples, and were protected from injury by the government police without having recourse to their own insulting precautions. They set sail in the night of the 12th January, taking with them the crown they had come to guard. May the Emperor Alexander in his justice watch over it! Its loss must not be attributed to him, and knowing, as we did, that if the subordinate generals had held the chief command events would have followed another course, we ought to have felt still more certain that, if the Emperor had not been too far away to hear what was taking place and to make his will known, the King would have had no reason to complain of his ally.

That this was true was proved by the sequel; for the Emperor Alexander felt the harshness of the order to re-embark soon after he despatched it from Holitsch [26] (near Austerlitz), and sent off a counter-order, enjoining upon the generals to return to Naples, if they should already have evacuated the kingdom, even if they were at Constantinople. And it was at Constantinople that this counter-order reached the generals, who contrived to evade it again.

But, in view of all the ties that necessarily bind a great Empire to the fate of its allies, the Emperor Alexander must be held guilty of carelessness, in that he placed his confidence in agents incapable of justifying it and unworthy of possessing

it. General Lascy, who is quite worn out and more or less doting, is no longer fit even to preside over a commission under the government's own eyes; and is naturally far more incapable of exercising the unlimited powers and deserving the unlimited trust that a great distance and a variety of circumstances render necessary.

General Opperman, as quartermaster-general of the three army-corps, was intended to supplement the ability and activity of the commander-in-chief, but has none of the requisite qualities, nor even enough brains to blind other men to his deficiencies. Indeed, he is unable to support his pretensions for a single day. At a glance he inspires equal mistrust of his talents, his principles, and his conscience; and little by little his methods and opinions and words show the full depths of his incapacity and immorality. For a moment his character was regarded as a possible advantage: it occurred to the Queen that he might be bribed to postpone the embarkation until negotiations had been opened. A secret agent was deputed to offer him a gift of five hundred ducats (2000 fr.) for every day that the army's departure was postponed; and for thirty-six hours the agent held out great hopes. But it was too late; half of the troops were already embarked, and it would have been too difficult to devise a pretext. So the scheme ended in an attempt upon his honour, without any profit to those who planned it.

How seldom a throne is occupied by one who can meet great tests with great abilities! Was there anything to be done in such circumstances as these? Those who know what the circumstances were can consider the question: for myself, I admit that I perceived a remedy for these unexpected troubles, but was not moved to give advice in quarters where there seemed to be insufficient energy to carry it out. If I had been king the allies would not have left the country. I feel it to the depths of my heart. I should have saved my power or ruined myself beyond redemption. I submit this thought to my readers: whether they approve or condemn, my opinion will remain unchanged.

But one must not try to fly too high: this century, which

in the west permits a man to rise, forbids it in the south and north. We must spend our lives in submission and mediocrity, and be content with the courage that heaven has given us, whereby we may suffer bravely when half-measures are not enough to save us from suffering.

The King had sent Cardinal Ruffo to Paris,[27] and several couriers had been despatched to the Marquese del Gallo, with a view to calming the storm.

The Duke of San Teodoro[28] had been sent to Rome to sound Cardinal Fesch, and talk to Saint-Cyr on the subject of their hostile intentions. Every inquiry revealed their determination to invade the country.

Buonaparte had been entreated by the Emperor and Empress of Germany to spare the kingdom: his answer was that if he had to fight for thirty years he would do nothing to alleviate the fate of the reigning dynasty. He had issued his orders that the King of Naples should be dethroned, and that the army of Italy should carry out the task. Not a vestige of hope was left, since the throne of Naples was not adorned by the genius of Frederick II, Charles XII, or Gustavus-Adolphus. It was nevertheless decided to make a defence, though it seemed impossible to determine on the kind of defence that should be adopted. All the debates at this critical moment were merely inconclusive discussions: the King and Queen held Councils every day, in which we settled nothing. The question was whether the kingdom should be given away or sold at a high price. The Queen alone never hesitated between these alternatives, but her influence was not sufficient to decide the matter. The discussion oscillated between the principle involved, the minor points, and the means to be employed; and nothing was accomplished.

I laid before the King two alternatives in writing, with a most detailed description of the methods to be employed in each case: the defence of the amphitheatre of hills round Naples on the one hand, or, on the other, the defence of Calabria and surrender of the ten other provinces, with the exceptions of the garrisoned towns of Gaeta and Capua, the former of which is capable of making a firm resistance. These

were the only courses open to us, in view of the small number of troops at our disposal; and even then we should need the help of the population at large.

I pointed out all the measures that must instantly be taken in the case of the first alternative being chosen: the points that should be strengthened, the troops required at each, and the distribution of the surplus. I begged that the Hereditary Prince might visit the provinces adjoining the hill-range of Naples, with a view to arming, inspiring, and mustering the people; and that Prince Leopold [29] might go to Calabria and, with the help of trustworthy persons, assemble the *masses*. His task would then be to descend with them upon any position that should be threatened by the French, while the Neapolitan troops attacked their front.

If it were decided *to defend the Calabrian Provinces alone* I begged that commissioners might be despatched at once to collect food and forage at the principal points; and that the English should be persuaded to send warships to coast along the shores of the Mediterranean, while the Russians guarded the shores of the Ionian Sea, in order to facilitate operations, contract the line of defence, and favour the arrival of provisions. I never said a word to disguise, nor to exaggerate, the dangers of these two alternatives. I never pretended that there was any certainty of saving the kingdom. I only suggested that a fight should be made, that possibly some compromise might be effected, and that at all events it was well to be spared the remorse that a cowardly desertion of the kingdom would bring upon us; but in the depths of my heart there was a faint hope that the whole nation would rise, if an attempt were made to rouse it, and that then the French could not possibly enter the kingdom.

It had been decided, supposing the army were to retire into Calabria, to leave a sufficient number of troops in Naples to maintain order until the entry of the French. The whole of the available force, then, amounted to no more than eight thousand regular troops and four thousand armed peasants; for conscripts who had not had the time to be provided with uniforms, nor even to be taught how to handle their arms,

could not be dignified with the name of recruits. But it was declared that the whole population of Calabria would muster, and on this ground I ventured to hope that some kind of defence might be made. It was desired by all classes in the capital that the army should retreat into Calabria.

The superintendent of police,[30] who, when there was no apprehension of danger, had assured us that the town of Naples could furnish a large number of armed men, now declared the contrary; and the opinion of the public was so much in accordance with this second statement that there seemed to be every chance of seeing Naples torn by conflicting intentions, and in a state of general confusion, when the French were actually at the gates. This would have been fatal for the town, for there was no doubt that the French, before making an attack on the amphitheatre of hills, would have cut off the possibility of retreat into Calabria, and in so doing would have closed the roads from Naples to Puglia. The town and the army would thus have been left without any means of subsistence.

Every day I reported the situation to the Council, and discussed every detail of it. The government still imagined that Buonaparte would consent to some kind of compromise. The King had sent orders to all the Sicilian ports to fire upon the English if they should make any attempt to land; and, indeed, Sir James Craig, who, on leaving Naples, had anchored off Messina with his whole convoy, did not for twenty-eight days obtain permission for a single man to land.

It was hoped that the certainty of seeing the English in possession of Sicily as soon as Naples were invaded by the French, and the equal certainty of their being repulsed if the French did not cross the frontiers, might induce Buonaparte to restore its neutrality to the Court of Naples; but every day it was more clearly proved that the invasion was irrevocably decided upon. Seeing that General Saint-Cyr had been replaced by Massena, that Joseph Buonaparte's arrival had been announced as imminent, and that Cardinal Fesch [31] met every proposition with insult, it was every hour more impossible to be blind to the fact that the invasion was near at hand.

The Neapolitan army-corps, which had left the Abruzzi by way of Puglia, received orders to wait at the junction of the roads from Naples and Calabria, until a decision had been made with regard to the plan of defence.

It was provisionally arranged that this corps should approach the entrance of Calabria, and defend that province against the French or attack them in divisions; while the rest of the King's troops—supported by the *masses*, the field-fortifications in the Caudine Forks and elsewhere, the fortress of Capua, and the forts in Naples—should defend the circle of hills.

It is characteristic of non-military countries like the kingdom of Naples to recognise no difference between an armed peasant, a member of a popular corps like the *masses*, a recruit, and a soldier. Every man who shoulders a musket and receives pay is dubbed a soldier.

From this point of view the projected plan of defence was not unreasonable. From any other point of view, however, it was impracticable, since the most important point of defence was entrusted to newly-levied troops, the army-corps of tried soldiers having been sent elsewhere—to the entrance to Calabria, a post which was no less useful, it is true, than the other, but was quite unconnected with it, and in such a position as to preclude all mutual help. Greatly daring, I ventured to throw some doubt on the value of the *masses*, with whom the royal family were infatuated, though they could not make up their minds to use them. But, as the result of our preparations was in any case extremely doubtful, I devoted all my energies to making the most of such advantages as we possessed. In three days the batteries were erected in all the passes, the positions chosen, the commanding-officers appointed, and all dispositions made for the defence.

The King, who was bored by all these discussions and uncertainties, set sail for Sicily.[32] He invested the Queen and the Hereditary Prince with full powers.

The French under Massena,[33] to the number of thirty-five thousand men, had now advanced as far as Terracina, and had occupied Velletri and other places commanding the passes on the frontier.

I importuned the prince to delay no longer to adopt the final and the strongest measure. For what were we waiting? When could the assembling of the *masses* be more urgently needed than at this moment? But the local landowners in whom the prince placed most confidence were alarmed for the safety of their property, and regarded the levy of the *masses* as an occasion of disorder and pillage. They used all their influence with the prince, therefore, to prevent it, and had intimidated the leaders of the *masses*—already sufficiently timid and even cowardly by nature—to such an extent that they openly declared it impossible to raise more than a few hundred men. They further announced that even these could not be mustered in less than a fortnight, and some demanded a month. Certain persons had even suggested to the prince that he would exasperate Buonaparte to the last degree if he were to levy the *masses*, and that the only hope of persuading the Emperor to come to an agreement of some kind lay in abstaining from this form of opposition.[34]

At last I declared openly that Naples could not possibly be defended without the help of the people. I pointed out that a few days of massacre was the best for which we could hope. Since the English and Russians had not left a single transport at the disposal of the government, it would be impossible in the case of a defeat—a practical certainty in view of the disproportion between the forces—to take refuge in Sicily, or even in the islands of the bay. I returned to the Calabrian scheme, which at least offered a shadow of hope, supposing the population to be more enthusiastic than the rest, as their country and character made probable. I begged that supplies and means of transport might be made ready; and this scheme was finally adopted.

The Queen was inconsolable when she found herself forced to abandon the palace and ten provinces to the enemy. Her regrets were as natural as they were futile: she was in despair, but could not muster enough resolution to remedy matters. She spoke to me on the subject, with tears in her eyes. "Are you prepared to do anything and everything," I asked her,

"to remedy this thing that is, very naturally, making you miserable? Will you take it on yourself to make an appeal to the people? Will you make the prince ride out and take the lead? Will you show yourself to the people?" Her answer showed me all the impetuosity of her character and all the fine impulses of her heart—but they were not sufficiently strong to drive us from the seclusion of her room, for her imagination takes her an immense distance in the twinkling of an eye, whereas her mind cannot concentrate itself upon the matter in hand.

Joseph Buonaparte had arrived in Rome, and the Duke of San Teodoro had been sent to parley with him. The duke was empowered to agree to anything that would tend to a settlement of any kind; even to the King's abdication, provided that the Hereditary Prince were left upon the throne.[35]

San Teodoro returned from his first expedition with hopes of a truce, but without any certainty that it would be observed. His second mission (for he posted backwards and forwards) revealed the conditions: Gaeta and Capua were to be ceded as hostages for a truce of twenty days, and a certain tract of territory, including Naples, was to be declared neutral. But the duke brought *no authorisation to conclude this truce*. His third journey resulted in a formal demand for the surrender of Naples and even of the forts.

San Teodoro reported that he had had an intimate conversation with Joseph, who had expressed profound and genuine distaste for the task that his brother had laid upon him. He had advised the royal family to be patient; to take refuge in Calabria with the army, and fortify their position; and to wait until circumstances, or his brother's calmer reflections, should produce some change in a situation which Joseph himself, apparently, sincerely deplored.

This gradual increase in the enemy's demands after each conference aroused in the Queen a deep sense of distrust in San Teodoro. There were various proceedings and incidents, too indefinite for description, which seemed to show that he

was not serving the legitimate Court of Naples so much as the Court of the usurper; and his acceptance, later on, of a post in the latter appears to confirm the suspicion.[36] The French crossed the frontier simultaneously with his last return, and two days later the advanced guard reached Capua. The force numbered forty thousand men.

XIX

The invasion—The Neapolitan army, under Comte Roger, is only entrusted with the defence of the Calabrian Provinces—Sketch of the country—The General's plan—General Minutolo is surprised by General Reynier—Damas withdraws to the strong position of Campo-Tenese, whence his troops are driven on the 9th March, 1806—Hasty retreat of the Neapolitan army, and hostility of the inhabitants—The Comte Roger resigns his post and prepares to go to Vienna—Reflections on the loss of the kingdom, the expedition of Cardinal Ruffo, and the sentiments and conduct of the King and Queen of Naples—Forcible indictment of Acton, the chief cause of the disaster ; and of the policy of England.

I RECEIVED orders to march into Calabria with the troops, who were to be accompanied by the two princes. A regency was appointed,[1] and the Queen fixed the following day for her departure to Sicily. All the spare guns from the arsenal and all the machinery from the workshops went with her, as well as all the valuables from the Court: in short, nothing was left for the French but the place over which they had tyrannised once before.

I set out on the 10th February, 1806, with the third column, the two first having started three days earlier.[2] Hearing a false report that a courier had come from Paris to Joseph with reassuring despatches, I had waited for further news; but unfortunately nothing could be more ill-founded than my hopes. I therefore delayed no longer, and the days that followed were full of trouble and vexation.

It had been settled that the princes should join me on the following day; but when they were on the point of parting from the Queen a false rumour led them to believe that the road to Calabria had been cut off by the enemy. This was not the case, and indeed could not be so, but the princes' movements were changed in consequence. They embarked with the rest of the royal family, with the intention of separating from them at a certain point of the voyage, and landing at

the first place where I could make a stand in the mountains of Calabria. A violent gale from the south delayed a portion of the transports, laden with military stores and property of various kinds from the Court; and a great number fell into the hands of the French. The same fate befell a frigate and a corvette. For nine days the royal family were at the mercy of a head-wind, and all the time I was awaiting the princes at the appointed spot. It was necessary, too, to take precautions for their safe landing, and in my position this was a very difficult task. Moreover, I had found no arrangements made for our food-supply; and M. De Medici, the Minister of Finance, who had given orders in the matter, and who, I had reason to believe, could save me from the difficulties that appeared imminent, was with the princes.

The administration of food-supplies for an army calls for experience and energy as well as intelligence, and though M. De Medici may have been quite capable of transferring stocks and funds, he knew nothing about transporting provisions. He thought he had done all that was required in bringing enough money to pay for the supplies, and had taken no steps to bespeak food in advance, nor to secure means of transport. I could only hope, therefore,—if we were not to lack provisions—that the enemy might not oblige me to make a movement of any kind, nor to assemble more troops in one position than in another. The idea of an army-corps at a distance from its cantonments had never occurred to M. De Medici. He had roughly calculated how many bodies of men were stationed between one given point and another, and how many men each force contained, and on this basis he argued that we might die of old age in Calabria, without having wanted for anything in the whole course of our career. Attacks, manœuvres, successes, and reverses, were all beyond the grasp of his imagination. In a country that possessed no roads I did not find a single mule ready to transport supplies, when four hundred would hardly have sufficed.

I ask you, my fellow-generals, you who take command of an army-corps, do you think you care little enough for your own reputations to undertake a task that offers nothing but

humiliation and hard work? Admit that in this one respect I am your superior. If my vanity had been greater than my zeal for justice, and my reason stronger than my disinterestedness, should I have undertaken to dispute the ground with a French army, when I was entirely without supplies of any kind, had quite an inadequate force at my disposal, and was hampered by the presence of two princes? Listen to my story, and then judge me if you will.

A slight sketch of the Calabrian Provinces is indispensable, and will give the reader a clear idea of the position of an army-corps while occupying them; supposing that corps to be composed of only twelve thousand men, four thousand of them being *raw recruits*.[3]

There are only three practicable ways into Calabria. One of them skirts the shores of the Ionian Sea, and is a good carriage-road. Another road runs along the shores of the Mediterranean, and is practicable for infantry and cavalry, but not for artillery. The third way, by which the province is entered at its centre, can only be used by infantry. Here cavalry is only available for scouting and purposes of observation. The distance, as the crow flies, between the coast-road on the Ionian Sea and the central road is forty Italian miles,[4] over very difficult country: and between the central road and the road that skirts the Mediterranean lie twenty-five miles of almost inaccessible ground.

The road beside the Ionian Sea is entered by a single very short defile; but the fort that protects it, Castel Rosetto, is a very slight obstacle, because it can easily be turned by light-infantry, the mountain-paths being quite good. This defile leads into a very wide plain, where thirty thousand men, and cavalry in proportion, could easily be deployed.

The length of the central pass, by Lagonegro, is forty-six Italian miles; and from one end of it to the other there is a succession of strong positions at very short intervals, each of which might be used as a means of checking the enemy. The road then approaches the tract of country to which I referred above.

The third pass, by way of Sapri, is on the shore of the

Mediterranean, on the Gulf of Policastro, and like the first can be guarded by gunboats or warships. It therefore can be held with a smaller number of troops.

These three roads continue in the same way, at the same distance from one another, and with the same advantages and drawbacks, all through Lower Calabria and half-way through Upper Calabria. At this point the two seas draw nearer to each other, and for several miles the distance between the two coasts is no more than twenty miles. The land then becomes wider, and continues so as far as Reggio and the toe of the "boot."

At the end of the plain that I mentioned in connection with the first pass there runs a river called the Crati, which rises in the mountains of Upper Calabria, follows the central road, and then crosses obliquely to empty itself into the Ionian Sea, and form the boundary of the plain in question. This river is fordable at several points, and before it reaches the sea is swelled by another river, called the Coscile.

After this short description it will be easy, I think, to understand the measures I had to employ and the country through which I had to march.[5]

Since the army-corps was divided into two classes, composed respectively of good and of very bad troops, it was necessary to reserve the good ones and the cavalry for the open country, and to station the bad ones in the shelter of the mountains, with only a few good battalions to support them. And as the protection of the plain demanded more troops than I could furnish I determined to use for that purpose the organised *masses*, whom the Hereditary Prince imagined capable of being formed into corps. He had pledged himself to produce fifteen thousand men, ready to take the field, in the course of three weeks.

It seemed to me that the only possibility of resistance lay in acting on the offensive whenever the enemy should give me a chance of so doing. This was especially the case at the central position, where I could descend from the mountains and make an attack, and in the case of a reverse could withdraw to my posts, which the enemy would have some difficulty

in finding, and to which they might hesitate to follow me. This wing of the army-corps, relatively to the whole, was the left wing, and was cantoned in echelons so close to one another that quite a short march would enable it to reinforce the advanced guard. In the case of a reverse each echelon would serve as an excellent rallying-point for the troops.

I had succeeded, by sheer physical force, in bringing the guns of position and the field-guns to the last echelon;[6] and had made some redoubts on the Campo Tenese.[7] Here I intended to place my recruits, supposing the enemy were successful in all the first encounters and it should become necessary to hold this position for a day or two, while the two wings were effecting a junction on the banks of the Coscile or the Crati. It was there that the greater part of the army-corps was to assemble.

Between the right and left wings, in the mountains, I had placed a small flying column composed of my best troops, whose office was to fall upon the enemy's flank or rear, if they should attack one of our wings. This corps was never to join either of the wings, but was always to act independently.

The road along the coast of the Mediterranean was defended by two battalions and a squadron, which were quite sufficient for that part of the country, in the circumstances that I have described. But every day I wrote to the Hereditary Prince, begging him to prevail upon the English (now established in Sicily) to guard the two shores with ships of war; for if I were obliged to retreat to the farthest extremity of Calabria, and to divide my troops between the three roads, I should never have enough men at one point to regain the upper hand. The prince answered: "You may give up all hope of persuading the English or Russians to do anything for us: if I were to ask for a single gunboat at Palermo I should be refused, and you know why."

I did indeed know why. General Acton and Elliot were cursing the day that the prince entered Calabria, and the pains to which we were putting ourselves to hold that province. They were awaiting a disaster that should drive us

from the country, as eagerly as the King and Queen were awaiting the news of a victory.

The disposition of the troops, then, being completed, I established my headquarters at the fork of the roads, at Castrovillari, in rear of the two wings. Here I was within reach of them both, if either seemed to require my presence. The prince, after inspecting all the cantonments, settled down in the little town of Cosenza,[8] forty miles in rear of my headquarters.

The generals-in-command of the two wings had orders to attack the enemy as soon as they should advance with the same intention. I had impressed upon them the importance of this point, and they had promised to follow my instructions to the letter.

It was near the end of February when the three French divisions under Reynier, Compère, and Verdier[9] left the neighbourhood of Naples and advanced by the central road towards Calabria, while General Duhesme's[10] division approached my right wing by the road that skirted the Ionian Sea. I was able to judge roughly of the strength of General Duhesme's force, but all my information with regard to Reynier's was false. Even if I had known the truth I could have made no change in my position, nor in my instructions to the generals, for—since the English refused to guard the two shores with warships—I should still have had a large tract of country to protect, in any position to which I could have fallen back. If, on the other hand, I had concentrated all my troops on the central road I should infallibly have been outflanked by detachments sent by the French generals from the coast-roads. I was occupying the points that were most easily defended. My best chance, then, lay in awaiting events, and holding myself ready to unite my two wings in rear of the Crati. It might become necessary to do this at once, if the advanced guard of my left wing should be forced to fall back, or should become too much extended to preserve the separate formation I had adopted, except by endangering the junction of the troops.

Contrary to all expectation Reynier surprised the left wing

at its post;[11] and the general, who was betrayed by his spies and had taken no proper precautions, found it necessary to retreat. So fierce was the onslaught, indeed, that this general, Marshal Minutolo Canosa,[12] completely lost the small amount of head that Heaven had given him. His orders became confused, and the confusion soon spread to his troops. He thought himself obliged to abandon the finest natural position in the world, and allowed the enemy to take possession of points that had seemed impregnable. The most extraordinary thing is that, for two days, he had been preparing to make the attack himself: he had brought up some battalions from the rear for the purpose. The enemy had been in his mind, but he had only been considering what the enemy might have to fear from him, without giving a thought to what he might have to fear from the enemy.

The loss of this position being irrevocable he should have rallied his troops at the next, at Lauria, which had all the advantages of the first and was equally inaccessible: he allowed himself to be followed thither, and driven back. As soon as I heard of the first attack I hurried to join him, and found the troops retiring in confusion. They had already been retreating for two days, and had reached the Rotonda. It became necessary for my right wing to retire without delay; and the position of Campo Tenese, which I had fortified and furnished with artillery, I determined to use in the way I have already described, to check the enemy with my left and effect a junction of the two wings. This was a very good position: it could only be turned by crossing almost inaccessible mountains, for the defence of which we were prepared. It was here that the enemy attacked me at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th March, in weather for which I can find no words,—deep, half-melted snow, a fog that was all the thicker that we were on the mountain-tops, mud into which one sank up to the knees. These were great disadvantages for both sides, no doubt, but were incontestably less disastrous for the troops that were making the attack, since they knew their own object and were acting deliberately, whereas their intentions were quite unknown by the other side. The enemy,

however, met with resistance wherever they appeared; but it was the resistance of untried and weary troops. Two battalions of seasoned troops bore the shock of the charge with perfect steadiness, and lost a number of men, but, on being deserted by the battalions that should have protected their flank, they were turned and surrounded. One of the two was led into imprudence by one of the generals (the Canosa to whom I have already referred), who, either from foresight or mere vice, had made himself drunk and did not know what he was doing. Finally all the recruits who were occupying the curtains and redoubts turned tail and fled: the troops who were defending the hill on the right followed their example, and the enemy was then able to turn the rest of the force. I gave the order to retire, and tried to effect a methodical retreat, but the fog was so thick that I could not see nor control the movement of the troops. A portion of them lost their way in the mist, and several battalions fell into the enemy's hands. I returned, with those that had been able to carry out my orders, to the appointed position on the banks of the Crati.[13]

The right wing had to cross this same river by a trestle bridge, which was constructed in rear of our first position behind Cassano, and was protected by a *tête-de-pont*. By despatching my orders promptly I had given this wing considerably more time than was necessary to effect its retreat. The general, indeed, joined me with some of his troops, but was in so great a hurry to be safe that he had broken down the bridge between himself and his advanced guard, sending a message to the officer-in-command to cross the river by a bridge much lower down. (He declared, at least, that he had sent this message, but the officer in question never received it.) The advanced guard consequently followed the original instructions, and arrived at the bridge, only to find it useless. So much time was lost in reaching the other that the commanding-officer thought it was too late to make any attempt at joining the army-corps, though there was nothing whatever to give rise to this opinion. He therefore retreated, by the road that skirts the Ionian Sea, to Catrone; and by

this mistaken, and indeed culpable, action rendered his troops completely useless for any further operations that might have been undertaken. Not that there was now any hope of holding the Calabrian Provinces for long; but the ground might have been disputed inch by inch. This was the only possible object of the campaign, since the population refused to make any resistance. My position at this moment was most unfortunate and most disturbing. Since, as I have already said, no means of transport had been provided for the food supplies, the contractors declared it had been impossible to carry out the orders they had previously received from me, and reduced in numbers though my troops now were, I had nothing wherewith to feed them.

The people of the country, who had always been represented to the prince as ready to shed their last drop of blood for their sovereigns, had not furnished a single armed man to fight for them. In the hope of saving themselves from pillage by giving the French a good reception they hid all their provisions from us.

I suppose, at a time like this, every private soldier has his moments of self-communing and hesitation; but it is not common to see generals and other officers influenced by any calculations but those of honour. In this instance, however, the foresight of the two classes was identically the same. They saw that the only chance of holding Calabria, even for a time, lay in fighting every day, and that the only possible end to the struggle was a retreat to Sicily. Since they disliked the idea of leaving their country and abandoning their families I lost by desertion, in the course of thirty hours, five battalions of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, with their commanding-officers and staff, and three-fourths of the other officers.

I had now but a few troops left. I was harassed and pursued by the three divisions under General Reynier: I had no resources and no means of defence: and it was a five days' march to that narrowing of the land to which I referred in my description of the country. Here, I hoped, the troops from which I had been separated at the passage of the river

Crati would join me by the road from Cotrone to Catanzaro, and help me to make another stand against the enemy.

I wrote to the prince that I was retreating, but that he need have no fears for his safety while effecting his own retreat, since I would undertake to remain between him and the enemy.

The entire population declared for the French, who were pursuing me unremittingly. I had to occupy the town of Cosenza, where the prince had already been very badly received, but where I was absolutely obliged to give my troops twenty-four hours of rest. I found it necessary to protect myself from the inhabitants as much as from the enemy. The principal townsfolk came to assure me that, if I should make any attempt at resistance under their walls, the people would join the French against me;[14] but these threats did not prevent me from remaining as long as I had intended. When I left the town the French advanced guard entered it; whereupon the inhabitants carried out their threats and formed themselves into a body of infantry, to support the enemy's advanced guard of cavalry in attacking my rearguard. The end of this day's march brought me to so rough a tract of country, where the defiles were so narrow and so well-protected by inaccessible mountains, that I was able to divide my column without danger. I made one half of it take the coast-road and join me at the end of two days' march, in order to facilitate the transport of the baggage, and not only protect my flank but cover the prince's retreat more effectually.

The field-guns could not be taken beyond Cosenza: I therefore had six guns spiked and the gun-carriages broken up. A few pieces of heavy ordnance had been sent by the excellent road on the coast of the Ionian Sea, to be embarked at Cotrone for Sicily.

I arrived at Monteleone, a little town situated at the point where the neck of land is narrowest.

My hopes of being joined by the troops that had separated from their corps at the Crati were very far from being realised. Their commanding-officer, it is true, arrived on the scene, but did not bring a single foot-soldier with him: two hundred

of the cavalry composed his whole force, and these, in this mountainous country, were more troublesome than useful. He had suffered great losses by desertion (especially among the officers), and at last, instead of bringing me all the troops that were left to him, he took upon himself, without any orders that could be so interpreted, to embark the remnant at Cotrone and send them off to Sicily. This last proceeding was the end of everything. Nothing remained to be done but to embark the wretched fragments of the army-corps.

The prince made arrangements for the disembarkation. Some transports from Messina anchored off three different points of the opposite coast; and, although I had not made a single forced march and had been incessantly attacked by the enemy, I embarked men and horses and all without any opposition. The troops that passed the lighthouse amounted to four thousand: the same number came to Sicily from Cotrone. Some gunboats that were sent from Messina to protect the transports fired several times upon the enemy as the ships set sail; and with a heart full of bitterness I left the kingdom of Naples (19th March, 1806), from which, two months earlier, the seasoned troops of the foreigners had fled so shamefully, leaving it to be the prey of an insatiable foe.[15]

I am recalling this incident because the picture I have just painted requires a *pendant;* and for this purpose nothing could be better than a view of the Russian and English troops waiting to land in Naples until the French should be gone, and flying—with the bridges in flames behind them—on the first news of their return.

This later fall of the Monarchy is very different from that of 1799. The weak, the discontented, the indifferent, and the timid regard Joseph Buonaparte as a king; and a nation becomes more quickly accustomed to a change of dynasty than to a republican constitution. The imbecile will have the joy of seeing a Court; the proud and lazy will have places there; the soldiers will have the false hope that they need fight no more; the priests will be able to live openly as they have long lived in secret; starving younger sons will have equal shares with their elder brothers; the women will have French lovers;

the people, perhaps, will pay lower taxes, and Acton cannot return. All these reasons will accustom the country to the new state of things.

The only reason, I think, that could lead the people to wish for the return of their former rulers is that use is second nature. It is to be hoped, then, that the predominant cabinets of Europe may recover the power to shake off the yoke that burdens them. Perhaps they may feel that, after contributing to the fall of three branches of the Bourbons, it might be to their own interest to restore at least one of them. Till that day dawns I cannot hope to live any more in the most delightful climate of the world.

Yet Gaeta still holds out; but the royal standard that floats above its walls seems to prolong our regrets, I think, rather than our hopes. Heaven grant that the garrison's determination may prove of use! But, without a war in the north, I see no chance of it.[16]

If Buonaparte, who is thought at this moment to be very ill (15th June, 1806), should happen to die, it may prove most useful to have kept Gaeta—as it would have been to keep Calabria had that been possible. But I appeal to all experienced and fair-minded soldiers: they will admit, I do not doubt, that success was impossible when I was entirely without resources or accessories of any kind.

If the people had been in favour of the enterprise, if all the troops had been equally good, if the least care had been taken to supply us with food and means of transport—however inadequate—the task would still have been difficult, seeing that the attacking force outnumbered us in the proportion of forty to twelve. But from a practical point of view any one who accepts my account as accurate must regard the enterprise as a chimera, a forlorn hope, a mere salve to the conscience, which no general could undertake save from devotion and gratitude, and every motive that is as far removed as possible from vanity and common sense.

When, in 1801, the gazettes reported that Cardinal Ruffo had reconquered the kingdom with the Calabrian *masses*,[17] no sensible person, surely, accepted the story as anything but

a newspaper-tale. He began his expedition at a time when there was no enemy to oppose him except Jacobinism, the rallying-word of unbridled pillage. Two poor villages accused a rich one of Jacobinism, whereupon the Cardinal promised that the two should combine to pillage the third. Without seeing a single Frenchman he advanced from province to province, till he was reinforced by detachments of English, Russians, and Turks, who all landed from their ships. Thus supported he reached Naples, whence the French had gone to oppose the advance of Souvarow: so he handed over the capital to be devastated by his acolytes.

But I have said enough to show the difference between the two situations. The kingdom is lost, and nothing can restore it to its sovereigns but some very remote and very complicated combination of circumstances. The Powers are no longer in a condition to regulate their own efforts at will: if they should be moved to further exertions their object will be to check the progress of Buonaparte's plans, and not to drive him back. Nothing more is possible in their present physical and moral state.

What would have happened had the Court of Naples preserved its neutrality? It is possible that the King might still be reigning, if one can apply the word *reign* to a state of complete dependence in every detail upon a foreign government, and upon the will of a foreign Court. And if a sovereign who has wielded absolute power for forty years could not be happy on a throne that he must share, how much it would have added to his misery that he would be ignorant to-day of the events by which he was actually overthrown!

Certainly, if it were proposed to the King at this moment that the hands of the clock should be put back to the hour when he consented to the landing of the allies, and broke the treaty of neutrality, he would think himself a happy man. But supposing he had preserved his neutrality, the rupture of which seems so deplorable in the light of subsequent events, how could he have known that the allies would come in such small numbers? How could he have known that their reinforcements were altogether mythical? How could he have

known that, after signing a treaty—which, if it was ill-conceived, was perfectly in order, and absolutely bound them to defend the kingdom at all costs—they would fly at the enemy's approach and abandon him to his own resources? He would have known nothing of all these calamities that were heaped upon him—they were without parallel: he could not have believed they were reserved for him alone.[18]

His only feelings to-day, in his torment, would be regret and repentance. The Queen, owing to her special temperament, would be even more unhappy than she is: no one who knows her can doubt it. The idea of having been the victim of bad faith, and dragged into disaster by others and with others, is less painful to her than it would have been to live in a state of humiliation, with her mind full of doubts both as to the past and the future. She would have reproached herself unceasingly, and would, moreover, have heaped reproaches on every one who had counselled her to cling to the yoke of France.

The heart that must be suffering the most from the present state of things is that of the Russian Minister, M. Tatistchef, who is an honest man; and the heart of General Opperman would be even more torn, if he possessed one. Every one else may find some reason for resignation: in the one case we have been killed by a thunderbolt: in the other we should have been killed by a slow fire: in both cases we should be dead. But the measures that seemed at first such infallible remedies for our ills would have caused no more regret, had we failed to adopt them, and therefore never discovered their results, than any of our present sorrows.

Such is the consolation that wisdom dictates in our calmer moments. But wisdom is cold comfort when the trouble is one's own. One must have a great deal of leisure to inquire into what might have been, when the actual present is so distressing; and I feel that all these considerations are probably of little comfort to any one but myself, or those who, like myself, have been in a position to observe the course of events and make a close study of the characters concerned.[19]

And now here I am in this melancholy island of Sicily, the

trophy of Elliot's intrigues and plots and the wretched remains of Acton's dominion. Here I am again under the influence of a man whose mere memory was baneful to Naples, even when his absence had delayed the country's ruin. The King looks upon him here as a port after a storm. This man ruined Naples at a time when there was no thought of invasion: no matter, that time is forgotten. That catastrophe took place seven years ago: this one affects us at the moment. Acton will save us. But how? Is he trying a change of method, a modification of his system? Is he making the interests of the English serve those of his master? Is he considering the King's claims upon Russia, and the promises made to him by that country? Is he using these things as a means of moderating the views of England? Is he making England understand that the King is not unprotected, that Sicily is his property, and that Russia will guard it for him? Is he trying to divide the defence of Sicily between Russia and England, so that each may answer for the disinterested conduct of the other? Not he! He has handed the island over to the English without conditions and without limitations; he has rejected all the Russian Minister's proposals in the matter; he has turned the King into an Indian nabob; Sicily is no more than an asylum for the King, a mere weight in the balance of compensations, and a source of comfort to England.

But how does he succeed in blinding the King to the imprudence of his policy? The Queen may try to enlighten the King; the Hereditary Prince may seek to win his confidence, and discuss his future policy with him; but these are trifling obstacles to Acton. He makes mischief between the King and his wife and son; he instils distrust of them into his Majesty's mind; in short he rules supreme. He destroys all family intimacy and all legitimate authority, in order to display his own.

I was still in Calabria when the Queen wrote to me: "Supposing you should find resistance impossible in Calabria, as is only too likely, it may be best for you, on reaching Messina, to write to the King to relieve you of your command. . . ."[20]

I partially followed the Queen's advice, but only asked for

permission to travel. The King answered me in a most flattering letter, pitying me for having been placed in such an unpleasant situation, entering into my distress at the futility of all my labours, and approving of all the dispositions I had made to secure a happier result. He consented, since my active command was at an end, to my temporary absence, and added that not only my pension, but also all the emoluments of my military rank should be paid while I was away.

When thanking the King I asked if I might go to Palermo to bid him and the Queen farewell. Acton knew of my request, and wished it to be refused. The King was angry, and, although it was his custom to give way to this man in everything, he answered that he would never do anything of which his conscience disapproved, that he had nothing but praise for my conduct, that he thought my desire to see him and the Queen was most natural, and that certainly he would not oppose it. He wrote to me: "My dear Damas, I am going to Messina on such-and-such a day; meet me at such-and-such a place, where I am to stay. We will have a talk, and then you can go on from there to Palermo, and I to Messina." [21]

I spent an evening with the King at the place in question, and I should find it hard to describe the extreme confidence and kindness with which he treated me. After a rapid review of all the recent events, with their causes, consequences, and most minute details, but without a single reference to Acton, he said to me: "I have consented to let you go away, as you wish, but only with sincere regret. As we are alone I may tell you that the reason for my consent is my certainty that everything that is taking place in Sicily would make you unhappy: I therefore prefer that you should be away for a time. But where do you think of going?"—"To Vienna, sire," I answered, "whence I shall always be ready to come at a word from your Majesty, if there should be anything that I can do to serve you. I do not think I have ever done anything to deserve personal enemies. I have always shown outward respect to those whom my duty to your Majesty bade me treat with deference. As long as I thought I could be useful to you I did everything in my power, I think, to win

the esteem of all who were attached to you. Now that unfortunate circumstances have made active service impossible I think I am giving your Majesty a proof of my devotion by saving you from the friction that my presence would cause. The moment that your Majesty thinks otherwise I shall hasten to your side."

The King overwhelmed me with kindness, and we parted without mentioning Acton's name. I am persuaded that we were both actuated by feelings of delicacy. It is inherent in human nature to be bound by custom, and though the King had easily shaken off Acton's influence when circumstances parted them, it was not likely that eighteen months of absence should have altogether effaced the deference of twenty-seven years.

How could Acton, Elliot, and the English have hatched their plots if I had remained in Sicily? They knew that I, being neither English nor French, was solely, irrevocably, and entirely devoted to the King's interests; and that I could no more doubt the necessity of making the alliance and the services of England useful to those interests, than I could doubt the iniquity of allowing the King to be subservient to the interests of England. The English party knew well enough that I should open the King's eyes to the dangers of the situation, in so far as my zeal could venture to take advantage of his confidence in me, and that I should do my best to save the King's dignity by opposing the tyranny of the English government. For it was by the exercise of absolute despotism that England paid herself for her services, which were, properly speaking, merely measures directed to her own ends. I was the last person, therefore, that these intriguers would care to deal with in military matters.

When I reached Palermo Acton was not there: he had started for Messina by sea. I was curious to learn the reason of his renewed hostility towards me. I was quite aware that he could not feel himself under any obligation to me, seeing that I had often been obliged to point out the harm he had done in my own department, that it had often been my duty to call attention to the carelessness with which he did his work,

and that I had even broached this question to the English Minister, his principal agent. But I felt that some very special reason was required to account for his fresh access of bitterness. The Queen supplied me with the clue.

When I was recalled from Messina to Naples in September, for the military operations, Acton concluded that he would be recalled from Palermo. He accordingly made arrangements for his departure, bade farewell to the whole town, turned his telescope on the approach from Naples, and whenever a ship was signalled had all his luggage carried down lest a moment should be lost. Finding that all his hopes were vain he at last began to bear me a grudge for his humiliation.

And before that, when Buonaparte insisted on my leaving Naples, Acton had been offended because I was sent to Messina instead of Palermo. He thought that, as I was empowered to deal with public affairs, the Court had preferred to spare me any supervision on his part by sending me to Messina.

Since, after all the events of every kind in which I have been a witness and an actor, I am still regarded with confidence by the King, the Queen, and the Prince, with attachment by the army, and with hatred by Elliot and Acton, my heart and conscience are satisfied, and my conduct is justified to those who do not know me (27th June, 1806).[22]

It grieves me to the bottom of my heart that after a reign of forty years the King, a man of upright character and just mind, should owe it to the head of his own Ministry that he was deserted by the most influential classes in the kingdom of Naples, who showed, only too obviously, their satisfaction at being delivered from the tyranny of this man. So deeply did they hate him, indeed, that they were blind to the new yoke that was offered them. This cause does not justify their conduct, but it explains it. The Marquis del Gallo, King Ferdinand's ambassador to Paris, behaved inexcusably when he became Minister for Foreign Affairs under King Joseph Buonaparte. He should have gone to Palermo to return the portfolio of his previous embassy. But he had been quarrelling with Acton for twenty years, and is suspected of having plotted his dismissal with Buonaparte in Paris. If he had

gone to Palermo, then, he would have been disgraced, and some people think imprisoned. Was he a man of such fine feeling as to prefer it?

I repeat, not one of those who have recently accepted posts can possibly be excused; but can a single one of them be mentioned who did not hold Acton in horror and fear?

Cardinal Ruffo, who was absent by the King's orders, wrote to the Queen from Trieste that, while no one could doubt his devotion, no one, either, could doubt that nothing would induce him to take refuge in Sicily. He would prefer to take any risk, and go to Rome. When he landed near Ancona he received an order from the Pope—who was acting at the request of the French—to remain where he was; and his fate is still undecided. When a king is good, but weak, it is his minister's duty—and it is within his power—to make loyalty to the Monarchy inseparable from loyalty to the King. If he alienates all classes in the kingdom from the individual who holds the sceptre, a change of dynasty makes everything right in the eyes of the malcontents.

A decree dictated by the present circumstances has just been issued in Sicily: the confiscation of the property of absent Sicilians,[23] in retaliation for the confiscation of the property of the few Neapolitans who followed the King. But among those who came from Naples to Sicily some were relations of the absent Sicilians to whom the decree applies, and when in Naples enjoyed a share of the Sicilian revenues. But Acton does not exempt them from the decree: their fidelity has robbed them of their property in Naples, but that same fidelity is not regarded as giving them a claim to live in Sicily. Such proceedings as these show a distorted mind, and a heart that is hardened against the world's contempt. For these things there is no remedy.

No reflection will furnish any comfort in the face of such ills as these, both active and passive. Immorality, strength, and ability will take a man far. Immorality, weakness, and folly will take him equally far in the other direction. Luckless King—to be subservient to such a minister! He must be held responsible for everything. He is the keystone of the

arch that is falling on our heads to-day, in spite of all my efforts to prop it up. For several years I have been watching the progress of the destructive torrent that sweeps away everything before it: and had it not been for this man I could have played the part of a dyke, and have resisted the stream for some time. I held the chief command in the army of a Power that was a secondary one, it is true, but was richer than Sweden, Denmark, or Portugal, and even than Frederick II at the height of his glory. The geographical position of the country gives it a phenomenal degree of security in the interior, and makes its protection important to most of the European Powers. They should have supported me, then, in proportion to their resources, and I should have had at my disposal all the means of defence necessary for the country's safety; whereas the kingdom was lost simply for want of a sufficient army, of garrisoned towns in a state of defence, of provisions, and of all the munitions of war. I found no loyalty among the people, no integrity among the ministers, no fidelity among the officers of the army, and no knowledge among the generals: everything fell to pieces when I touched it: every branch to which I tried to cling was rotten.

I cannot be mistaken in my contention. It is impossible to be under any misapprehension as to the origin of the German Emperor's troubles. The term of his power is more easily foreseen and estimated than was the downfall of the King of Naples. The latter had a far greater power of resistance: his concentrated strength might have been incalculable if it had only been supported by goodwill. But it is only by ceaseless vigilance that due advantage can be taken of even the most favourable conditions, and in this case the lack of that vigilance cannot be excused by the sudden changes in the state of Europe, and especially of France. In any case the conduct of the King of Naples was marked out for him. He had the great Powers to fear; any war between France and Germany necessarily involved him: he could count on nothing better than a state of armed independence.

I say nothing of the possibilities of conquest. A man of genius on the throne of Naples might doubtless have had

aspirations of this kind, with great likelihood of success. But even without any ambitions beyond the preservation of his own dominions the King of Naples should have had a well organised army, fortified towns in a state of defence, and a sufficient revenue. The population, the soil, and the commerce of his country made all these things attainable.

What one actually saw, however, was exactly the opposite of everything that seemed desirable or probable. And yet the King was well-intentioned, and, if he paid but scant attention to public affairs, had a decided character at the back of his excessive confidence in others. As for the Queen, her only desire was to act for the best, and if she sometimes failed to attain that goal it was because she was too eager to reach it without delay. She often, it is true, renounced her right to contribute to the public welfare, but she never gave up the consolation and joy of thinking of it perpetually. Whom can I blame, then, but the minister who for twenty-eight years was the depositary of all their aspirations, of all their authority, of their very conscience, and of all the means that could raise or ruin them?

No, I cannot feel any remorse for holding up a minister of this kind to universal contempt. I cannot endure this mongrel breed of men, who usurp power without really being usurpers, show the weakness of others without proving their own strength, and steal authority only to drag it in the dust. A man of this kind at the helm must enfeeble any Power whatever: he makes it like himself, brings it into disrepute, and sullies its brightness with his own reflection.

Gaeta surrendered at the beginning of July, after the Prince of Hesse-Philippsthal was wounded. It was he who commanded the garrison; and it was more by obstinacy and tenacity that he delayed the capitulation than by skill and ability. If his behaviour be carefully examined it will be seen that he did nothing to add to the distinction of his career. He sustained a siege for four months,[24] during three of which the place was only partially blockaded. For three-fourths of the time he merely had to keep the gates shut. But this is a churlish criticism. I am no churl; and I am

glad that he should have the full benefit of his compensation for the dull and melancholy life he led before the defence of Gaeta.

The English, of whom there were ten thousand in Sicily, bethought them towards the end of June of making a descent upon Calabria. As Sir James Craig, the general-in-command of their army-corps, had been recalled to England, an insurmountable barrier to every kind of enterprise was now removed; and General Stuart, who was less ignorant and less infirm than he, and was now in command, was free to attempt a few bold and effective strokes. He made the attempt, but neither I nor any one else could guess the object he had in view, nor the result he expected in the case of success. Did he wish to make Sicily safe by occupying Calabria, while abstaining, for political reasons, from reconquering the kingdom? In that case he did more than he should have done. Did he, on the other hand, aim at the smaller advantage, with the intention of seizing the greater if he could get it? In that case his ability, his judgment, and even his integrity were at fault, for his actions had greater results than he could have hoped to obtain; and everything combined—conditions, chances, means, and every trifling circumstance—to favour all his schemes, even the most precarious.

The political and military character of the English, quite as much as their personal characteristics and their geographical position, makes them unique as a nation. One can discuss the projects, plans, and interests of every European Power except England: at least, in discussing the latter, one must base one's calculations on entirely different principles. It was in their power to conquer Naples—it is so still. They overcame all the obstacles that might have made it impossible, and deliberately retraced their steps as soon as those obstacles were safely passed. Their inexplicable conduct cannot fail to give them a reputation for being very dangerous allies.

Not one of their calculations is ever influenced by higher considerations. Their whole policy is a rule of mercantile algebra, and we have not yet seen an English general whom self-respect, or honour, or enthusiasm can move to go beyond

his orders. They do not regard mere glory as sufficient payment for anything. I pity any French general who should enter their service.

General Stuart, in command of the troops in Sicily, and Admiral Sidney Smith, in command of the fleet, combined to attack the two Calabrian Provinces at the end of June 1806. General Stuart landed in the bay of Santa Eufemia on the 1st July, while Admiral Smith cruised along the coast, threatening various points, until he reached the Bay of Naples and seized the island of Capri.[25]

On the 4th July General Reynier, who was occupying the country near Santa Eufemia with seven thousand men, attacked General Stuart near Maida. The position chosen by the English general was as bad as possible, considering the lie of the ground, but in spite of his want of foresight he completely defeated General Reynier, whom he drove back on Catanzaro after taking three thousand prisoners. Some intercepted letters, written by General Reynier's staff, show that the French were seized with panic.[26] The result was a defeat and a precipitate retreat, which it lay with General Stuart to turn to the best advantage; but he either could not or would not profit by it. The population, whom he had summoned by proclamation to rally round him, and—to use his own words—"restore to the provinces their legitimate sovereign," rose in arms as one man, and prepared enthusiastically to support him in every way. They were ready to facilitate his advance by supplying him with abundant provisions, or to clear his way before him when his pronounced success seemed to them to call for further action. All the *masses* of Calabria pushed on in advance of him, for it never occurred to these poor creatures that he was not following them. Reynier was pursued by them, and forced by them to abandon Catanzaro and take refuge in the wretched fortress at Cotrone, which was not even secure from a surprise. Stuart sent a detachment of English and Neapolitan troops to attack it from the sea, and as soon as they entered the harbour Reynier evacuated the place and fell back along the coast on Cassano, still harassed by the *masses*, who thought they were

supported by the English. They hardly looked behind them, so sure were they that General Stuart, after his proclamation, would advance and follow up his victory. They begged him to hasten his advance, in order to prevent General Reynier from joining General Verdier, who had only reached the borders of Calabria; but when they asked him to hurry, they never thought of asking him to start. Three weeks passed before they could be persuaded that General Stuart, far from supporting them, had been marching away from them towards Scilla and Reggio, and had no intention whatever of advancing. These wretched men whom he had dragged into the fray were attacked daily, and ran short of ammunition. They found themselves withstanding the French entirely alone, instead of serving as a strong auxiliary force to a body of disciplined regulars acting on the offensive.

While their leaders were begging and appealing for the help they had themselves been asked to give, General Stuart and Admiral Smith were disputing bitterly over the powers that the King of Naples had bestowed upon one of them at the expense of the other. This war entirely nullified the progress and effects of the larger war.

Smith attacked and took Scilla and Amantea,[27] while Stuart refused to move an inch in advance. The unwholesome air, which is dangerous to the inactive, spread sickness in his ranks; and neither the entreaties of the Sicilian Court nor the rewards, promises, and full powers that were lavished upon him would induce him to stir. He allowed the French to surround the insurgents and avenge themselves on every one who had declared for the English, and to burn and devastate the whole country; nor ever moved a finger to extinguish the fire he had himself lighted. General Stuart, it seems, came to Calabria with the sole object of erecting scaffolds and preparing tortures, to which from that fatal moment the unfortunate and too-credulous Calabrians were abandoned.

After this brief account of the English attack upon Calabria where does the thoughtful reader lay the blame? Are General Stuart's abilities and common sense and conscience to be held responsible, or the barbarous and personal policy of

the English government? I blame both general and government, for if the one had not been a party to it all the other would not have been guilty of this atrocious treachery and cruelty. It was in virtue of the policy and instructions of his government that Stuart dared to rest upon his feeble laurels; and it was in virtue of the general's character that the English government dared to prescribe such treacherous and cruel conduct.

When Stuart was making ready in Messina for this disgraceful expedition he refused to let any Neapolitan general be associated with him on equal terms, a fact that sufficiently shows his intentions. How could he have said to a Neapolitan: You are in a position to recapture Naples and the kingdom, but you shall not do it? It is quite certain that he would have been treated with as much disregard as contempt; and he was afraid that he might even be persuaded against his will. It was perfectly consistent with his principles and conduct from first to last when, seventy days after his defeat of Reynier, he re-embarked with all his troops for Sicily, leaving only a few hundred men distributed between Scilla, Amantea, and Capri, which Sidney Smith had taken.[28] Cotrone and the two Calabrian Provinces he altogether abandoned. The insurgents are still keeping it, and long will keep it, in a state of agitation and riot, but no good will accrue to the Crown thereby, nor will any end be served that can profit the general situation.

How many times has this scene been enacted, with the English in the rôle of allies, since the year 1793! This was a second edition of Quiberon, and the natural sequel to their flight from Naples, in January of this same year, 1806.

The King, when he gave me permission to leave, for a time, this scene of sorrow and oppression, could not make me resigned to see him under so terrible a yoke. Sicily occupied by the English is merely a kind of maintenance-allowance granted to a Nabob: a refuge in which Acton and the English, with their intrigues and underhand dealings, give the Nabob and the Queen many a sad day. The English are not only shameless in their exactions, but even pitiless in matters of

outward observance, and every moment some fresh bitterness is added to the discomforts of the unfortunate sovereigns. The tenth performance of the political farce played by Fox in July and August—the attempted peace with France—served as a pretext to remain *in statu quo* until the negotiations were over. When they were broken off, however, and Napoleon showed his intention of taking all his available forces to Prussia, and it was clearly proved that he could send no reinforcements to Naples, where his brother had no more than ten thousand men at most, what was there to prevent the English from restoring the King to the throne?

It is as easy to embark from the Bay of Naples as from Calabria, and how many reasons there are for trying to keep a footing there! Buonaparte's troops, successful though they be, are fully occupied in the North. A peace may result, from which Russia may derive advantages, unless very improbable events should occur. In that case many circumstances might arise to favour the preservation of the Neapolitan kingdom, under the protection of Russia, of which there would be no question if the kingdom were not in the hands of the King, Russia's ally.

I leave you,[29] unhappy land, with no prevision of your fate! Within you are the germs of death, but they are foreign to your nature: may time make them powerless to harm you!

APPENDIX

THE documents published here are all connected with the period of the comte's life that is embraced by the present volume. The letters of the King, and more especially of the Queen of Naples, form an important collection, and will be published in full in another volume.

I

List of Comte Roger de Damas's Services.[1]

Joseph Elizabeth Roger de Damas.

Born, 4th September, 1765, in Paris, Rue du Bac.[2]

Supernumerary second-lieutenant, without pay, in the regiment of the Roi-Infanterie, 9th February, 1777.[3]

Ensign in the *compagnie colonelle*, 21st April, 1778.

Captain *en second* of the same company, 28th March, 1784.

Absent from 1787 to 1791, but none the less promoted major *en second* (1st May, 1788); and colonel (31st December, 1789).

Enters the service of Russia; receives the Order of St. George, 4th class (22nd July, 1788), and a gold sword as a gift from the Empress (19th October, 1788); St. George, 3rd class (25th March, 1791).

Is granted the privilege, in France, of keeping his name on the roll of his regiment (10th February, 1791), with 720 fr. of pay.

Between the years 1792 and 1806 he took part, he says, "uninterruptedly—with the army of the Princes, the army of Condé, and every European army without exception,

in the senior ranks—in as many campaigns as there were years of war." (Extract from a note dated 1st August, 1818.)

After commanding the Légion de Damas, formerly Légion de Mirabeau, he enters the service of Naples. Brigadier-General, 8th November, 1798; Lieutenant-General, 4th November, 1799; Inspector-General of the Neapolitan Forces, 12th October 1804; General Commandant of the army, 3rd December, 1805.

Grand Cross of the Royal Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, 8th March, 1805.

In 1814 returns to France. The Comte d'Artois appoints him Governor of Lorraine, Alsace, and the Three Bishoprics, 8th April, 1814. Louis XVIII appoints him King's Commissioner in the 4th military division, 22nd April, 1814, Lieutenant-General, 13th August, 1814, and Governor of the 19th military division, 26th November, 1814.

Goes to Ghent with the King on the 20th March, 1815, and is sent on a mission to Switzerland. Commissioner Extraordinary to the Austrian Army; hoists the white standard in the departments of the Haut-Rhin, Doubs, Jura, Haute-Saône, and Rhône. Again Governor of the 19th division, 26th October, 1815–1st December, 1817.

Grand Cross of St. Louis.

Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Dies in the Château de Cirey (Haute-Marne) 3rd September, 1823.

II

Potemkine to the Comte de Damas (translation).

1

MONSIEUR,

The courage and distinguished valour that you showed on the occasion of the defeat of the Turkish fleet on the Liman, in June last, have earned you the goodwill of Her Majesty, my august sovereign, who, to prove it, has graciously

made you a Knight of the Military Order of St. George of the fourth degree. I have the sincerest pleasure in forwarding the insignia to you, and in assuring you of my full appreciation of your merits, and of the esteem with which I have the honour to be, Monsieur, your very humble servant,

PRINCE POTEMKINE OF TAURIDA.

22nd July, 1788.

(Damas Archives, translation.)

2

MONSIEUR,

Her Majesty, as a mark of distinction for the courage you displayed against the Turks on the Liman of Otchakow, and as a sign of her favour, has graciously sent you a sword, with an inscription alluding to your valour. I have the honour to forward it to you, and I feel sure that this royal act of kindness will only move your zeal to seek still further distinction. I remain, with the profoundest esteem, Monsieur, your very humble servant,

PRINCE POTEMKINE OF TAURIDA.

19th October, 1788.

(Archives of the Ministry of War, translation.)

III

The Empress of Russia to "our colonel the Comte de Damas" (translation).

Your zeal for your duty, and the distinguished valour you displayed at the capture of the town and fort of Ismaïl by assault, and the destruction of the whole Turkish army, when, with the troops entrusted to you, you seized the position assigned to you with so much valour and promptitude that in spite of the enemy's vigorous resistance you endured the full heat of their fire, occupied the bank of the river in accordance with your instructions, driving the enemy therefrom, and also from the ground beyond it—all these exploits have entitled

you, according to its statutes, to our Military Order of the holy martyr and victor George. We hereby make you a knight of the third class of that order, and instruct you to wear the insignia in the customary way. We are persuaded that this encouragement on our part will prompt you to continue your efforts, and to deserve a constant increase of our imperial favour.

CATHERINE.

POTEMKINE OF TAURIDA.

At St. Petersburg, this 25th March, 1791.

(Damas Archives; original in Russian.)

IV

Nomination to the command of the Mirabeau Legion.

LOUIS, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre.

In view of the accounts we have received of the services and military talents of the Comte Roger de Damas, and of the arrangements made by him with the widow of the Vicomte de Mirabeau, to whose heir we had assigned the proprietary rights of the Legion that bore his father's name, we hereby transfer the said rights to the Comte Roger de Damas, together with all the authority, honours, and prerogatives enjoyed by his predecessor. We consequently enjoin upon all the officers, non-commissioned officers, private soldiers, and dragoons of the Legion, which shall take the name of Damas, to obey all the orders he shall give for the good of our service.

We therefore call upon our cousin the Prince de Condé, *colonel général* of our infantry, both French and foreign, to give orders for the reception of the Comte Roger de Damas as proprietary colonel of the said Legion, formerly of Mirabeau.

Given at Verona on the 5th July of the year 1795, the first of our reign.

LOUIS.

In the King's name, the Baron of FLACHSLANDEN.

(Damas Archives.)

V

Transfer of the Mirabeau Legion.

Lausanne,
8th May, 1795.

M. le comte Roger de Damas, having obtained permission from Monsieur le Régent to become the proprietor of the Legion of the late M. le vicomte de Mirabeau, applied to Mme. la vicomtesse de Mirabeau for the proprietary rights, she being the maternal trustee of her son, at present under age, and being authorised to watch over his interests by the will of her late husband; and with a view to winning her consent he proposed the following conditions:

1st. To pay and deliver punctually to Mme. de Mirabeau *in the capacity of trustee* (to take the place of the pay due to her son, who holds a captain's commission in the legion, until such time as he shall take possession of the said company, to be hereinafter stated), the sum of three thousand *livres* in cash per year, *for the space of ten years*, payable at Basle in the house of M. Mérian senior: namely fifteen hundred *livres* when taking possession (in lieu of the last periodical payment of the said ten years), and fifteen hundred *livres* at the end of six months, the payment of this sum to be repeated every six months for ten years.

M. le comte Roger de Damas not only gives his word of honour to fulfil the said conditions, which he regards as sacred, but further pledges all his emoluments as a general-officer, whether in the Russian service or elsewhere, and is willing to be deprived of the proprietary rights of the said legion, if he shall delay for more than four days to pay the said sums at the appointed times.

2nd. The son of the late Vicomte de Mirabeau shall have the right, on reaching the age of sixteen, to take a company in any kind of corps he shall prefer in the said legion, to bestow his name upon it, and to receive the pay of a captain at the accepted rate. M. de Damas for his part will place him in possession of the said company as soon as he applies for it,

and will have no power to make any objection; and thenceforward he will no longer pay the sums referred to in article 1, supposing there should still be any payments due.

M. le vicomte de Mirabeau, son of the deceased, shall keep the said company till he have reached the age of twenty-three, at which time M. le comte de Damas is bound to restore him to his father's position, unless M. le vicomte de Mirabeau *fils* should *then* prefer to dispose of the rights finally to M. le comte Roger de Damas, on the terms that he considers the most advantageous.

3rd. If Mme. la vicomtesse de Mirabeau should succeed before ten years have elapsed, counting from this day, in obtaining a portion of her property in France equivalent to a capital sum of a hundred thousand *livres*, the payments will cease, as regards the sums still due, but M. de Damas will be unable to demand the return of the sums already paid.

4th. If M. le comte de Damas should die while in possession of the said rights the young Vicomte de Mirabeau shall at once enter into possession of his father's legion, and the family or heirs of M. de Damas shall have no power to make objections.

5th. Whatever may be the fate of the said legion within the next ten years there shall be no suspension nor cessation of the payments of three thousand *livres*, as stipulated in the first article of this deed in favour of M. de Mirabeau, minor.

6th. M. le vicomte de Mirabeau, when taking possession of his father's legion on attaining the age of twenty-three, shall have no right to demand or claim any arrears [4] or sums fallen due during the time that M. le comte de Damas shall have been in possession.

Such are the terms I have proposed to Mme. la vicomtesse de Mirabeau, in the course of which there are eight words struck out and rendered null and void.

Lausanne, 8th May, 1795.

For Mme. de Mirabeau.

The Comte Roger DE DAMAS.

Being desirous to conform to the wishes expressed to me by Monsieur le Régent, I am willing that M. le comte Roger de

Damas should take possession of the proprietary rights of my late husband, M. le vicomte de Mirabeau, subject to the approval of Mgr. le prince de Condé, and the fulfilment of the conditions proposed above by M. le comte Roger de Damas.

Lausanne, 8th May, 1795.

Vicomtesse DE MIRABEAU, *née* DE ROBIEN.

(Archives of the Imperial House of Russia.)

VI

The Comte Roger to the Vicomtesse de Mirabeau.

1

Bingen,
15th Aug. 1795.

You are doing me an injustice, Madame, if you think your requests require any further support. The interest shown by MM. de Chasseloir and de Gaubert in your claims cannot, I assure you, increase my desire to be of use to you. There are large numbers of debts in the legion, and they are all more or less bound to be paid shortly. M. le prince de Condé's staff will assign certain sums for the reduction or settlement of these debts, each in its turn. The money owed to the *Jew Wolfe* is likely, I think, to be paid first: and then, Madame, it will be in my power to keep back, from the total due to the Jew Wolfe, the sum that you claim from him. You can feel certain of being repaid when that time comes, but I have neither authority nor power to hasten it: I have only power to seize the opportunity, and I can certainly assure you, I repeat, that it shall be done without fail. Please believe, Madame, that the Légion de Damas cannot regard M. de Mirabeau's wife as a stranger to the corps, and that its commanding-officer will lose no opportunity of proving the attachment and respect with which he has the honour to be, Madame,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

Roger DAMAS.

2

No date.

MADAME,

It now devolves upon me, Madame, to ask your permission to do all that in me lies to prove my respectful and entire devotion, and I hope you will be kind enough to tell me which, among the friends you still have in the Legion, are those to whom I may offer any services it may be in my power to render them. You may rest assured, Madame, that my first care will be to remind the officers of the corps very frequently that I owe a duty to the memory of M. le vicomte de Mirabeau.

Pray accept, Madame, every assurance of the respectful devotion with which I have the honour to be, Madame,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

Roger DAMAS.

I herewith enclose, Madame, the bill of exchange, which I hope you will accept as it is, payable in Frankfort itself, in order to avoid additional expense.

I told M. de Chasseloir, Madame, that I was going to do my best to recover for you a sum of money that was raised on some diamonds belonging to you. I think I can do it, but it will be necessary for you to explain the circumstances to me, if you will be so kind. It was in the accounts of the Legion that I found this claim of yours. But the matter must be cleared up by yourself, while the individual concerned is still within our reach. (Arch. of the Imp. House of Russia.)

VII

Louis XVIII to the Comte Roger de Damas.[5]

Blankenburg,
5th Jan. 1797.

When I granted you the proprietary rights of your Legion, Monsieur, I was not unaware of the responsibility I was placing upon you: you have fulfilled all my expectations, and it gives

me sincere pleasure to express all my satisfaction. My pleasure is equally great in bidding you tell the whole Legion, both officers and men of every corps and every rank, how delighted I am that they have kept up in this campaign the glorious reputation that they so fully earned in 1793. They do not need my praise to make them serve me equally well in the future, but I myself feel the need of giving it.

Pray believe, Monsieur, in the sincerity of my regard.

LOUIS.

(Damas Archives.)

VIII

General Championnet to the Directory.

Rome,
26th frimaire, year VII. (*16th Dec.* 1798).

. . . I had received no news of Kellermann nor of the corps opposing him, but I was informed that a detached column of the Neapolitan army, numbering 3000 men, was advancing on Rome with a view to forcing its way through the town. I instructed General Rey, commanding the cavalry, to go and meet it. In the meantime my aide-de-camp, Romieu, whom I had sent to Rome on the 24th to tell the garrison in the Castle of St. Angelo that they were relieved, heard of the approach of this column, and taking 200 men and two guns out of the fort, seized the Porta del Popolo and the Ponte Molle and checked the enemy's advance. The aide-de-camp, Rey, brought him about thirty *chasseurs* in the morning of the 25th; they summoned the officer-in-command, General Damas, to surrender; my aide-de-camp kept me informed of what was taking place; the enemy's general wished to parley; the adjutant-general, Bonnamy,[6] my chief of the staff, went up and told him simply that if he had not laid down his arms at the end of an hour he would be attacked. The delay was necessary, to give time for the reinforcements to arrive. I joined them with 200 cavalry. The hour expired. I ordered Adjutant-General Bonnamy to make the attack. The infantry was only just

coming out of Rome; time was precious; the enemy turned and fled. General Rey and Adjutant-General Bonnamy took some squadrons of the 7th and 25th Regiments of Chasseurs, and the 16th Regiment of Dragoons followed the enemy at the gallop. They charged across the ravines and came up with the enemy beyond Storta. The fight became terrible. Notwithstanding the fire of their artillery they were completely routed; seven guns were captured; 1200 prisoners were taken; all the transport-wagons fell into our hands; and the remainder of the column was dispersed among the mountains. . . .

CHAMPIONNET.

(Arch. of the Min. of War. *Armées d'Italie et de Naples.*)

IX

Order issued by the Directory.

23rd nivôse, year VII. (*12th Jan.* 1799).

The Executive Directory, on the grounds that the Damas family is one of those belonging to the *ci-devant haute noblesse*, which have from the beginning shown themselves most bitterly opposed to the subversion of the monarchical tyranny and have never ceased working for the restoration of the Monarchy; that its members, nearly all of whom held military commands, abandoned their posts on the downfall of the throne, when their country was in danger; that it is notorious that they have rallied to the standard of the *ci-devant* Monsieur, one of them being his gentleman-in-waiting, that their devotion to the royalist party has won for Louis Étienne Damas, ex-Comte de Crux, a brigadier-general's command in the army of the *Émigrés*, and that a regiment in the Pretender's army bears the name of Damas; that the Puisage correspondence proves that Charles Damas was sent into the departments of the West by Monsieur, whose principal agent he was for the royalist-catholic counter-revolution, and that it appears from this same correspondence (see vol. II) that the Baron de Damas was one of the *émigrés* killed at

Quiberon; and in view of the fact that, in conformity with Article 373 of the Constitution, all idea of return must be abandoned by the individuals inscribed on the list of *émigrés* under the name of Damas, whose emigration has been so persistent, and so openly acknowledged by themselves, that they have not even dared to put forward a claim nor to produce any legal documents, in spite of the act of sequestration, whence it follows that they are liable under Article 31, Section III, of the law of the 25th Frimaire, Article 3 of the law of the 26th Floréal, and Article 1 of the law of the 4th complementary day of year III; having heard the report of the Minister of General Police,

Issues the following order:

Article 1

The names of the following persons are to remain permanently on the list of *émigrés:*

1. Charles Damas, inscribed by the department of Paris, June 7th, 1793;

2. Alexandrine-Victor-Éléonore Duniet-Damas, inscribed by the department of Paris, April 13th, 1793;

3. Damas, wife of Groslier (Fouligny) inscribed by the department of Paris, August 29th, 1793;

4. Damas-Cormaison (*sic*), inscribed by the department of the Côte-d'Or, July 20th, 1793;

5. Claude-François Damas, inscribed by the department of Paris, September 20th, 1792;

6. Henry-Antoine Damas, inscribed by the department of the Côte-d'Or, November 20th, 1792;

7. Louis-Étienne Damas, ex-Comte de Crux and ex-Chevalier of St. Louis, inscribed by the department of the Nièvre, June 25th and September 11th, 1792;

8. Charles Damas *fils*, inscribed by the department of the Côte-d'Or, October 3rd, 1793;

9. Roger Damas *fils*, inscribed by the department of the Côte-d'Or, October 3rd, 1793;

10. Jean-François-Louis-Charles-César Damas, ex-Comte, and gentleman-in-waiting to Louis-Stanilas-Xavier Capet, inscribed by the department of Paris, August 2nd, 1793;

11. Damas, ex-colonel of the 72nd Regiment of Infantry, inscribed by the department of the Côte-d'Or, 10th brumaire, year II;

12. Gaston Damas *fils*, inscribed by the same department, October 3rd, 1793;

13. Anne-François-Henry Damas, ex-captain of dragoons, inscribed by the same department on the same day.

ARTICLE 2

Their property, both personal and real, is confiscated, and will be sold for the benefit of the Republic, in conformity with the laws.

ARTICLE 3

They are forbidden to return to the territory of the Republic, on pain of being treated as *émigrés* who have enfringed the law of banishment.

ARTICLE 4

It is the duty of the Minister of General Police to satisfy himself of the legality of the documents and the validity of the evidence produced to prove the residence in France of any persons of this name who shall be permitted to have their names struck off the list by order of the Executive Directory or the Committee of Legislation.

ARTICLE 5

This order shall not be printed; it is the duty of the Ministers of General Police, Justice, and Finance, each in so

far as it concerns his own department, to see that it be executed.[7]

Passed as correct,
The President of the Executive Directory,
LAREVELLIÈRE-LÉPEAUX.
(National Archives. F[7] 5882.)

X

Nomination of the Comte Roger to various appointments in the Neapolitan Army.

I.—NOMINATION TO THE RANK OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL. (8th November, 1798.)

FERDINANDO IV per la grazia di Dio Re delle Sicilie, Gerusalemme, ecc., Infante di Spagna, Duca di Parma, Piacenza, Castro, ecc., Gran Principe Ereditario di Toscana, ecc.

Essendo venuto ad ammettere al mio real servizio Voi, conte don Ruggiero di Damas, a riguardo de' vostri talenti e cognizioni militari, di cui avete dato saggio nel servizio di altre potenze, come delle altre vostre distinte circostanze, vi ho quindi nominato per maresciallo di campo de' miei Eserciti, nella quale classe pero dovrete prender rango in appresso con quegli altri marescialli di campo, che io venissi a nominare tra gli attuali brigadieri de' detti miei Eserciti. Pertanto vi do e concedo tutta l'autorità, azione ed incumbenza che corrisponde a tal impiego, per cui comando ed ingiungo al comandante generale della provincia o dell' esercito ove servirete, agli altri uffiziali maggiori e minori ed a' soldati tutti di qualsivoglia grado e condizione essi sieno, che vi abbiano, riconoscano e reputino per maresciallo di campo de' miei Eserciti, vi conservino e faccian conservare quegli onori e quelle preeminenze, prerogative ed esenzioni, che per la divisata carica vi spettano e debbonvi esser conservate e mantenute esattamente, poichè tal' è la mia volontà, e che nelle officine di conto

e razione dove spetti si faccia registro di questo dispaccio e vi si formi l'appuntamento del soldo di 298 ducati e grana 82 mensuali, che vi si dovrà liberare e pagare nel tempo che in virtù di lettere di servizio vi troverete impiegato in campagna; giacchè senza di quelle e servendo Voi in quartiere o in altro luogo, ove io vi destini, vi si dovrà soltanto pagare in ciascun mese il soldo di 149 ducati e grana 41, ed affinchè tutto ciò venga puntualmente adempito ho comandato di spedirvisi il presente titolo firmato di mia real mano, munito del suggello segreto delle mie armi e roborato dall' infrascritto mio segretario di Stato pel dipartimento di Guerra.

Dato nel campo di San Germano, agli 8 novembre 1798.

FERDINANDO B.

Giov. Maria ARIOLA.

II.—PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL. (4th November, 1799.)

DON FERDINANDO per la grazia di Dio Re delle Sicilie. . . . Avendo presco in considerazione gli ottimi servigî ordinarî e straordinarî renduti da Voi alla mia real corona, maresciallo di campo conte don Ruggiero di Damas, in pace ed in guerra, non che le cognizioni militari e le altre distinte e plausibili circostanze, che in voi concorrono, son venuto a darvi un nuovo contrassegno del mio sovrano gradimento, promuovendovi a tenente generale de' miei reali Eserciti, con dover voi prendere rango secondo l'anzianità della vostra precedente graduazione. Per tanto comando ai capitani generali, comandanti generali, ai governatori delle armi, agli altri uffiziali maggiori e minori ed ai soldati de' miei Eserciti che vi reputino ed abbiano, riconoscano e tengano per tenente generale de' miei Eserciti, conservandovi e facendovi conservare tutti gli onori, grazie, preeminenze e prerogative che vi spettano e debbonvi essere conservate e mantenute, essendo tale la mia volontà: ed ordino che nelle reali officine, cui spetti, si prenda ragione, ossia notizia del presente real titolo. Ed affinché tutto ciò venga puntualmente adempito, ho comandato di spedirvisi il detto real titolo firmato di mia real mano, munito del suggello

segreto delle mie armi e roborato dall' infrascritto segretario della mia Real segretaria di Stato e Guerra.

Palermo, ai 4 novembre 1799.

Ferdinando B.
Pietro Lanza.

III.—Appointment to the post of Inspector-General of all the King's Forces.
(12th October, 1804.)

Eccellentissimo Signore, Sua Maestà, riconoscendo necessario un sistema di maggiore uniformità nella tenuta de' corpi di linea del suo reale Escercito e volendo che l'istruzione de' medesimi si estenda a conoscere le operazioni riunite per le differenti armi, ha preso nel tempo stesso in considerazione i talenti, esperienze e cognizioni militari, che concorrono nella persona di V. E., e perciò è venuta a nominarla Ispettore generale di tutte le armi e truppe esistenti nel regno di Napoli, con tutti i poteri e prerogative assegnate a quell' impiego, restando sino a nuov' ordine gl' ispettori e comandanti di divisione nella loro attuale situazione sotto il di Lei comando. Relativamente al corpo reale di artiglieria e del genio ed al corpo delle milizie s'intende che V. E. li abbia sotto la sua direzione per l'impiego ed uso militare da farsi di detti corpi, dipendendo pel resto dalle loro rispettive ispezioni, le quali degli ultimi risultati della loro operazioni renderanno conto all' E. V. Resta considerato fuori della sua ispezione il corpo delle guardi de' granatieri reali. La M. S. è venuta ad accordarle il soldo di tenente generale impiegato con le corrispondenti razioni diarie e ducati 100 mensuali per le spese di segretaria.

Nel R. nome lo partecipo a V. E. con mio piacere per sua intelligenza ed adempimento corrispondenti.

Palazzo, 12 ottobre 1804.

Bartolommeo Forteguerri.

IV.—Appointment to the post of General-Commandant of the Army.

(3rd December, 1805.)

Eccellentissimo Signore, La Maestà del Re, dopo molte riprove del particolare attaccamento e delle militari cognizioni che l' E. V. li ha date in ogni occasione di guerra e di distinte commissioni eseguite nelle passate campagne, con infinita soddisfazione, fissa nella sua persona la scelta di stima e di fiducia che corrisponde alle attuali significanti circostanze, e viene a nominarla Comandante generale dell' armata napolitana con tutte quelle prerogative e facoltà che le furono accordate nella campagna di Toscana, nelle quale l' E. V. sostenne con sommo impegno e successo l'onore e decoro delle sue R. truppe; rimettendo queste un' altra volta sotto il suo comando, vive la M. S. nella sicurezza di vederle agire nell' istessa traccia della bravura e dell' onore. Nel R. nome lo participo all' E. V. per sua intelligenza.

Palazzo, 3 dicembre 1805.

Bartolommeo Forteguerri.

(Damas Archives.)

XI

Louis XVIII to the King of Naples.

"*Copy sent by His Majesty to M. le comte Charles de Damas.*"

Mittau,
20th February, 1800.

Monsieur my brother and cousin, it is a great satisfaction to me to think that the zeal and services of the Comte Roger de Damas have won Your Majesty's approval. He comes of a family that has always been distinguished for its loyalty, of which it gave a very striking example during the Revolution, for in all its branches (and they are numerous) there was not a single individual whose conduct was unworthy of a true knight of France.

Your Majesty's kindness to the Comte Roger encourages me to speak to you with regard to the Comte Charles, his eldest brother. I love all the Damas, but if there be one of them for whom I have a special predilection it is the Comte Charles. Since he has been attached to my household from his earliest youth I have had every facility for learning to know his character, which is honour itself. I must add that he is an extremely distinguished officer, and in recommending him to Your Majesty in case he should be able, as I wish, to go to Italy, I am giving the generous hearts of Your Majesty and the Queen your wife the satisfaction of distinguishing a faithful and devoted servant of my unfortunate brother.

At the same time I believe I am giving Your Majesty an undeniable proof of the tender and sincere friendship with which I remain, Monsieur my brother and cousin. . . .

(Damas Archives.)

XII

The Comte Roger to the Queen of Naples.

Messina,
18th May, 1805.

MADAME,

It gives me the greatest surprise and real distress to see that the loyal and honourable intentions expressed in the letter enclosed with the little book, and Your Majesty's 20th letter, only reached you in the month of May, though they left the hand that signed them on the 3rd January last. I am still more distressed when I consider that even now, when the letter has at last reached Your Majesty, all the means we require are still at a great distance from us, and the discussion is only beginning, so that it seems to me we are a long way from realising our object.

It seems surprising, too, that so fine and simple a letter as the one written to the King should be accompanied by a series of questions so complicated as most of those that General L.[8] has sent to be answered by the government.

However, we must start from the point at which we have arrived, and if, by good fortune, such measures as this general will permit us to take should not be *much* too late, and the excitement roused by his arrival should not create difficulties —as it easily may—we must smooth the way for such advantages as we can secure, by answering all these questions that he has thought it necessary to draw up, and co-operating with him whenever he decides to help us.

General L. imagines the finances of the country to be in a very flourishing state, since he asks for an amount of money that appears likely to prove as burdensome as the other sum with which he deals in detail. But I cannot dispute the matter: the government and M. de Medici alone can decide this important point, and I greatly hope that, if this payment be an indispensable factor in extricating us from our present position, it will not be regarded as an insurmountable obstacle. We shall be fortunate enough if this matter of money, which is being discussed so prematurely, can surmount the difficulties of such a critical and precarious situation. None the less we must do our best to husband our resources and employ means to increase them, at the same time trying in every way, and using all our skill and prudence to make them unnecessary. I am grateful to the bottom of my heart for the confidence with which Your Majesty honours me: I shall never abuse it, and I accept it proudly and confidently as a recognition of my devotion to your cause.

I do not think it possible, unfortunately, if the proposed reinforcements be still in the Black Sea, for them to be here in less than two months, and everything will be decided in Milan in a month, and perhaps earlier. If Your Majesty's straightforward request to Napoleon, supported by the efforts of the Marquis del Gallo and Cardito, should be granted and the troops removed, he will be only too glad for the Russians to land in the north of Italy instead of in Naples; but, I repeat, we must not build upon this hope when discussing the matter with General L. If it should be realised we must of course profit by it, but in the meantime we must answer his proposals as secretly and quietly as possible, for this general

is too late to quell the storms that his intentions would rouse, if they were known.

Yesterday I despatched Lieutenant La Rocca, in accordance with what Your Majesty wrote in your last letter. I can assure Your Majesty that you will find him able to answer every question accurately and minutely; he has a very clear head, and if Your Majesty will let him talk to General L. he is sure to be pleased with him. I have entrusted several important details to him for Your Majesty; and Your Majesty will find enclosed the answers to the questions posed by the traveller.[9]

I can well imagine that Your Majesty's courage and patience must be nearly worn out, and that you must have been greatly agitated by little Sherbatow's adventure. It is to be hoped that the Emperor will not take it ill. I think he will attribute it to Your Majesty's tenderness for the memory of a friend. It would certainly have been as well that such an incident should not have occurred in the present circumstances.

I notice, in the letter to the King, a request that his troops should be under the orders of the foreign general. We are not in a sufficiently secure position to make difficulties on this point. At any other time we might have remarked on the strangeness of an auxiliary force being in command of the national army, but provided the results be favourable, we must make no objection in a matter of this kind.

Your Majesty did not enlarge, in your letter, on the reverses that you think the English may have sustained. I wondered whether that could mean that they had really been defeated. If it were so, Elliot would not consent to treat. Your Majesty will of course recognise the importance of being extremely circumspect with him.

(Damas Archives.)

XIII

Letter written by General the Comte Mathieu Dumas.[10]

Villepintel,
18th January, 1825.

It was with the keenest interest, monsieur le marquis, that I read the note you did me the honour of confiding to me, on the plan adopted for the defence of Calabria by the Comte Roger de Damas at the time of our invasion in 1806.

The general showed perfect judgment and skill in seizing the central position, the key to the only means of communication between the roads on the shores of the two seas. His dispositions for an active defence were excellent; for the intermediary corps acting on the flank of our columns would at the same time have retarded our march and covered the concentrating movement of your wings. All the general lacked was what he had no power to create: good troops, and officers trained to this sort of warfare and deserving of his confidence. A French army-corps would not have been beaten, would not even have been attacked, at Campo Tenese, and if the English and Russian auxiliaries, instead of re-embarking in such a hurry, had put themselves under the orders of the Comte de Damas, and had covered the retreat of the government and its remaining resources into the northern province of Calabria, our conquest of the capital would have been useless. With this nucleus of trustworthy troops and your strong position between the two seas, where you could not, in view of your abundant means and your maritime superiority, be in any want of supplies or ammunition, you could have long disputed the possession of these two provinces, and have made us pay very dearly for them.

This was sufficiently proved by the course of events until after the taking of Gaeta.

Pray accept my sincere thanks, General, and the assurance of my most profound regard, with which I have the honour to be

Your very humble and obedient servant,

The Comte Mathieu Dumas.

(Damas Archives.)

NOTES

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

Page v, note 1.—SAINT-SIMON, *Mémoires* (Boislisle's edition), X, 146. Cf. IX, 253.

Page vi, note 2.—*Lettres sur la dernière guerre des Turcs* (Letter III, from the camp before Oczakow, 1st August, 1788).

Page vi, note 3.—Their genealogy appears in *L'Histoire généologique de France, etc.*, by PÈRE ANSELME, VIII, 317 *et seq.* IX (supplement, 2nd part), 808.

Page vii, note 4.—The first company of an infantry regiment (*Translator*).

Page vii, note 5.—*Correspondance secrète inédite*, published by DE LESCURE, 24th and 29th January, 1786, II, 9–10.—Prince DE LIGNE, *Deuxième lettre de Crimée.*

Page ix, note 6.—*Journal de mes campagnes* (Archives of foreign affairs, Russia, *Mémoires et documents*, vol. XX). Langeron apparently wishes to protest against the Prince de Ligne's "liked by every one."

Page ix, note 7.—*Archives nationales*, F^{7} 3374.

Page xi, note 8.—A signed paper written by him, called *Fragment important sur la politique autrichienne*, which apparently belongs to the year 1793, is preserved in the private library of the Emperor of Russia in the Winter Palace (Lobanov collection).

His *arrêté de radiation* is dated 13th Fructidor, year IV.

Page xii, note 9.—In the *Gaulois* of 9th September, 1895. A great part of this story was reproduced by BITTARD DES PORTES in his *Histoire de l'armée de Condé* (p. 299, note).

Page xiv, note 10.—This portrait was published (1st August, 1911) in the *Feuilles d'histoire*, where it was wrongly attributed to the notorious Abbé de Montgaillard. It must have been derived from a letter from Marreux-Montgaillard to d'Antraigues, dated 1st December, 1798 (Dijon Library, under d'Antraigues, MS. 1547).

Page xiv, note 11.—*Archives nationales*, F^{7} 5882. It was to this decree that Louis XVIII indirectly referred in his letter of the 20th February, 1800, to the King of the Two Sicilies: "I love all the Damas. . . ."

Page xv, note 12.—Letter of the 18th February, 1801, in the first volume of Murat's Correspondance now in process of publication.

Page xvi, note 13.—Alquier wrote to Paris on the 23rd Ventôse, year XIII: "There is no important affair that H.I.M. could depute me to negotiate which would be as unpleasant and difficult as this. . . . The whole kingdom thought for several days that the French army was going to march on Naples, and there is no doubt that the Court was prepared, inconceivable as it may seem, to risk this disaster rather than dismiss M. de Damas."

The Queen's letters to Napoleon have been published by M. Boulay de la Meurthe, in *Quelques lettres de la reine Marie Caroline*, etc. (*Revue d'histoire diplomatique*, II, 559 and 562).

Page xvi, note 14.—The *émigré* Louis de Bouillé, who fought in the French ranks on this occasion, expresses himself (*Souvenirs et fragments*, III, 7) malevolently on the subject of Damas's tactics. Napoleon, who took a juster view from a distance, wrote to his brother Joseph (*Correspondance*, No. 10043): "General Damas could do nothing of any use with such bad troops as the Neapolitans."

Page xviii, note 15.—*Portraits russes*, by Grand Duke Nicolas Mikhailovitch, I, 129.

Page xix, note 16.—Baronne du Montet, *Souvenirs*, 57–58.

Page xix, note 17.—*Archives nationales*, F^7 6470, dossier 187.

Page xxi, note 18.—Mme. de Chastenay, *Mémoires*.

Page xxiii, note 19.—A letter from Damas to his friend Lieut.-Col. Pion (9th July, 1817), kindly shown to me by M. Maurice Chipon, thus explains his reasons for retiring: "Lyons is quite quiet. At the time of the disturbance I did my best to make them send [General Vionnet, Vicomte de] Maringoné thither, but could not succeed. I pointed out to all the ministers that the lieut.-general, who cannot leave the town, is unable to keep an eye on the other places in the department. . . . The civil police will always do all they can to underrate the military police, and it is always the latter who make all the discoveries. . . . My leave ends in September, but I shall do my very best to obtain leave again, if they do not pay more attention to me than to the agents of the police. . . ."

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

Page 1, note 1.—The author is addressing his brother, the Abbé de Damas.

Page 1, note 2.—Charles-François-Louis-Joseph-César, first Comte de Damas and afterwards Duc; born 28th October, 1758, died 5th March, 1829; officer of artillery under Marshal Rochambeau in America,

Colonel of the Dauphin Dragoons (1783) and afterwards of Monsieur's Dragoons (1788), Brigadier-General in Condé's army, Lieut.-General and peer of France in 1814, Duke in 1825.

Page 2, note 3.—Comte Roger was at that time captain *en second* of the *colonelle* company. He seems to regard his promotion to this rank (28th March, 1784) as marking the end of his education. His regiment had been garrisoned at Nancy since 1783.

Page 2, note 4.—Varennes (Seine-et-Marne) in the canton of Montereau. The château belonged to the Duc du Châtelet. It was destroyed in the Revolution, except for some offices and an annexe (the present Château de Varennes) belonging to Mme. H. Carré, who kindly gave us this information.

Page 3, note 5.—It was on the 16th August, 1787, that Turkey declared war by confining the Russian Ambassador in the castle of the Seven Towers. The Austro-Russian alliance was founded on an exchange of letters between the sovereigns, begun in 1781 and completed by the famous "Greek project."

Page 3, note 6.—The Nogaïs Tatars inhabited the S.E. of Russia. Elizabethgrad (we retain in the text the form that was usual at that time) is in the province of Kherson. On this country see the Comte de Ségur, *Souvenirs et anecdotes* (edited by F. Barrière, vol. II, p. 53 *et seq.*).

Page 3, note 7.—The famous writer and general, Charles-Joseph, Prince de Ligne (1735–1814). Cf. an account of him by another Frenchman who knew him about this time, his companion on the journey to the Crimea—Ségur. (*Op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 422 *et seq.*; vol. II, p. 13 *et seq.*, 43 *et seq.*, etc.)

Page 4, note 8.—Alphonse-Claude-Charles Perregaux of Neuchâtel in Switzerland, a descendant of some French Protestant refugees (1750–1808). He had attained some repute as a banker under the old *régime*, and was a partisan, though a moderate one, of the Revolution. Bonaparte appointed him chairman of the directors of the Banque de France (cf. L. de Lanzac de Laborie, *Paris sous Napoléon*, vol. VI, p. 139), and afterwards made him a senator and a count. He was Marshal Marmont's father-in-law, and his son, the Emperor's chamberlain, married Marshal Macdonald's daughter. Laffite was his *employé*, his colleague, and his successor.

Page 5, note 9.—Patrice de Wall was descended from a very old Irish family. He was born in Paris in 1764, was lieutenant in the King's Regiment, 1785, and married Adèle de Rohan a short time before his duel, which took place on the 26th November, 1787 (according to Després, who devotes a most eulogistic article to Wall in the Biographic Michaud).—See the *Introduction* on the subject of the Damas-Broglie duel.

Page 7, note 10.—Florent-Louis-Marie, Duc du Châtelet-Lomont

d'Haraucourt, colonel of the King's Regiment, in which he had placed his nephew before the requisite age. He was born at Sémur in 1727, was a son of the celebrated Marquise du Châtelet, became duke in 1777, was colonel of the Navarre Regiment at the age of 16, and afterwards of the King's Regiment, was made lieutenant-general, and soon afterwards (1788) colonel of the French Guards. He made himself unpopular by trying to enforce discipline. He was a deputy for Barrois in the States General. He refused to emigrate, and died on the scaffold in 1793, as did also his wife, Diane-Adelaïde de Rochechouart.

Page 9, note 11.—Victor Amadeus, Prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg-Schaumbourg (1744–1790). He entered the Empress's service in 1772 and was made lieutenant-general in 1782. After the campaign against the Turks he fought in Finland, where he was mortally wounded. The Prince de Ligne gives a brilliant and eulogistic description of him in his famous letter of 1st August, 1788, which also contains portraits of Potemkin, Nassau-Siegen, and Roger de Damas himself. Corberon writes that his face "expresses frankness and sensibility," and that "every one likes him" (*Souvenirs*, vol. I, p. 156).

Page 10, note 12.—Antoine-Joseph-Philippe-Régis, Comte d'Esterno (1741–1790), began life as a cornet in the light-horse of the King's Guard. His marriage-contract with Mlle. d'Ecquevilly was signed by the King, 27th March, 1769. He was plenipotentiary at Liège in January 1782, and in Berlin in February. He held the latter post till his death (1st August, 1790). Dieudonné Thiébault eulogises him in *Souvenirs de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin*, ed. Barrière, vol. II, p. 59.

Page 10, note 13.—Mathieu Falciola, otherwise Dumontchoisy, was appointed secretary to the French legation in Berlin in 1782, and *chargé d'affaires* on the 23rd August, 1790. Mirabeau taxes him with "heaviness." (*La mission secrète de Mirabeau à Berlin*, ed. Welschinger, p. 461.)

Page 10, note 14.—Loménie de Brienne, the minister at the head of affairs in 1787 and 1788.

Page 11, note 15.—"France has had a fall," said Joseph II, "and I doubt if she will ever rise again."

Page 11, note 16.—Henry and Ferdinand were the uncles of the reigning King, Frederick William II. Henry was the famous Prince Frederick Henry Louis (1726–1802), the companion in glory of his brother Frederick II: his Life was written, in French, in 1809. Ferdinand was the youngest (1730–1813): he was an infantry-general, and was very brave, and devoted to Frederick II. He suffered from ill-health.

Page 12, note 17.—The Great Frederick.

Page 12, note 18.—Frederick II's favourite residence before his

accession. It is described by E. Lavisse, in *Le Grand Frédéric avant l'avènement*, Paris, 1893, p. 55 *et seq.*

Page 13, note 19.—By Piccinni, 1780.

Page 13, note 20.—To the Comte de Ségur, who was also well received by him (*Souvenirs et anecdotes*, vol. I, p. 295 *et seq.*), the prince spoke of Russia in much the same way as this.

Page 14, note 21.—Otto Magnus (1736–1800), created a count by Joseph II (1775). He took a very active part in the partition of Poland.

Page 17, note 22.—Light grey coat, with lining, collar, facings, and revers of royal blue, which was also the colour of the waistcoat and breeches. The officers had gold-lace round the buttonholes. This regiment wore helmets.

Page 17, note 23.—Giuseppe Sarti, of Faenza (1729–1802), Cherubini's master. Langeron gives examples of his ingenuity. He formed an orchestra of horns, each of which only emitted one note; and he introduced cannon into the *Te Deum* of Otchakof.

Page 17, note 24.—Potemkin's affection for the daughters of his sister Helen and Vassili Engelhardt was carried to excess. There were six of them: Anna (1740–1820), who married M. Joukof; Alexandrina (1754–1838), married in 1781 to Count Xavier Braniki, *hetman* of the Crown of Poland; Varvara (1757–1815), married to Prince Serge Galitzine; Nadejda (1761–1834), married to P. Ismaïlof; Catherine (1761–1829), married to Count Paul Skavronski, who was ambassador at Naples; Tatiana (1767–1841), married to Lieut.-General M. S. Potemkin, and afterwards to Prince N. Youssoupof. Catherine Troubetzkoï, too, Prince Serge's daughter, had married Potemkin's nephew, his sister Marie's son, Alexander Nikolaievitch Samoïlof, a lieutenant-general and one of the Empress's councillors (1744–1814). She is said to have been equally favoured by the Prince of Taurida, in whose camp she appeared with most of his other nieces. The Prince de Ligne wrote a letter to her in verse. The *Collection de portraits russes*, the publication of which we owe to the Grand Duke Nicolas Mikhaïlovitch, contains portraits of nearly all of them. We shall see that at least one of them was favourably disposed towards the Comte Roger.

Page 18, note 25.—There is a whole literature on the "Prince of Taurida." See the accounts of him by Ligne (letter of August 1788) and Ségur (*op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 347, 361; vol. II, p. 16), and Langeron's very severe appreciation (Foreign affairs, Russia, 20). Waliszewski describes the camp before Otchakof in *Autour d'un trône*, p. 124 *et seq.*

Page 18, note 26.—Nicolas Vassilievitch (1734–1801), the last of the Repnins. He served as a volunteer in the French army during the Seven Years' War. He was ambassador in Poland, where he con-

stantly plotted against the government and made himself hated (1764–1768), and in Turkey, where he signed the treaty of Kaïnardji. He was disgraced in 1792 at Potemkin's instigation, in spite of the decisive victories over the Turks. Paul I made him a field-marshal, and then suddenly degraded him from that rank. Waliszewski (*Autour d'un trône*, p. 51) judges him severely; Ségur (*op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 346) calls him "a polished courtier and brave general."

Page 18, note 27.—George Vladimirovitch (1740–1830). He fought in the Seven Years' War and the campaign of 1813, as well as in the campaigns against the Turks.

Page 18, note 28.—Louis-Philippe de Ségur (1753–1830), the famous author of the *Souvenirs et anecdotes*. He refers to Roger de Damas in terms of eulogy (vol. II, p. 137), but says nothing of his arrival. Ambassador in Russia from 1784 to 1789.

Page 21, note 29.—See the frontispiece.

Page 21, note 30.—Namely in becoming a constitutional monarchist, and afterwards an adherent of Napoleon, who made him Grand Master of the Ceremonies. He even returned to the Emperor during the Hundred Days. He entered the Chamber of Peers, however, in 1819.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

Page 23, note 1.—Charles Nicolas Otho (1745–1809). He was most original and adventurous—had been round the world, had undertaken to found a kingdom in Dahomey, and had served in the French army as colonel of the Royal Germans before being employed in the Russian service as an admiral. The Prince de Ligne praises him highly. Ségur, who became his brother-in-arms after having been on the point of fighting with him without any reason, writes of him thus: "He was a courtier in every Court, a soldier in every camp, a knight in every adventure" (*Souvenirs*, vol. I, p. 63). The Duc de Levis (*Souvenirs et portraits*, p. 185) declares he had no brains and no talent. A. Chuquet (*La première Invasion prussienne*, Paris, 1886, p. 120) gives a portrait of him as a soldier. Since then the Marquis d'Aragon has published *Le Prince Charles de Nassau Siegen, d'après sa correspondance . . . de 1784 à 1789* (Paris, 1893). Several passages in the prince's letters to his wife relate to Damas, as do the following pleasant words: "Roger de Damas is a very good fellow. He has none of the self-sufficiency and foppishness common to most Frenchmen who have been, like him, a little spoilt. He is very good-tempered, and has one of those prepossessing faces that make one like a man even without knowing much of him. He is very enthusiastic, and on the alert for any chance of distinguishing himself" (p. 201).

Page 23, note 2.—The Dnieper. The Liman is the estuary common

to that river and the Bug. Otchakow is 30 versts south of Kherson, and faces Kinbourn. The latter had belonged to Russia since 1774.

Page 23, note 3.—Peter Alexandrovitch, Count of Roumiantzof (1730–1796). Fought in the Seven Years' War and the campaigns that forced Turkey to accept the treaty of Kainardji. Catherine II made him a field-marshal and conferred on him the name of Zadonaïskoi (the Transdanubian). In the campaign with which we are here concerned he was so seriously annoyed by Potemkin's deliberate inaction that he resigned his command and retired once for all to his country place. Langeron declares he had brilliant abilities, which were spoilt by his want of heart.

Page 24, note 4.—The famous field-marshal, Frederick Josias of Saxe-Coburg (1737–1815).

Page 24, note 5.—Count Ivan Petrovitch Saltykof (1730–1805), major-general after the Seven Years' War, and lieutenant-general in Roumiantzof's army against the Turks. Made a brilliant assault on Khotyim.

Page 25, note 6.—Official appointment 26th March, 1788 (old style).

Page 26, note 7.—No doubt the surgeon Massot is here referred to.

Page 26, note 8.—The future field-marshal, Alexander Vassilievitch Souvorof (1729–1800), "one of the most extraordinary men of the century," "a great warrior and great statesman," as Langeron writes in his unpublished memoirs, giving at the same time some remarkable instances of his simulated madness. Alfred Rambaud, in a lecture on Souvorof given at the school of Saint-Cyr, gives a select bibliography (*L'Armée à travers les âges*, 2*e série*, Paris, 1900).

Page 29, note 9.—Diane-Adélaïde de Damas, born 25th January, 1761, married the 12th August, 1777, to the Comte Charles-François de Simiane, died 9th April, 1835.

Page 31, note 10.—"Let us fly : we can do nothing!"

Page 32, note 11.—"It is a great pleasure at his age," wrote Nassau on this occasion (D'Aragon, *op. cit.*, p. 225).

Page 32, note 12.—A little island in the Black Sea, 12 versts S.W. of Otchakof, facing the estuary of the river Berezanne.

Page 33, note 13.—The principal vessels were ten ships of the line and six frigates

Page 33, note 14.—Gloubôki Liman, a little port further down the Dnieper than Kherson.

Page 34, note 15.—In a letter to Grimm (18th September, 1790) Catherine mentions the admiration of the Grand Duke Constantine for this heroic action.

Page 35, note 16.—The famous Scotsman, who was first a corsair and then an American commodore, died in Paris (1747–1792). Ségur speaks of him in his *Souvenirs* (vol. I, p. 45) and he left some short

memoirs of his own, which end in 1787. He had arrived on the 4th June.

Page 35, note 17.—In the midst of the cannonade with which the Turks greeted this reconnaissance Nassau—so he says—was holding his wife's portrait. "So the Comte de Damas looked at the portrait of his sister, and one of the officers declared that never, in any sea-fight, had any one looked at two such pretty portraits" (D'ARAGON, p. 232).

Page 35, note 18.—On the following day Nassau described the engagement to his wife and praised every one who took part in it: "They all behaved like heroes" (*Ibid.*, p. 235).

Page 37, note 19.—Joseph Boujon, otherwise Ribas, was born at Naples, the son of a Spaniard employed in the Ministry of Marine. He was patronised by Orlof and then by Potemkin, and became an admiral in 1789. Juigné the French Ambassador, and Langeron recognised his ability and talents. Langeron depicts him—in spite of his base compliance towards Potemkin, with whom he filled the part of "confidant, go-between, and favourite,"—as one of the bravest and most active leaders of the Russian army: "He was gifted with the rarest talents. . . . I have never seen such a combination of skill, intelligence, and energy."

Page 38, note 20.—A rough man called Hassan the Algerian, and known as "the crocodile of the sea of battles." He escaped from the disaster of Tchesme by swimming away with his sword between his teeth. He was appointed Capitana Pacha in order that he might reform the Turkish fleet. "We are still Osmanlis," he said, "and I hope to make it evident!" At Constantinople he conceived the idea of making a companion of a lion, which one day took part unceremoniously in an interview between the Capitana Pacha and the French Ambassador, Choiseul-Gouffier. Hassan was said to be comparatively enlightened and favourably inclined to the French (L. PINGAUD, *Choiseul-Gouffier*, p. 84, Paris, 1887). "One of the most intrepid soldiers in Europe, as well educated as a Turk can be, active, enthusiastic, with a heart on fire for the service of his country" (LANGERON). He was Grand Vizier in 1789.

Page 38, note 21.—There is a miniature on porcelain, representing the scene, in the possession of the count's family. Roger, standing up in his boat, is presenting to the Prince of Nassau, who is in his own boat, the green flag surmounted by a crescent. Upon it is this inscription: "Naval engagement of the 17/28 June, 1788, in the Liman. The Comte Roger de Damas, who was deputed to board the Turkish flag-ship, presents to the Prince of Nassau the flag of Mahomet, captured for the first time since the creation of the fleet." This miniature, which was a gift from Nassau, must be a reduced copy of the picture given to the latter by the King of Poland.

Page 39, note 22.—Langeron admits that such fights as these "had an element of the prodigious." Potemkin attributed them to the intervention of his patron-saint, St. Gregory.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

Page 46, note 1.—It is interesting to compare the Count's reflections on the Russian and Turkish armies with those of Langeron in his memoirs, and with the Prince de Ligne's description of the Turks as "the most dangerous and most contemptible of enemies" (Letter of 1st September, 1788).

Page 47, note 2.—Eugene of Savoy-Carignano, Louis XIV's opponent (1663–1736), and Gédéon-Ernest, Baron de Laudon (1716–1790), who were both field-marshals in the service of Austria.

Page 48, note 3.—Ségur speaks of him (*Souvenirs*, vol. I, p. 383), and L. Pingaud (*Choiseul-Gouffier*, p. 98, 184, 193, *et seq.*, 212) gives an account of his undertaking, which he carried out in spite of all obstacles, with a degree of energy and courage that won the respect of the Turks. On his departure they gave him a sword of honour, and the King of France promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and gave him a pension. He was only sent to Otchakow, where everything was still to be done, on the 5th April, 1787. He was wounded in a bold attack on Kinbourn. He was recalled in June 1788 on account of a change of relations between France and Turkey.

Page 49, note 4.—This was Marolles, a half-pay captain of Engineers and a protégé of La Fayette (L. Pingaud, *Les Français en Russie*, p. 138): the Prince de Ligne describes how he took him into Potemkin's tent to present him to the prince, and how Marolles addressed Potemkin quite unceremoniously, pledging himself to capture Otchakow, but begging to be first allowed to run through Vauban, Cohorn, and Saint-Remi, and "refresh my memory about all that sort of thing, which I have rather forgotten, and indeed never knew very well, for as a matter of fact I am only an engineer of Bridges and Roads" (Letters to the Emperor, May 1788).

Page 50, note 5.—The sword is still in the possession of the Count's family. See in the Appendix the letters written by Potemkin, requesting that these two rewards should be sent.

Page 51, note 6.—Langeron mentions this incident, but relates it of "the ugliest rascal in Russia, a certain General Séletnikof, Governor of Ekaterinaslav," who had arrived in the camp that very day with a view to exculpating himself. The Prince de Ligne calls him Ivan Maxime.

Page 51, note 7.—The Prince de Ligne gives the same explanation of this senseless move, which Potemkin deplored without attempting to

profit by it or redeem it. Langeron thinks that Souvorof wished to force Potemkin into supporting him and making an attack.

Page 51, note 8.—"With a degree of fury that none but Russians could withstand" (LANGERON).

Page 52, note 9.—This was the renowned Michel Lavrinovitch Golemnitchef Koutousof (1745–1813), the generalissimo of 1812. His wound "in the head, below the eyes," appeared to every one to be mortal, and the Prince de Ligne, when declaring that Koutousof must die "to-day or to-morrow," recalled that he had received a similar wound across the head in the previous war (Letter to the Emperor, August 1788). His recovery seemed miraculous. The doctors are reported to have said: "It looks as if Providence were keeping him for something extraordinary."

Page 52, note 10.—*Hetman* of the Cossacks of the Don; the same who made himself so redoubtable to the French in 1812 and 1814.

Page 53, note 11.—Nassau describes this wound: "It is giving him a certain amount of pain; but though it will not be healed in a fortnight he will be out again in two days, and off to any place where there is something going forward . . ." (D'ARAGON, p. 261). He dates this action the 30th August.

Page 53, note 12.—Six officers and eighty men killed (LIGNE).

Page 53, note 13.—The Prince de Ligne wrote to inform the Emperor of this attack by the Turks, and told him of Damas's wound and of the contusion he received shortly afterwards.

Page 54, note 14.—"We are nearly as much besieged as besieging," wrote the Prince de Ligne to the Emperor. Potemkin, it appears, thought the Turks were inclined to surrender.

Page 55, note 15.—The famous Choiseul-Gouffier, concerning whom L. Pingaud has written a book that has already been quoted.

Page 56, note 16.—"Praying that we might be captured," says Ligne.

Page 56, note 17.—Alexander Nikolaievitch (1744–1814) was made a lieutenant-general after Otchakow. He wrote a *Life* of Potemkin, who was the brother of his mother, Marie, wife of the Senator Nicolas Borissovitch Samoïlof.

Page 57, note 18.—He commanded the army of Podolia.

Page 57, note 19.—At this very time the Austrians had just taken Khotin (19th September), but their principal army, commanded by the Emperor himself, had been completely routed in Banat (14th and 20th September).

Page 57, note 20.—Mme. Paul Potemkin, *née* Zakréefski, the "favourite sultana" at this moment, is represented by Langeron as having "an ugly figure but a glorious face, a skin of dazzling whiteness and very beautiful eyes, little intelligence but a great deal of self-sufficiency."

Page 57, note 21.—See the remarks made by the latter in d'Aragon, p. 265.

Page 59, note 22.—General in command of an army.

Page 59, note 23.—See above. Ivan Dolgorouki says she was "the nicest" of Marie Engelhardt's daughters. Her husband, Count Paul Martinovitch Skavronski (1757–1793), seems to have been chiefly known for his eccentricities. A portrait of the Countess by Angelica Kaufmann is reproduced in the *Portraits russes des XVIIIe et XIXe siècles*.

Page 61, note 24.—*Zemlianka*, an underground dwelling used in that country.

Page 63, note 25.—Langeron (not an eye-witness) estimates that, by failing to make the assault in June, owing to the prince's indecision, the army lost 15,000 men (altogether 20,000): "I am not afraid to say that this siege was a perfect illustration of the absolute absurdity and extravagance that can result from the military ignorance and the caprice of a satrap."

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

Page 65, note 1.—The Zaporogians, the Cossacks of whom Mazeppa was the *hetman*. Catherine II transplanted them to the banks of the Kouban.

Page 66, note 2.—"He had an immense amount of ability, and was not lacking, it is said, in military talent; but he was full of pretension and absurdity" (Langeron).

Page 66, note 3.—The rank of a pacha was indicated by the number of horses' tails that were carried before him. A pacha of the highest grade had three (*Translator's note*).

Page 67, note 4.—The Duc du Châtelet-Lomont.

Page 68, note 5.—Peter Alexiévitch (1745–1826). "A man of exceptional ability and great courage, capable of undertaking anything and of carrying anything out" (Langeron). He was the leading spirit in the plot against Paul I.

Page 68, note 6.—Basil Vassiliévitch (1752–1812) had been a lieutenant-general since 1783. "A great gambler, a great libertine, and not much of a soldier . . . a coward to a laughable degree" (Langeron). His wife was in great favour with the prince.

Page 68, note 7.—Gregory Semenovitch (1742–1824) fought in both the Turkish wars, and in the second was a lieutenant-general. He was a son-in-law of N. Repnine.

Page 68, note 8.—See what the Comte himself says of him, p. 77.

Page 70, note 9.—Although it has already been published by L. Pingaud (*Les François en Russie*, Appendix I, p. 439) we must place here, in its proper context, the beautiful and touching letter that the

comte wrote to his sister the Comtesse de Simiane. The original, crumpled and stained, is still preserved by the family as a sacred relic.

Page 71, note 10.—Florence Constance de Rochechouart-Faudoas (1771–1855) was married in 1789 to the Prince de Carency, and afterwards to the Vicomte de Cayeux. She was Comte Roger's cousin.

Page 71, note 11.—The *hetman* Branicki.

Page 72, note 12.—17th December, 1788.

Page 75, note 13.—Ségur, who saw him at Petersburg, praises his intelligence and dignity (*Souvenirs*, vol. II, p. 157).

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

Page 81, note 1.—Massiot.

Page 84, note 2.—Louis de Cobenzl, the celebrated ambassador, afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs (1753–1808).

Page 85, note 3.—Count Alexander Matvéévitch Dmitrief-Mamonof (1758–1803), aide-de-camp to Potemkin, who himself suggested him as the successor of the favourite Ermolof (1786). Most of his contemporaries judge him rather indulgently, as does Damas himself further on.

Page 86, note 4.—Afterwards Paul I.

Page 89, note 5.—Ivan Andréévitch (1725–1811. It was Catherine who made him a privy councillor, a senator, and, in 1775, vice-chancellor. He had the reputation of possessing very mean abilities.

Page 89, note 6.—Alexander Andréévitch (1742–1799). His influence in matters of diplomacy was very great, especially in the period between Panin's ascendancy and that of Zoubof.

Page 89, note 7.—Alexander Alexéévitch Viazemski (1727–1793). He had held his post since 1764. Later on Catherine wrote of him (to Grimm, 22nd October, 1791) that he had been "literally doting for two years."

Page 89, note 8.—Yet he was a singular person for the post, seeing that he had been one of Catherine's favourites.

Page 92, note 9.—The treaty of the 11th January, 1788, of which the author's opinion does not seem very correct. See, for instance, E. Jauffret's *Catherine II*, vol. II, p. 291.

Page 93, note 10.—Mosse. Ségur gives another of his sallies, and on that occasion answered with a neat repartee (*Souvenirs*, vol. II, p. 153).

Page 96, note 11.—A kind of fortification. The allusion is to the expression *porter des cornes*, i.e. to wear *horns*, which is applied to a deceived husband (*Translator's note*).

Page 96, note 12.—Pavlosk, at a distance of 28 versts from Petersburg, was a village given by Catherine to her son in 1775. The

prince's country-house, which was built in 1780, was burnt down in 1803, and rebuilt on a new plan.

Page 96, note 13.—Sophia Dorothea of Würtemburg, also called Maria Feodorovna, married the Grand Duke in 1776 as his second wife. His first wife was Wilhelmina of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Page 98, note 14.—The lady in question was Daria Chtcherbatof, maid of honour to the Empress.

Page 100, note 15.—Michael Fedorovitch Kamienski (1738–1809) was specially famous for his brutality to his men (see WALISZEWSKI'S *Autour d'un trône*, p. 51. Langeron calls him a real "monster.") The successful engagement had taken place near Galatz.

Page 100, note 16.—In the MS. the name is given as Stelin, but the person intended is Count Curt de Stedingk (b. 1746), who served in the French army as lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Swedes, and colonel of the Royal Alsace Regiment, fought in America with Fersen, and was, like him, in the intimate circle of Marie Antoinette. He left France in 1787, and became a field-marshal in the Swedish army. He wrote his own memoirs in French.

Page 100, note 17.—At Kiros or Kirs, by Michelson, who was soon afterwards defeated in his turn.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

Page 103, note 1.—Joseph Francis Maurice, Comte de Lascy, was of Irish origin (1725–1801). He was reputed to be more successful as an administrator than as a general.

Page 103, note 2.—Evidently Voronezh, the capital of a governmental district, on the Don.

Page 105, note 3.—The *taboun* is a herd of horses, wandering at large upon the steppe.

Page 108, note 4.—Shortly after this, on 12th February, 1790, Catherine II wrote to Grimm: "I hope M. Roger de Damas is not having his head turned among you, and that you will send him back to Prince Potemkin the same as he went" (*Letters from Catherine II to Grimm*, published by Grote, p. 48).

Page 108, note 5.—Emmanuel Marie Louis, Marquis de Montclar, afterwards (1762) de Noailles (1743–1822). He was Governor of Vannes and d'Auray (1762), envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Princes and States of Lower Saxony (1768), ambassador in Holland (1771), in London (1776), and in Vienna (1783); was recalled (1792), and forced to defend himself before the Legislative Assembly. He was in prison on the 9th Thermidor; and then retired to Maintenon. He was the second son of Louis, Duc d'Ayen, afterwards de Noailles, Marshal of France (1713–1793).

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

Page 110, note 1.—*Considérations sur les gouvernements et principalement sur celui qui convient à la France* (1789).

Page 113, note 2.—Evidently Guillaume François Tardivet du Repaire, who tried to keep the mob from reaching the staircase, and was half murdered.

Page 117, note 3.—A letter from the Duc du Châtelet to the minister, the Comte de la Tour du Pin (3rd January, 1790), reminds him of the King's promise to the duke's nephew of a colonel's commission. The commission was "attached" to Damas's position as captain of the *compagnie colonelle*, and he was only a few months younger than the required age. The letter lays stress upon the count's conduct in Russia, where he had had the command of regiments (Archives of the Ministry of War).

Page 119, note 4.—Leopold II.

Page 119, note 5.—Joseph de Croix, Comte de Clerfayt (1733–1798), one of the ablest of the Austrian generals. He became a field-marshal in 1795.

Page 120, note 6.—Youssouf Pacha, a man of energy and ability. Mehadia is in a little valley that opens at the Iron Gates.

Page 120, note 7.—No doubt Karansebes, on the Temes.

Page 121, note 8.—Franz Joseph, Count Thurn and Valsassina, a major-general.

Page 121, note 9.—Franz, Baron Lauer (1735–1803), who joined the service in 1755, was considered—as was his son Joseph after him—one of the ablest military engineers. He was major-general in 1789, *Feld-maréchal-lieutenant* in 1795, director-general of engineers in 1797, and chief of the staff in 1801.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII

Page 129, note 1.—Langeron records that on this occasion, when Potemkin's courtiers were rejoicing over Nassau's defeat, Damas cried: "Gentlemen, you are Russians, the Empress of Russia has lost a decisive battle, and eight thousand Russians have been killed: this is indeed a stroke of good fortune; I congratulate you; I am as much delighted as yourselves" (*Mémoires inédits*, quoted by L. Pingaud in *Les Français en Russie*, p. 150). The battle had taken place on the 9th July, 1790, near Svensk-Sund. After ten hours of fierce fighting Nassau retired, having lost 53 vessels and 6000 men. In the same waters, eleven months earlier, he had won a brilliant victory.

Page 130, note 2.—The peace of Verela, 14th August, 1790. It was Catherine who made the first advances.

Page 131, note 3.—A Livonian, who at that time was over seventy years old. Langeron declares he was "heroic." During this same siege his two sons were wounded, one of them mortally.

Page 133, note 4.—By whom he was "universally regretted" (LANGERON).

Page 133, note 5.—Ivan Goudovitch, a "cold and methodical" man, according to Langeron, who also declares he had "a reputation for not liking danger." (No doubt he was thinking of the brutal letter addressed by Potemkin to the general in September 1790.)

Page 135, note 6.—8th October, 1789.

Page 135, note 7.—27th July, 1790: *status quo*, save for certain changes of frontier. The Austrio-Turkish armistice was signed at Giurgievo on the 19th September, on the eve of an action near Bucharest, which would doubtless have been decisive.

Page 136, note 8.—Mechmed Pacha, "an old warrior, who had twice refused the position of vizier" (E. JAUFFRET, *Catherine II*, vol. II, p. 376).

Page 137, note 9.—Charles Joseph Emmanuel du Plessis de Ligne, the eldest son of the famous general and writer. He was killed in 1792 in the French campaign.

Page 137, note 10.—Armand, Duc de Fronsac: the future Duc de Richelieu, Governor of Odessa and President of the Council under Louis XVIII.

Page 137, note 11.—Louis Alexandre Andrault, Comte de Langeron (1763–1831), whose Memoirs have been published in part. Of the unpublished portion many passages are quoted by us. He only left France at the beginning of 1790, and at first served under Nassau in the Baltic fleet.

Page 137, note 12.—They hastened from Vienna at the first news of the siege, posting night and day, as Langeron relates (cf. L. PINGAUD, *Les Français en Russie*, p. 150).

Page 137, note 13.—Langeron says that his first visit on reaching Bender was to Damas, who showed him the greatest kindness. He adds that others tried to make them quarrel, but in vain. Langeron always expresses the greatest esteem for Damas, recognising in him, "independently of his courage, a vast amount of perspicacity and the germs of a great talent for his profession." He accuses him of "unbridled vanity, which does him a great deal of harm with those who do not know him intimately," and of a certain coldness of manner (*Mémoires inédits*).

Page 138, note 14.—Valerien Alexandrovitch, younger brother of the favourite (1771–1804). He took part in the campaigns against Turkey, 1790–1792 (promoted major-general), Poland, 1794, and Persia, 1796 (promoted lieutenant-general). Zoubof and Damas were under the orders of Major-General Nicolas Arsenief.

Page 139, note 15.—We have compared this narrative with the unpublished account of Langeron, who accompanied Damas's column as a volunteer.

Page 139, note 16.—A few days later Langeron failed to climb it, even with help.

Page 139, note 17.—This attempt, according to Langeron, lasted for more than an hour and a half, under a very lively fire. He speaks with great admiration of Comte Roger, who "showed on this occasion as much intelligence as courage."

Page 142, note 18.—Langeron gives rather different figures: Russians, 429 officers killed and wounded, 4100 men killed and 4000 who died of their wounds, 2000 wounded. Of the 500 Livonian chasseurs 63 were killed and 190 mortally wounded, including 9 out of 13 officers! Of the Turks 22,700 were buried, and others fell into the Danube. Langeron estimates the total loss of the Turks as 28,000!

Page 142, note 19.—"The most extraordinary event that has occurred in any war for many a century" (LANGERON).

Page 145, note 20.—The princesses Marie Thérèse and Marie Louise of the Two Sicilies had married, respectively, Francis and Ferdinand, the sons of Leopold II. The double marriage had been celebrated at Naples by proxy on the 15th August, 1790; but the King and Queen had accompanied their daughters to Austria, and did not leave Vienna till the 10th March, 1791.

Page 147, note 21.—Charles Alexandre de Calonne, formerly Louis XVI's chief minister (1734–1802).

Page 148, note 22.—In the *arrondissement* of Ath (Hainault). It was the "Versailles of Belgium." The Prince de Ligne himself describes it in his *Coup d'œil sur Belœil.*

Page 148, note 23.—With his sister Mme. de Simiane, and the Abbé de Damas.

Page 149, note 24.—June (*Translator*).

Page 149, note 25.—The author's eldest brother, gentleman-in-waiting to the Comte de Provence, and colonel of his dragoons. He drew up a *Relation sur l'événement de Varennes.*

Page 149, note 26.—The Battle of Matchin, 9th July, 1791, between N. Repnin and the seraskier Ahmed. Matchin is on the right bank of the Danube. Langeron describes the battle.

Page 149, note 27.—9th January, 1792: the Peace of Jassy.

Page 150, note 28.—Gustavus III, who was assassinated in the same year, 28th March, 1792.

Page 150, note 29.—20th April, 1792.

Page 151, note 30.—The author adds: "An account of which I have written elsewhere," and at the end of this paragraph he said: "I will now transport myself to the end of the campaign, to the point where I left off in the private Journal I wrote of this affair." The interview

at Pilnetz, between the King of Prussia and the Emperor, took place on the 27th August, 1791.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX

Page 153, note 1.—John Rodolph Bischoffswerder, a native of Saxony in the service of Prussia. He had a great influence with Frederick William II, and favoured the Austrian alliance (1737–1803).

Page 153, note 2.—Count Serge Petrovitch Roumiantzof, son of the field-marshal.

Page 153, note 3.—Count John Gabriel Oxenstierna (1732–1818). He was a descendant of the chancellor, and was afterwards ambassador in Portugal (1792) and Minister for Foreign Affairs (1793).

Page 153, note 4.—Baron François de Roll of Emmenholtz, born at Soleure in 1743, brigadier-general in 1788. He was the Comte d'Artois's agent.

Page 153, note 5.—Comte Valentin Ladislas (1740–1806), colonel of the hussar regiment bearing his name (1764), brigadier-general (1780). He left some memoirs, which were edited by E. Daudet (Paris, 1905). His mission to Petersburg is described in Chap. X. The same editor published some *Nouvelles Lettres*, 1792–1795 (Paris, 1909) also concerned with this mission.

Page 153, note 6.—Jean François de Pérusse, successively Chevalier, Baron (1782), Comte (1815), and Duc (1816), des Cars (1747–1822), and brigadier-general in 1788. After the death of Gustavus III, he was sent to Berlin. He was promoted lieut.-general in 1814 and became first *maître d'hôtel* to the King on the death of his eldest brother in 1815. He wrote some memoirs (Paris, 1890), which ceased with the end of his mission in Sweden.

Page 154, note 7.—Louis Auguste de Tonnelier, Baron de Breteuil (1733–1807). He soon afterwards retired (1792). Returned to France in 1802.

Page 154, note 8.—Victor Louis Charles de Riquet, Comte, Marquis, and then Duc de Caraman (1762–1839). His mission to the Prussian army was very secret: he was given the rank of major. He returned to France in 1801, and was arrested, and afterwards kept under surveillance. Louis XVIII made him Prussian minister (1814), and ambassador in Vienna (1816–1828). He became a peer in 1815, and a lieut.-general in 1820, and at the age of seventy-two took part in the siege of Constantinople as a volunteer. He left some fragmentary memoirs, quoted below.

Page 154, note 9.—Feuillet de Conches, in *Louis XVI*, vol. IV, p. 318, quotes a letter from Nassau to Catherine II (17th December, 1791), deploring this rivalry, but upholding Calonne.

Page 156, note 10.—On the subject of this famous general, Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Lunebourg (1735–1806) we advise the reader to consult *La Première Invasion prussienne*, pp. 121–128, by A. CHUQUET.

Page 157, note 11.—The manifesto was dated 25th July, 1792, at Coblenz, and was the work of the *émigrés* Limon and Mallet du Pan.

Page 158, note 12.—Nassau to Catherine II, 3rd September, 1792. FEUILLET DE CONCHES'S *Louis XVI*, vol. VI, p. 329.

Page 158, note 13.—Louis Aloys Joachim, Prince of Hohenlohe-Kirchberg (1765–1829). He was colonel of the light-horse of Linange (Palatinate), 1784; then in the Austrian service, and later in that of France, in which he became a field-marshal.

Page 158, note 14.—Frederick Louis, Prince of Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen (1746–1818), who was defeated at Jena.

Page 158, note 15.—19th August, 1792, between Luckner's advanced guard and that of Hohenlohe. Cf. A. CHUQUET, *La Première Invasion prussienne*, Chap. IV. The first engagement really took place on the 11th at Sierck.

Page 159, note 16.—Tiercelet was pillaged on the day after the King's departure, as well as Brehain-la-Ville, and other places suffered the same fate afterwards.

Page 159, note 17.—Charles Frederick (1738–1811), Grand Duke in 1806.

Page 163, note 18.—It was really the 26th, and his reception seems to have been cold (A. CHUQUET, *La Première Invasion prussienne*, p. 287).

Page 164, note 19.—Charles-Eugène-Gabriel de la Croix, Marquis de Castries (1727–1801), Minister of Marine in 1780, and field-marshal in 1783.

Page 164, note 20.—Michel-Jean-Ignace, Comte Wallis (1732–1798), field-marshal, 1789.

Page 164, note 21.—Victor-François, Duc de Broglie (1718–1804). Was a lieut.-general in 1748, prince of the Empire, 1759, field-marshal, 1760, Minister of War, 1789. After Condé's campaigns he served in the English army, then in the Russian.

Page 165, note 22.—Capitulation 2nd September, 1792.

Page 166, note 23.—The Marquis and Marquise de Fouquet lived near Verdun, in the Château de la Malgrange, where the King of Prussia was then staying.

Page 166, note 24.—Baron Félix Louis de Wimpffen. Born in the principality of Les Deux-Ponts in 1744, lieutenant in the regiment of that name (1757), brigadier-general in 1788, afterwards a general in the army of the Girondins. The Empire restored his rank; he died in 1814 (cf. CHUQUET, *Campagne de l'Argonne*, p. 502).

Page 166, note 25.—Two 4-pounders, served by officers of the

Colonial Artillery. They killed no one. One of the *émigrés* called this siege "a hoax" (CHUQUET, *loc. cit.*, p. 505, *et seq.*).

Page 167, note 26.—Christian-Augustus (1744–1798). He was in the service of Austria.

Page 168, note 27.—The nobles of a particular province, in many cases, banded themselves into a corps, and these were called "provincial coalitions" (*Translator*).

Page 169, note 28.—Was this Léonor-Maximilien de Bellegarde, brigadier-general in 1788?

Page 170, note 29.—Girolamo Lucchesini, a native of Lucca, and a diplomatist in the service of Prussia (1752–1825). He was Bischoffswerder's brother-in-law, but was hostile to Austria and opposed to the invasion of France.

Page 171, note 30.—In the Ardennes: *arrondissement* of Vouziers.

Page 171, note 31.—La-Croix-aux-Bois, one of the defiles of the Argonne, between Vouziers and Montmédy.

Page 172, note 32.—15th September. It was the Prussian general Massenbach—on returning from the French camp, where he had not seen Dumouriez—who gave the information to Brunswick. The latter proceeded to the outposts, acting, no doubt, on Damas's warning.

Page 173, note 33.—Chazot's division, after being repulsed at La-Croix-aux-Bois, marched to join Dumouriez, but encountered the Prussian cavalry near Montcheutin, was seized with panic, and allowed (according to CHUQUET in the *Campagne de l'Argonne*, p. 139) 283 prisoners and 4 guns to fall into the enemy's hands, in addition to the 80 men of the Saint-Juvin detachment.

Page 173, note 34.—Albert-Louis, Comte de Pouilly and de Roussy, promoted to brigadier-general in 1784. He was the father of the famous Emmanuel de Pouilly-Mensdorff, who accompanied him to the Prussian headquarters and afterwards became a general in the Austrian army.

Page 175, note 35.—Massiges.

Page 176, note 36.—Nassau-Siegen, who figures earlier in this volume.

Page 176, note 37.—Marquis Henri-Charles-Joseph de Lambert, born in the Château d'Ancey near Pontorson (1738), brigadier-general (1780), and commissary of the Comte de Provence.

Page 176, note 38. The inn of Sommetourbe. There is a picturesque account of the bivouac by A. CHUQUET (*op. cit.*, p. 179).

Page 177, note 39.—The building at La Lune was an isolated inn, beside the high-road from Sainte Menehould to Châlons.

Page 177, note 40.—This body of troops, which was sent by Kellermann and commanded by the Comte de Valence, possibly saved, by its resistance, the army that was in the act of forming into battle order.

Page 177, note 41.—The words are transposed: it was the *left* of the French that extended across the plain: their right was on the hill of Yvron.

Page 177, note 42.—There were only 36,000, against 34,000 Prussians.

Page 178, note 43.—Nassau, in the fragment of his memoirs published by Feuillet de Conches (*Louis XVI*, vol. VI, p. 355), gives his full answer, which is very accurately epitomised here.

Page 178, note 44.—Von Grüber, quartermaster-general.

Page 179, note 45.—George-Frederick von Tempelhof (1737–1807), died a lieutenant-general.

Page 179, note 46.—This was not the famous shout raised by Kellermann's army three hours earlier, but the shout with which they responded, after 4 o'clock, to the Prussians' attempt to carry their troops beyond the Paris and Châlons road, near La Lune.

Page 180, note 47.—The Comte de Caraman says he went into the room in the night and found the duke "sitting by the fire with a nightcap on his head, in the attitude of a man lost in reflection." Apparently Brunswick pleaded the disproportionate numbers, and the deceptive account he had received of the disposition of the inhabitants (*Revue contemporaine*, 15th November, 1853).

Page 181, note 48.—This passage on the retreat of the French does not agree with Kellermann's account (cf. A. Chuquet, *op. cit.*, p. 225). He declares that the French left their camp in the night, leaving their fires alight and some troops to bury the dead and remove the wounded.

Page 182, note 49.—This must be intended for Henri Christian Stengel, colonel of the 1st Hussars (ex-Bercheny), born at Neustadt in the Palatinate, 1744, killed at Mondovi, 1796. He was promoted brigadier-general 13th September, 1792. Stengel was suspected of "*fayettism*," but this admirable leader of the advanced guard, the ablest soldier under Dumouriez, who praises him enthusiastically (as did Bonaparte later on, cf. Chuquet, *Campagne de l'Argonne*, p. 63, note), could not possibly have given the information referred to below, except as a ruse.

Page 183, note 50.—Nassau records the same incident (Feuillet de Conches, *Louis XVI*, vol. VI, p. 358), but does not name the officer. This is the only attempt at recruiting by the *émigrés* of which we hear, and this was fruitless (A. Chuquet, *op. cit.*, p. 216).

Page 183, note 51.—Henri-Maximilien Montjoye, adjutant-general and lieutenant-colonel (3rd September, 1792), but not aide-de-camp. The old general was perhaps Duval.

Page 183, note 52.—Jean-Thérèse-Louis de Beaumont, Marquis d'Autichamp (1738–1831); Colonel in the Seven Years' War; Condé's equerry. After the Champagne campaign he took part in the rising

at Lyons. Later on he entered the Russian service. Lieutenant-general in 1815. His son Charles fought in Vendée.

Page 185, note 53.—Dumouriez had only promised to grant an interview: as for the words by which both Manstein and Brunswick were taken in, the proclamation of the Republic gave him an excuse for recalling them (Chuquet, *Campagne de l'Argonne*, p. 351 *et seq.*).

Page 186, note 54.—The retreat began on the 30th September.

Page 186, note 55.—Possibly a favourite himself. He fought in Poland and Persia.

Page 189, note 56.—Langeron explained the fact that he wrote no memoirs on this melancholy campaign by saying: "The best thing to do is to forget it, if possible."

NOTES TO CHAPTER X

Page 191, note 1.—François Nicolas René (1759–1822). He was the duke's first cousin, and had succeeded him as colonel of the *Dragons d'Artois* (1782), and afterwards as the Comte d'Artois's captain of the guards (1791). He was entrusted with secret missions to Paris, Russia, and Sweden. Became lieutenant-general in 1814.

Page 191, note 2.—Louis François Marc Hilaire de Conziá (1732–1804) became Bishop of Arras in 1769. As a negotiator he was a failure: he was thought, says Langeron, "to look and speak too much like a grenadier," a comparison that is also made by the Duc de Lévis (*Souvenirs et portraits*, p. 204), who is very hard on him: "He did nothing but harm," he says, "to his party." According to Langeron (*Mémoires inédits*) and the Comte de Vauban (*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la guerre de Vendée*, p. 9), the impression made by his companions was no better.

Page 193, note 3.—Vassili Ivanovitch Levachof (1740–1804). Aide-de-camp to the Empress, 1777, governor of Finland, 1789, commander-in-chief, 1797.

Page 193, note 4.—Plato Zoubof (1767–1822). Afterwards one of Paul I's murderers.

Page 193, note 5.—This interview took place on the 24th March, 1793. Esterhazy (*Mémoires*, p. 350) describes it, as do also Langeron and Vauban. Cf. Pingaud, *Les Français en Russie*, p. 183.

Page 194, note 6.—The frigate *Venus*, taken from the Swedes, and the cutter *Mercury*, bought in England, two of the finest vessels of the fleet. The Comte d'Artois sailed in the former with General Korsakof: Comte Roger seems to have been in command of the other. Vauban gives a very detailed account of the whole voyage; and it is remarkable that, though he often refers to Comte Roger, the latter

does not allude to him once, even in connection with the visit to Copenhagen, when Vauban declares he was present.

Page 195, note 7.—On it was the inscription: "Given by God for the King," and an exhortation to be, on this occasion, "a good and valorous partisan."

Page 196, note 8.—Baron de Krüdener.

Page 196, note 9.—Andrew Peter, Count Bernstorff (1735–1797). The King was Christian VII (1766–1808), and his mind was much impaired.

Page 199, note 10.—François Henri, duc d'Harcourt (1726–1802), lieutenant-general 1762; governor to the Dauphin 1786; emigrated 1790.

Page 199, note 11.—Count Simon Woronzof (1744–1832).

Page 200, note 12.—The letter from La Rochejaquelein and the other Vendean leaders of the Comte d'Artois is dated 18th August, 1793.

Page 200, note 13.—Vauban, who declares he spoke to the same effect himself, says of Comte Roger, "that he was full of good feeling and courage, and spoke several times to M. le comte d'Artois with frankness and energy. He was the only person who opposed the return to Hamm . . ." (p. 40). Here again Comte Roger appears to know nothing of Vauban.

Page 201, note 14.—Where he spent the whole summer of 1794, in a very precarious situation.

Page 203, note 15.—28th July, 1793.

Page 204, note 16.—Francis Rawdon, Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings (1754–1829), one of the most sincere friends of the *émigrés*.

Page 204, note 17.—Sir John Doyle (1750–1834), served as an officer in the American War, and afterwards entered parliament. Later on he served in Egypt, and then became Governor of Guernsey.

Page 206, note 18.—Frederick, Duke of York (1763–1827), second son of George III.

Page 207, note 19.—Bernardin (1764–1796), younger brother of Comte Armand (1762–1796). They were both sons of Duc Armand (1736–1822). The Comte (ex-colonel of the Nivernais Regiment), and his brother, were both captured in an audacious enterprise near Saint-Brieuc, and shot.

Page 207, note 20.—Nevertheless a *Damas Legion* figured among the French corps in the English army: the Legion of Comte Étienne de Damas-Crux. It perished at Quiberon (Bittard des Portes, *Les émigrés à cocarde noire*).

Page 208, note 21.—Perhaps rather a premature allusion to the execution of the Duc and Duchesse du Châtelet (13th December, 1793, and 22nd April, 1794).

Page 208, note 22.—More commonly called the Battle of Wattignies (14th–16th October, 1793).

Page 208, note 23.—While the French under Jourdan numbered 50,000, the Austrian army, which was scattered in detachments, was composed of only 18,000 men.

Page 208, note 24.—Henri Joseph Jean, Comte de Bellegarde (1756–1846), was a native of Savoy, served in the army of Saxony and then in that of Austria; was field-marshal in 1806, and governor of Venetian Lombardy in 1814.

Page 209, note 25.—"With indescribable fury," says Langeron—who was also present—of the attack by the French at Wattignies (*Mémoires sur les guerres de la première coalition, L'Invasion austro-prussienne, 1792–1794*, published by L. Pingaud, p. 28).

Page 209, note 26.—Charles Joseph, Count Hadik of Futak (1756–1800), son of the field-marshal, an officer in his father's regiment of hussars, a volunteer in the Turkish War, major-general 1794, *Feld-maréchal-lieutenant* 1796.

Page 209, note 27.—Langeron says exactly the same, *loc. cit.*, p. 29.

Page 210, note 28.—Henry Edward Fox, nephew of the famous orator (1755–1811).

Page 210, note 29.—No doubt the illustrious Charles Cornwallis (1738–1805), who was defeated at Yorktown and vanquished Tippoo Sahib. He had just been entrusted, on returning from India, with a mission in Austria.

Page 211, note 30.—26th June, 1794.

Page 211, note 31.—Christian Augustus (1744–1798).

Page 211, note 32.—The figures are slightly exaggerated : there were 70,000 Austrians and 80,000 Frenchmen.

Page 212, note 33.—Count Kaunitz, *Feld-maréchal-lieutenant.* Championnet was his opponent.

Page 212, note 34.—Charles Eugène, Prince of Lambesc, known as Prince of Lorraine (1751–1825). Brigadier-general 1788; emigrated after the storming of the Tuileries; Austrian major-general in 1791.

Page 213, note 35.—The French cavalry, under General Dubois, took some of Kaunitz's artillery for a time.

Page 213, note 36.—Langeron uses the same expression (*Mémoires sur les guerres de la première coalition*, p. 78).

Page 213, note 37.—Langeron is a notable witness to this fact.

Page 218, note 38.—Mme. de La Borde (*née* Nettine) was the widow of the King's celebrated banker, Jean Joseph de La Borde, Marquis de Méréville, who had just been guillotined (April 1794). Her daughter, Nathalie Luce Léontine Joséphine, had married, in 1790, Arthur de Noailles, Duc de Mouchy, Prince de Poix.

Page 218, note 39.—Daughter of M. de Robien, *procureur-syndic* of the nobles of Brittany.

Page 218, note 40.—The Vicomte André Boniface Louis de Mirabeau, *Mirabeau-Tonneau*, brother of the orator (1754–1792). His Legion

is described by T. Muret: It "combines every kind of corps: grenadiers, hussars, riflemen, *uhlans*. It contains some companies of volunteer nobles. . . . Most of the other companies are composed of non-commissioned officers and privates who have followed their leaders. To these are added some republican deserters, some young men who escaped the *réquisition*, and a considerable number of Alsatians. . . ." The uniform was black, with sky-blue facings and collar. At that time it was commanded by the Marquis de la Féronière (*Histoire de l'armée de Condé*, vol. I, p. 91 *et seq.*).

Page 220, note 41.—The deed of conveyance was signed at Lausanne on the 8th May, 1795, and appears in the Appendix.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI

Page 223, note 1.—R. Bittard des Portes (*Histoire de l'armée de Condé*, pp. 214–215) speaks of Damas's acquisition of the legion, and says that in Russia he "had amazed the bravest by his mad intrepidity," but appeared too much of a soldier to his new subordinates. Several officers wished to leave the corps, but were resolutely opposed in this by the Marquis de Bouthillier, while Damas offered "to give satisfaction, as from one gentleman to another, to any one who desired it." "The undoubted military talents of M. de Damas," adds this author, "could not fail to make him quickly esteemed and loved by all."

Page 223, note 2.—Muret (vol. I, p. 338) mentions the duel with M. du Chaffault, and also shows how soon the Comte's character put an end to all discontent. One jest that the malcontents had indulged in was to say that the *Mirabeaux* were now *degraded*.

Page 223, note 3.—Dagobert Sigismund (1724–1797); an Alsatian noble. He fought Bonaparte in Italy.

Page 224, note 4.—At the end of May. The army was then at Riegel.

Page 225, note 5.—Louis XVIII parted from the army on the 14th July, and went to Blankenburg in Brunswick. The attempt on his life took place during the journey, at Dillingen on the Danube, on the 19th July. Cf. E. Daudet, *Histoire de l'Émigration*, vol. II, p. 161.

Page 226, note 6.—This was the famous crossing of the Rhine by the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, 6th Messidor, year IV.

Page 227, note 7.—Comte Eugène Eustache de Béthisy (1739–1823) was promoted brigadier-general in 1781. After Condé's campaigns he entered the Austrian service, and became lieutenant-general in 1814. His brother and son also served in Condé's army.

Page 227, note 8.—The Marquis de Thumery, brigadier-general in 1788.

Page 227, note 9.—Meanwhile some skirmishes had taken place near Kinsingen, and the legion had behaved very well. The Austrians accused the Condéens of not fighting energetically enough. See the Duc d'Enghien's letter to the Prince de Condé (8th July, 1796) in Crétineau-Joly's *Histoire des trois derniers princes de la maison de Condé*, vol. II, p. 145.

Page 228, note 10.—Pierre Marie Barthélemy (1747–1816), an Italian by birth, lieutenant-general since August 1793. He treated the *émigrés* magnanimously.

Page 228, note 11.—It is well known that the Battle of Oberkamlach was fought to save the honour of the Condéens, in consequence of the Austrians' unjust accusations. See the note above; and cf. MURET, vol. I, p. 228; the Marquis COSTA DE BEAUREGARD, *Souvenirs tirés des papiers du Comte de la Ferronnays*, p. 43; PUYMAIGRE, *Souvenirs*, p. 50, etc. Even the republicans knew the reason: DEDON, *Précis historique des campagnes de l'armée de Rhin-et-Moselle pendant l'an IV et l'an V*, p. 114 *et seq.* These three authors, and Bittard des Portes (*op. cit.*, Chap. XVII), describe this battle, which seems to have been even more confused than appears here. It took place on the 13th August, 1796.

Page 228, note 12.—Kamlach is the name of the river. There were two villages, less than a kilometre apart: Oberkamlach and Unterkamlach. The valley is half a league wide, and lies between wooded hills. On one of these were the Condéens, who wished to drive the republicans back to the other.

Page 229, note 13.—The author means privates. These are Muret's figures: gentlemen, 94 killed and 446 wounded (of whom about 40 died afterwards): paid troops, 67 killed and 113 wounded: altogether 720, and 25 prisoners. Dedon, however, states that "572 *émigrés*, including 50 knights of St. Louis and 18 officers of high rank, were buried on the field of battle." The republican troops that Damas praised were, especially, the 3rd half-brigade of light-infantry and the 89th regiment of the line. The Duc d'Enghien says of them in his letter, already quoted, of the 16th August: "They are not our men of '93, they are gods." On the other hand, General Abbatucci, who was in command of the French, apparently wrote to the duke in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Dedon says in his *Précis:* "It was a very hot engagement, and for a long time the issue was uncertain."

Page 229, note 14.—The heroic conduct of Louis Poilloue de Bierville is well known.

Page 230, note 15.—The Duc d'Enghien wrote to the Prince de Condé: "Roger de Damas's horse was killed by four bullets at once: Charles de Damas's received one bullet in his eye and one in his crupper: neither of the men themselves had a scratch" (16th August, 1796).

Page 230, note 16.—It is said that the order was repeated three times, but that the fury of the battle was such that none but a written order was obeyed.

Page 230, note 17.—The battle of Oberkamlach did great credit to the Comte de Damas, and to "his rapid and intelligent decision in the midst of danger" (BITTARD DES PORTES, *op. cit.*, p. 281). From this moment, Muret thinks, complete harmony reigned between the colonel and his corps (vol. I, p. 338). Enghien said of them all: "As for my column, no one else could possibly fight like those brave Mirabeaux."

Page 231, note 18.—Maximilien Baillet de la Tour (1737–1806).

Page 231, note 19.—The Battles of Amberg, Würtzburg, and Altenkirchen.

Page 233, note 20.—This was the Battle of Biberach, 30th September—2nd October, 1796. In this account there is no distinction made between the fight of the 30th, when the *Légion Damas* and the Hohenlohe regiment carried three posts near Schussenried, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded, and the battle of the 2nd, when Condé's army covered La Tour's retreat.

Page 234, note 21.—Prince Louis of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein and Prince Charles of Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst commanded two regiments that were made into one.

Page 234, note 22.—Muret gives a list of them (vol. I, p. 374); and so does Ecquevilly (vol. II, p. 130).

Page 235, note 23.—The Comte returns to this subject in his account of his visit to Vienna, and, this time, blames the archduke's indecision.

Page 235, note 24.—18th October, 1796. The abbey is usually known as St. Peter's. It is to the north of the Hollgraben valley. The heights are opposite to the valley of St. Mergen.

Page 235, note 25.—When Turenne and Condé, after defeating Mercy's Bavarians at Freiburg, tried to cut off their retreat by reaching St. Peter's Abbey before them, the enemy escaped by the heights, leaving all their baggage behind.

Page 235, note 26.—Four officers and 17 men killed, 5 officers and 25 men wounded (ECQUEVILLY, vol. II, p. 151).

Page 237, note 27.—Battle of Schliengen, 24th October.

Page 238, note 28.—Jean Charles (1770–1796). Pupil at the Military School, 1788; adjutant-general and major-general, 1794; lieutenant-general, 1796.

Page 239, note 29.—It was defended by Desaix and Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, and surrendered on the 9th January. The Austrians had lost 12,000 men.

Page 240, note 30.—He crossed on the 1st Floréal, year V (20th April, 1797).

Page 241, note 31.—The account of Condé's campaigns, therefore, was written *after* the chapters that follow.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII

Page 242, note 1.—The exact title is *Politique de tous les cabinets de l'Europe pendant les règnes de Louis XV et de Louis XVI*, Paris, 1793, 2 vols., in-8° (2nd edition, 1802). The author, Jean Louis Favier (1720–1784, had been employed in the diplomatic service, chiefly in the *Secret du Roi*. It is in the second volume that he deals with Naples (p. 188–200). He foresaw that after the death of Charles III of Spain the Austrian influence would triumph in Naples, and he thought France should make every effort to counteract it.

Page 242, note 2.—Bernardo Tanucci, a Tuscan (1698–1783), was a minister who carried out many reforms under Charles de Bourbon and Ferdinand IV, who dismissed him in 1776.

Page 243, note 3.—Tanucci was succeeded by the Marquis della Sambuca, a worthless creature, truly; but the Marquis Caracciolo, who distinguished himself as an economist while viceroy of Sicily, had shown both energy and talent.

Page 243, note 4.—Sir John Francis Edward Acton was born at Besançon, 1736, and died at Palermo, 1811. He was first an officer in the French navy, then at the head of the Tuscan navy, and in 1779 entered that of Naples. He soon became a member of the Council, and was successively Minister of Marine, Minister of War, and, on the death of Caracciolo, head of the Ministry. His constant policy was to detach Naples from France and Spain, and make her subservient to England. Whatever Comte Roger may say, it appears he was really a member of the well-known family of Acton, but his father, Edward, had set up as a doctor in Besançon, where he had a riding-school that attracted his compatriots to that town. Sir John's mother was Catherine Louïs, daughter of the chief *greffier* of the Cour des Comptes of Franche-Comté.

Page 244, note 5.—Marie Caroline was born in 1752 and married in 1768.

Page 244, note 6.—This accusation is often repeated (notably in the *Biographie Michaud*), and it is true that the name of his brother Joseph—who also became a Neapolitan general when he left the French army at the time of the Emigration—appears in the register of baptism as Hecton. This was probably, however, an attempt to reproduce the pronunciation. John Acton's succession, in 1791, to the title of his cousin, Sir Richard Acton, was perfectly regular.

Page 246, note 7.—Rodolph Antoine Hubert de Salis-Marchlius (1732–1807) was Swiss, a native of the Grisons, and a brigadier-

general (1780) in the French army. Among the officers he brought with him were Emmanuel Burckhardt, of Bâle, who entered the Neapolitan service, the French Colonel de Pommereul, who reorganised the artillery, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Gambs and his son. Eblé, the future general, and Augereau, the future marshal, were respectively second-lieutenant and sergeant. Salis arrived in October 1787—to be accurate—and returned to his own country in 1790.

Page 247, note 8.—Joseph von Zehenter (1733–1812), a Hungarian; *Feld-maréchal-lieutenant* in 1790; inspector-general of the Neapolitan army from January 1793 to September 1794.

Page 247, note 9.—Charles Mack of Leiberich (1752–1828), who was defeated at Ulm.

Page 249, note 10.—The Peace of Paris, 10th October, 1796.

Page 249, note 11.—The Treaty of Campo Formio was not signed till 17th October, 1797, a year later.

Page 250, note 12.—"Two years before this," wrote Chastellux to Louis XVIII (16th October, 1798), "M. Acton had told me that His Majesty was begging his services of the Emperor. . . ." The quotations from Chastellux and Vernègues are taken from the *Aff. Étr., Fonds Bourbon, Suppl. 6.*

Page 250, note 13.—Francis Maria, Baron Thugut, who replaced Kaunitz as Chancellor in 1794.

Page 251, note 14.—Now Cassino, at the foot of Monte Cassino.

Page 251, note 15.—The announcement of the army's departure appears in the order of the day of 18th September, 1797.

Page 251, note 16.—The future marshal. The French entered Rome 15th February, 1798; Pius VI was arrested on the 25th February. Milan, it may be observed, was in the hands of the French.

Page 252, note 17.—At the end of the year the Comte de Chastellux, Louis XVIII's agent in Naples, wrote: "The services of the French have not been accepted. . . . I asked, as a favour, that my son might be made a supernumerary aide-de-camp to General Mack . . .; my request was refused" (5th November, 1798).

Page 252, note 18.—André Iaovlevitch, born 1743, secretary of legation 1781, ambassador at Naples 1796.

Page 253, note 19.—Joseph, born 1766, son of Xavier Francis Augustus, second son of the Elector Augustus III, King of Poland. He was cousin german to Ferdinand IV and Louis XVI. He had been a colonel in the service of Catherine II, who dismissed him for quarrelling with Prince Chtcherbatof, "a mere child," Saxe himself being "a great lanky fellow . . . who was beginning to be more popular here with the women than with the men" (Catherine II to Grimm, 12th June, 1795). Saxe entered the Neapolitan army in 1795 as a major-general, and left it soon after his promotion to lieutenant-general (10th October, 1799). He was killed in a duel with Prince

Chtcherbatof in 1802. The Chevalier de Cussy says of him: "He was an agreeable and remarkably handsome man, famous all the world over for his amorous adventures, his charm, and his numerous sword-fights" (*Souvenirs*, Paris, 1909, vol. I, p. 356). A very inaccurate account of the death of "this gallant and courageous young man" is given in the *Diario napoletano dal 1798 al 1825* (vol. II, p. 123), which says that Damas was his second. "Beloved in his own country and adored by our soldiers," says the Queen of him, in connection with the expulsion of his murderer, who went to Naples a few years later (16th May, 1805. M. H. Weil, *Correspondance inédite de Marie Caroline avec le marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, p. 587). At the time of his death she praised him even more enthusiastically: "This perverse and selfish century has ceased to produce such men as he, such souls as his. I regret him unspeakably, and shall never forget him as long as I live" (to the Comte d'Antraigues, 8th July, 1802, Boulay de la Meurthe's *Revue hist. diplom.*, 1888).

Page 253, note 20.—Prince Louis of Hesse-Philippsthal (1766–1816) was the son of the Landgrave William II of Hesse-Philippsthal, and was a lieutenant-general in the Neapolitan service. His wife, whom the Comte H. d'Espinchal calls a "handsome and majestic German countess," was Maria Frederica, Countess Berghe of Trips, born 1771, married 1791, died 1805. Her sister had married Marshal Acton, the minister's brother.

Page 254, note 21.—Ferdinand's *dispaccio*, dated from the camp of San Germano, 8th November, 1798, made Damas a brigadier-general. His pay, on active service, was 288 ducats a month, and in garrison 149 ducats. The ducat was worth 4 fr. 25 in 1806.

Page 254, note 22.—Baron Mœtsch, a Prussian brigadier. Apparently he came to Naples with Salis. In the field he showed himself incapable. "There is no doubt," Vernègues declares, "that he was won over by the other side." He was imprisoned in '99 on suspicion of republicanism, and was afterwards banished.

Page 254, note 23.—We leave this name as Damas always wrote it. It should be Burckhardt. Emmanuel Burckhardt came of an old family in Bâle (1744–1820). He entered the French army, in which his father was serving, at the age of 10. Though he fought in the Seven Years' War he was only a captain in 1787. He went to Naples with Salis, and was successively instructor, brigadier (1797), and lieutenant-general (1800). He was in command of all the Sicilian forces from 1802 to 1815, and at the Restoration (1815) became commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan troops. Jomini had a high opinion of his tactics. His Life was written by D'Ayala, in his *Vite de' più celebri capitani e soldati italiani* (Naples, 1843); and by T. Burckhardt-Bidermann, in the *Basler Jahrbuch* (1883).

Page 254, note 24.—Antonio Alberto Micheroux, brother of the

diplomatist Antonio. They were of Flemish extraction, and served in the Walloon regiment in the Neapolitan army.

Page 254, note 25.—Della Salandra, lieutenant-general 16th November, 1798.

Page 256, note 26.—22nd November, 1798.

Page 256, note 27.—A tributary of the Liris.

Page 257, note 28.—Mack is severely blamed for his want of foresight by the most complete historian of this campaign, Marulli. *Ragguagli storici sul regno delle Due Sicilie dal 1789 al 1815* (Naples, 1845, 3 vols. Vol. I, p. 154).

Page 257, note 29.—Under Major Walter, whom the Neapolitans in vain summoned to surrender. This was on the 28th November, 1798: the King entered the city on the following day.

Page 257, note 30.—I cannot refrain from mentioning an irrelevant detail that will give some idea of the men with whom I had to do. My chief, Lieutenant-General the Duc de la Salandre, Chevalier des Ordres du Roi, a man of sixty, asked me, as we rode into Rome by the road that leads from the Gate of St. John Lateran to the Gate of the Corso, what was the name of the old building under which we were passing—the one that had so many more windows than was usual. I was obliged to introduce him to the Coliseum—he had never been to Rome. It may be imagined how much use his experience was likely to be to me (*Note by the Author*).

Page 258, note 31.—Emmanuel Burckhardt. The Marquis del Vasto was appointed governor, with a council of Roman nobles.

Page 258, note 32.—The scene of these operations and of Damas's retreat is one of the most picturesque parts of Latium, between the middle Tiber, the Soracte, and the lakes of Bracciano and Bolsena—the Maremma. It is very rough and hilly, is intersected by a number of streams, tributaries of the Tiber, and its massive rocks are of volcanic origin. Civita Castellana is entirely surrounded by ravines, one of which is 39 metres in depth. The bridge was there before this date. The castle replaced that of Falerii, of which the considerable ruins still stand in the neighbouring plain, and bear the old name. We have verified all these places on a splendid map, drawn and painted by hand, which belonged to General Bonnamy, Championnet's Chief of the Staff (communicated by Comte Élie de Froidefond des Farges). The best maps to consult for this period are those of Cassini and Ricci-Zannoni.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIII

Page 259, note 1.—On the 3rd December.

Page 259, note 2.—Falerii, the capital of the Falisci.

Page 259, note 3.—The Sabine Hills.

Page 259, note 4.—Macdonald, the future marshal, spoke of the Neapolitans with great contempt in his *Souvenirs;* Kellermann (Francois-Étienne, 1770–1835) was a son of the marshal of that name; Rey (Antoine-Gabriel-Vénance, 1768–1836).

Page 261, note 5.—Saxe had been surprised, on leaving the woods of Falerii, by the Polish and Roman legions, which contained a good many Neapolitans, including Prince Pignatelli-Strongoli, who commanded them. Cusani, Saxe's second-in-command, was unable to rally the troops.

Page 261, note 6.—Prince de la Trémoïlle, the title borne by the younger sons of the Ducs de la Trémoïlle. This must be Prince Louis (1768–1837).

Page 263, note 7.—*Brigadier* in modern French is a corporal. In Damas's day the word was applied to a rank above that of colonel, but not quite answering to brigadier-general (*Translator's note*).

Page 264, note 8.—It was on the 9th that Metch capitulated, having been surrounded by Maurice Mathieu's troops at Calvi; the King left Rome on the 10th.

Page 264, note 9.—Prince Pignatelli-Strongoli, in *L'Aperçu historique complémentaire du mémoire du General Bonnamy* (Berne, year VIII), which was reproduced in *La Rivoluzione napoletana del 1799 illustrata* (Naples, 1899), says that Mack's first order to Damas was intercepted by Manthoné, an officer who became a minister in the Parthenopean Republic. There were other treacherous "patriots." Colletta declares that Mack's aide-de-camp, Orazio Massa, and this same Gabriele Manthoné, suppressed orders they should have delivered (*Storia del reame di Napoli*, pub. Manfroni, vol. I, p. 249). Gaetano Rodino, in his *Racconti Storici* to his children, boasts of throwing away the flag he was carrying.

Page 264, note 10.—Kellermann.

Page 265, note 11.—Cusani. Altogether Damas had 6000 or 7000 men, and 8 guns.

Page 265, note 12.—Roger de Damas deserved the greatest credit for this retreat. All the Italian historians, who are usually very hard on foreign generals, do him honour: Colletta, *Storia del R. di N.*, vol. III, 36; Botta, *Histoire d'Italie*, vol. III, p. 327; Marulli, *Ragguagli*, vol. I, p. 172, *et seq.:* "Having exposed the disgrace of our troops I must be equally sincere in praising them." "M. de Damas behaved very well" (Vernègues).

Page 265, note 13.—Comte Auguste-Louis de Talleyrand, son of Louis XVI's ambassador in Naples, remained in Italy when the Revolution broke out, and became Napoleon's chamberlain and his minister in Switzerland, where Louis XVIII also employed him (1770–1832). He and one of his brothers were "incorporated" as majors

in the King's cavalry regiment: the other brother served as a volunteer.

Page 266, note 14.—This is doubtless Brigadier-General Emanuele Parisi, quartermaster-general.

Page 266, note 15.—*Brigadier* Barone.

Page 266, note 16.—This corps, which was sent from Frascati under Brigadier-General Diego Pignatelli, fell into an ambuscade near the Gate of St. John Lateran. Its leader was wounded, and taken prisoner with 200 men.

Page 266, note 17.—Bonnamy, who was chief of the staff of the Armée de Naples, and wrote a *Coup d'œil rapide sur les opérations de la campagne de Naples* (Paris, year VIII), describes his meeting with Damas (p. 33), but not the attempt of which the latter accuses him. "I met Brigadier Damas," he says, "and asked him his intentions. 'I intend to get leave for my troops to pass,' he said, 'or make a way for them at the point of the bayonet.' I pointed out that his first suggestion was ridiculous, and that the soldiers of the Republic would make him regret the insolence of the second: at the same time I ordered him to lay down his arms. 'When one has cartridges and 7000 men,' he replied, 'one does not lay down one's arms.' 'Very well, monsieur,' I said, 'we will fight.' He asked for six hours to think the matter over; I gave him one. At that point the commander-in-chief arrived on the scene, and ordered me to attack with the cavalry: but the brigadier had made off." In the Appendix we give Championnet's unpublished report.

Page 268, note 18.—At La Storta, 6 miles from Rome.

Page 268, note 19.—Bonnamy declares (p. 37) that Rey took 8 guns from the Neapolitans.

Page 269, note 20.—On the high-road from Leghorn to Rome by the Maremma.

Page 269, note 21.—The strength of this outpost appears to be underestimated. Marulli describes it as a Calabrian battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mirabelli.

Page 269, note 22.—Marulli (vol. I, p. 176) gives this as the plan contemplated by Damas, even after his wound. He mentions the officer who conveyed and urged the suggestion, which was rejected by Diego Naselli, lieutenant-general in command of the troops at Leghorn.

Page 270, note 23.—Kellermann wrote to Macdonald from Toscanella, 19th December (Archives of War), after marching 30 miles in the hope of surprising the enemy: "I have promised 25 louis to the man who captures Damas."

Page 271, note 24.—19th December. Marulli declares that the commanding-officer of the only battalion of grenadiers, Colonel Milano, Duke of Santo Paolo, was also wounded. He refers enthusiastically

to the "rare courage" of the wounded general, who refused to leave the field till the enemy was in retreat (vol. I, p. 176). Bonnamy says that Damas lost the rest of his artillery in this action, but saved the greater part of his troops (p. 40), and in his report to the Minister of War, dated 23rd December, says: "Genèral Damas, one of the bravest generals in the Neapolitan army, had his jaw shattered" (Archives of the Ministry of War).

Page 271, note 25.—Championnet mentions him in his report to the Directory from Frascati, 22nd December. We give the most important passage: "On the 29th *frimaire* General Kellermann attacked the Neapolitans and insurgents of the district at Montalto: after a very fierce and bloody fight he beat back the enemy, taking 2 guns and 900 prisoners, among whom was General Ferrola. General Damas had his lower jaw shot away. The rest of his column retreated to Orbitello, whither Kellermann did not think he ought to pursue it, thinking it best to go to Viterbo and reduce that rebel town, which is defended by 6000 armed and organised insurgents, with 12 guns."

Page 271, note 26.—Damas's troops were able to embark in peace, with their arms and baggage. The place had no means of resistance (Colletta, vol. III, § 36; Marulli, vol. I, p. 176).

Page 272, note 27.—Micheroux had first defeated General Casabianca at Torre di Palma, near Fermo, but had paused on the march in default of instructions, and the French, having had time to secure reinforcements, surprised him on the 27th November.

Page 272, note 28.—Francesco Pignatelli, Prince of Moliterno, *capitaine-générale*, was appointed Regent by the King, with plenipotentiary powers. He surrendered Capua for fear of the Neapolitan populace, and fled almost at once to Palermo, where he was imprisoned in a fortress.

Page 272, note 29.—Jean-Daniel de Gambs, of Strasburg (1744–1823), was second-lieutenant in the Löwendal Regiment (1757), lieutenant in the Anhalt Regiment (1760), fought in the Seven Years' War, became captain (1772), major in the Bourbonnais Regiment (1777), and lieutenant-colonel of the Auvergne Regiment (1784) during the American War. He went to Naples with Salis. He became brigadier-general in the French army (1791); lieutenant-general in the Neapolitan army (1797); entered the service of the Napoleonic Kings of Naples; in October 1815 was governor of the Hôtel des Invalides in Naples, and inspector-general of the veterans. He remained in the service under the Bourbons.

Page 273, note 30.—12th January, 1799; but not without making an honourable defence, unlike all the other fortified towns, by order of the Regent.

Page 273, note 31.—The two envoys who met so opportunely were

the Prince of Migliano and the Duke of Gesso. The armistice was signed at Sparamisi, 12th January, 1799.

Page 273, note 32.—Nelson's fleet; 23rd December, 1798.

Page 274, note 33.—Thiébault, who was then adjutant-general, describes this singular interview (*Mémoires*, vol. II, p. 362).

Page 274, note 34.—Girolamo Pignatelli di Moliterno, who was proclaimed "the people's general" after the Regent's departure. Lucio Caracciolo, Duke of Roccoromana, was associated with him in the post. Both were colonels: the former had distinguished himself in the campaign against Bonaparte; the latter had just been wounded at Caiazzo. Colletta (vol. III, § 43) describes the procession that was designed to calm the violence of the mob. The two "commandants" were forced to hide: they adhered to the Republic, which Roccoromana deserted in time. He became Murat's captain of the guard. Moliterno, having been sent to Paris on a mission, remained there; and in 1808 was restored to the favour of the Bourbons.

Page 275, note 35.—Diego Naselli, Prince of Aragona, military and political commandant of the Roman States in 1800, Regent of the Kingdom in 1806, at the time of the second French invasion.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIV

Page 276, note 1.—James Craig.

Page 277, note 2.—An allusion to the cruel reprisals of the counter-revolution.

Page 278, note 3.—The famous Emma Lyons (1761–1815).

Page 278, note 4.—Emma's husband, Sir William Hamilton (1730–1803), was ambassador at Naples from 1764 to 1800.

Page 278, note 5.—Ferdinand's second son, born in 1790.

Page 278, note 6.—A ducat=4 fr. 25.

Page 279, note 7.—Fabrizio Ruffo di Bagnara, born at S. Leucio (1744–1847), made cardinal in 1794. Moroni (*Dizionario eccles. enciclop.*, vol. LIX) and von Helfert (*Fabrizio Ruffo*, in German) describe his active and varied career.

Page 279, note 8.—The most famous was "Colonel" Pezza, called Fra Diavolo. The only general was the Calabrian Rodio, who belonged to the lesser nobility.

Page 280, note 9.—On the 13th June, 1799, after a fierce battle at the Bridge of the Maddalena. The Castel del Carmine was taken by storm on the 15th, the Castel Nuovo and Castel del Ovo capitulated on the 27th, and Fort St. Elmo on the 11th July.

Page 281, note 10.—General Spinelli presided over the Junta of Generals, which included Generals de Gambs, Ripa, Burckhardt, de

Bock, and Acton. Colletta—who, it is true, was an ardent patriot—merely says that this tribunal was surpassed in cruelty by the Junta of State. The latter has given notoriety to the names of the judges Guidobaldi, Speciale, La Rossa, Di Fiore, Damiani, and Sambuti.

Page 281, note 11.—Du Luc de Vintimille (Charles-Félix-Réné?) was a cadet at the Military School in Paris (1779–1781), and was to have succeeded his father as proprietary colonel of the Royal Corsican Regiment, and afterwards of the Berry Regiment. He emigrated, joined Prince John of Lichtenstein's light-horse, and was appointed to Prince Charles's staff. He returned to France after Campo-Formio, but left it in Fructidor, and served in Naples as a *brigadier:* he was Burckhardt's chief of the staff in 1798, and Damas's in 1801. He afterwards consented to serve in Joseph Bonaparte's army as a major-general. He died of fever in Calabria, 3rd September, 1806.

Page 282, note 12.—The Prince of Cassaro and Spaccaforno was Minister of Justice before his mission in Naples, and was afterwards Councillor of State (1801). "A dignified, wise man, and accessible to pity as far as the times allowed," says Colletta (*op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 394). The Queen says of him: "He is a firm and honest man, with a reputation for justice, but he is entirely without education, and without any knowledge of the affairs or even of the position of Europe. I can never believe him likely to succeed" (*Correspondance inédite de Marie Caroline avec le Marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, p. 127). The King did not return to Naples till 27th June, 1802.

Page 282, note 13.—The document appointing Comte Roger appears in the Appendix, dated 4th November, 1799. The Queen expressed herself strongly on the difficulties of this task: "Saxe, Damas, and Hesse are being sent to Naples at once, as inspectors. They are honest men, but they will have a great deal of mud to wade through, for all the officers in the army are infamous, without exception" (to Gallo, 13th November, 1799, *Correspondance* already quoted, vol. II, p. 127).

Page 283, note 14.—Giuseppe Zurlo was afterwards Murat's minister (1759–1828). The Queen thought very highly of him at this time: "Here he is a star, an eagle that has no equal" (*Corresp. de M. C. avec le Marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, p. 352).

Page 284, note 15.—See the *Souvenirs* of Hippolyte d'Espinchal, published by F. Masson, vol. I, chaps. III and IV.

Page 284, note 16.—A white palfry carrying a tribute of gold, presented by the King of Naples to the Pope every year as an act of homage. Ferdinand practically dispensed with it.

Page 285, note 17.—There had been one formerly, but the Baron de Salis abolished it.

Page 286, note 18.—Irregular troops that had been raised during

the popular movement of 1799, and were responsible for the eventual combination: the *cadres*, at all events, were drawn up beforehand.

Page 287, note 19.—A document published by the Comte Boulay de la Meurthe (*Documents sur la négociation du Concordat*, vol. I, p. 232) gives the 27th November as the date of Naselli's recall. The events that follow were anterior to that date.

Page 288, note 20.—Hannibal, Marquis de Sommariva, a Lombard (1755–1829). Major-general 1799. He was entrusted with the defence of Tuscany; left Florence 14th October. General of cavalry 1817.

Page 288, note 21.—Ghisleri, the Austrian minister, mentions his return, 17th October, 1800, and also Damas's departure the next day to Frascati, to secure the earliest news from his Court (Letter to Thugut; Rome, 18th October; given by Boulay de la Meurthe, *Documents sur la négociation du Concordat*, vol. I, p. 185).

Page 289, note 22.—Pierre Dupont de l'Étang, Bonaparte's chief of the staff at Marengo. He was defeated at Baylen.

Page 289, note 23.—The famous geologist, Gratet de Dolomieu, member of the Institut d'Égypte and the Académie des Sciences. He died of the effects of his terrible captivity. The two other prisoners were Generals Manscourt and Alexandre Dumas.

Page 289, note 24.—The letter is given by Boulay de la Meurthe (*op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 204). It was dated from Florence, 19th Brumaire, year IX (10th November). The summons was followed by these words: "If you do not comply with my demands I assure you that I shall invade Neapolitan territory." But a letter from Brune, the commander-in-chief, dated the 9th, denied the rumour of an invasion of Naples, and was expressed in a tone that, as Damas pointed out to Dupont's envoys, was very superior to his. It decided him to postpone the transmission of a very energetic answer from the Court of Naples (*Ibid.*, vol. I, pp. 224, 226, 235).

Page 289, note 25.—Lieutenant Maurice Dupin and Major Charles His. The latter protested to Cardinal Consalvi against this surveillance (15th November) (*Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 208). See another letter of Damas, p. 213, note.

Page 289, note 26.—Comte Auguste de Talleyrand, Damas's aide-de-camp.

Page 289, note 27.—20th December, 1800. The letter was dated *30th November.*

Page 289, note 28.—"The excellent dispositions already made by M. de Damas have enabled him, this very day, to give orders for the march of his whole army-corps, which will advance on Viterbo to-morrow" (Ghislieri, 20th December. Boulay de la Meurthe, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 247). The Neapolitan troops, seven thousand "very well equipped" men, marched through Rome 21st–23rd December, and Damas himself set out on the 24th (*Ibid.*, p. 248).

Page 290, note 29.—Confirmed by Ghislieri, who says this letter was received by Damas at Ronciglione on the 25th (*Ibid.*, p. 248).

Page 290, note 30.—On this campaign see General Mathieu Dumas, *Précis des événements militaires*, vol. V; *Victoires et conquêtes*, vol. XIII; Marulli, *Ragguagli storici*, vol. I.

Page 291, note 31.—Marulli, *Ragguagli storici*, vol. II, p. 65, gives the composition of this corps.

Page 291, note 32.—Ghislieri gives this officer's name: Marlonitz, major of engineers. The general was Franz Mathias Gorup von Besanez (1749–1835). He was *Feld-maréchal-lieutenant* in 1808.

Page 292, note 33.—Domenico Pino, a Milanese (1767–1826), entered the Cisalpine Legion, of which he became general in 1798. He was Minister of War of the Kingdom of Italy (1804–1806), and took part in the Spanish, Russian, and German campaigns. He deserted his party in 1814.

Page 292, note 34.—Miollis had come from Florence by way of Poggibonsi.

Page 293, note 35.—14th January, 1801. Colletta does justice to Damas's firmness in keeping back the French (*op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 416).

Page 293, note 36.—Antonfelice Zondadari, of Siena, was Archbishop of Siena from 1795 till his death in 1823. He was made a cardinal.

Page 294, note 37.—During the insurrection of Arezzo Damas sent a detachment of troops to support it.

Page 294, note 38.—Murat, in his letter of 21st January, 1801, published by the Comte Boulay de la Meurthe (*Documents sur la négociation du Concordat*, vol. I, p. 342), merely expressed surprise that the Neapolitans had entered Tuscany, and asked if they still had hostile intentions. But the officer who delivered it was told to persuade Damas to propose an armistice. In General Léopold Berthier's answer, as Murat's representative, to Damas's letter of the 22nd, from Viterbo (*Ibid.*, p. 342), which answer was dated from Foligno, on the night of the 24th, he mentioned the fact that Bellegarde's armistice contained no mention of the Neapolitans. Damas was bidden to evacuate the States of the Church at once, and his Court was to liberate the French prisoners and close the Neapolitan ports to the English (A. Lumbroso, *Correspondance de Joachim Murat*, p. 45).

Page 294, note 39.—The *Diario napoletano dal 1798 al 1825* (vol. II, p. 7) records his arrival on the 23rd January, and his departure on the 24th.

Page 295, note 40.—The letter, dated from Viterbo, 25th January, is given by Boulay de la Meurthe (vol. I, p. 362, note): he informed Murat that he had entirely evacuated Tuscany. Murat assured Bonaparte that the officer sent by Damas entreated him to bring

about a peace, which alone could prevent another civil war (*Ibid.*, p. 362).

Page 295, note 41.—Murat wrote on the 28th January that he could not consent to an interview. It was in this letter that he called upon Damas to persuade the King to avoid certain ruin "by sending away those people who are sold to England" (*Lettres et documents pour servir à l'histoire de Joachim Murat*, vol. I, p. 139, *et seq.*).

Page 295, note 42.—The armistice was concluded at Treviso, 16th January, 1801.

Page 295, note 43.—Murat had again written to Damas, on the 7th February, 1801, to repudiate the engagements of his aide-de-camp, who had promised the count more than he was authorised to grant, and to repeat that he would only suspend hostilities when the Court had appointed a negotiator; again on the 10th, to refuse to sign the armistice suggested, and to propose another; and once more on the 16th, to announce that, since the allotted time had expired, he would invade the kingdom unless the armistice were signed and the embargo placed on English vessels (*Lettres et documents*, vol. I, pp. 154, 159, 171; and Lumbroso, *op. cit.*, p. 58). On the same day he wrote Damas another letter, full of praises and assurances of his "esteem" and "admiration," and explained that if he had refused him an interview it was because he believed him to be an *émigré:* he was now quite willing to meet him (*Lettres et documents*, vol. I, p. 179). Finally, on the 18th, he announced that he had concluded an armistice with Micheroux, which he hoped might lead to a permanent peace; and on the 26th he sent an aide-de-camp to see to the execution of the document. "I am sorry that circumstances should have robbed me of the pleasure of seeing you, and repeating my assurances of the warmest esteem" (*Ibid.*, pp. 180 and 189).

Page 296, note 44.—Antonio Micheroux (1755–1805) had been Neapolitan Minister at Venice (1785–1797) and to the Cisalpine Republic (1798–1804). In 1804, after Acton's departure, he became Director of Foreign Affairs.

Page 297, note 45.—It was signed at Foligno, 18th February, 1801. All the French prisoners were liberated, and all the special tribunals abolished, the King even engaging to listen to representations from France in favour of the accused.

Page 297, note 46.—This is confirmed in a letter from the Queen of Naples to Gallo, but she only says 500,000 francs (11th March, 1801, *Correspondance*, etc., vol. II, p. 216). This letter seems to justify the count's mistrust: "You have seen the fatal armistice concluded by Micheroux and Damas."

Page 297, note 47.—28th March, 1801, between Alquier and Micheroux: the ports of the kingdom to be closed to the English and Turks; the Presidii of Tuscany to be given up; the French to

be indemnified for their losses; an amnesty to be proclaimed, the western provinces to be occupied by the French.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV

Page 298, note 1.—Damas was equally courteous to Murat's aide-de-camp, Beaumont, when he brought the treaty to Naples: the *Diario* records that they appeared in the same box at the theatre (vol. II, p. 22). The same publication mentions the martial bearing of the army-corps when it returned to Naples.

Page 298, note 2.—9th March, to be precise.

Page 302, note 3.—Souvarof.

Page 302, note 4.—The Emperor Francis II, who had married Maria Theresa of the Two Sicilies.

Page 303, note 5.—Louis Emmanuel Henri Alexandre de Launai, Comte d'Antraigues (1753–1812), concerning whom L. Pingaud has written a well-authenticated account: *Un agent secret sous la Révolution et l'Empire* (Paris, 1893). The Comte Boulay de la Meurthe has published some letters from the Queen to this agent; *Revue d'Histoire diplomatique*, vol. II (1888). Antraigue appears to have been in favour from 1796 to 1803. Does Damas blame him for inciting the Queen to hold out against France to the last?

Page 303, note 6.—She returned on the 17th August, 1802. She had left Naples on the 3rd June, 1800.

Page 305, note 7.—Charles Alquier (1752–1826), the ex-conventionist and regicide.

Page 305, note 8.—The Queen had sounded the French Ambassador on this subject. He bade her "consider if it would not be wise to avoid any measure that could for a moment seem to point to military schemes" (Alquier to Berthier, Minister of War, 31st December, 1803, in Ch. Auriol's *La France, L'Angleterre, et Naples de 1803 à 1806*, vol. I, p. 481). Alquier regarded Damas's return, and even the Queen's caution, as an indication of military preparations. (Letter to Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, 14th February, 1804, *Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 539.)

Page 306, note 9.—Sir Hugh Elliot (1752–1830), an active but not very scrupulous diplomatist, had been minister at Münich, Berlin, Copenhagen, and Brussels, before being accredited to the King of Naples (1803–1806). The Comte d'Haussonville has described the beginning of his diplomatic career (*Études biographiques et littéraires*, Paris, 1886). On the part he played in Naples see O. Browning's article *Hugh Elliot in Naples*, in the *English Historical Review*, vol. IV (1889). Lady Minto wrote a *Memoir of the Rt. Hon. Sir Hugh Elliot.*

Page 307, note 10.—Elliot's report to his government, 15th June, 1804 (Auriol, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 620), gave the figures as 24,308 regular troops, and 50,951 militia, for Naples alone, without counting the irregular troops called *masses*.

Page 308, note 11.—Giambattista Colajanni, a Sicilian, was raised by Acton from the position of a clerk in the Ministry of War, to be a colonel, and the head of the department. He died in 1818.

Page 309, note 12.—He embarked on the 25th May: the manuscript gives *July* by mistake. Acton continued to correspond with the English Minister, and kept his title of Chief Minister.

Page 312, note 13.—The Minister of Finance was the Chevalier Luigi De' Medici; the Minister of War and of Marine, Lieutenant-General Bartolomeo Forteguerri; the Grand Master of the King's Household, Francesco Seratti; the Minister of Justice, Francesco Migliorini. There was no special Ministry of the Interior.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI

Page 315, note 1.—Luigi Medici or De' Medici (1760–1830), while still very young, exercised the important functions of Regent of the *Vicaria*, the Neapolitan Court of Appeal (1790–1795). Owing to Acton's hostility, it seems, he was twice imprisoned; first on suspicion of Jacobinism, 1795–1799, and again at the time of the counter-revolution, until the Peace of Florence. Yet he had played no part during the Republic, and it is even said the republican government kept him as a hostage. Alquier was pleased with his moderation: he very nearly succeeded Acton.

Page 315, note 2.—Bartolomeo Forteguerri, born in Siena, 1750, died at Naples, 1808, was *capitaine-général* in 1797, and after holding the chief command in the Navy, became Secretary of State in 1802. "His tiresome old routine," was the Queen's expression. "His routine is tiresome, indiscreet, and expensive" (*Corresp. inédite de Marie Caroline avec le marquis de Gallo*).

Page 315, note 3.—It was in his despatch of the 25th August, 1804, that the French Ambassador, to show the complete effacement of Acton, announced that Damas was appointed "inspector-general of all the forces, with powers that made him the absolute controller of the whole Neapolitan army" (Auriol, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 73). The official document, which is preserved among the family papers, is dated the 12th October.

Page 316, note 4.—This may be an allusion to the arrest of Roger's sister-in-law, the Comtesse Charles de Damas, *née* Langeron, at twenty leagues' distance from Paris (Plieviôse, year XII). She was placed under surveillance on suspicion of conspiring with Hyde and even with the "*bande de Georges*."

Page 316, note 5.—According to the official document Damas had under his direct orders all the "inspectors and divisional commandants" of the regular army. In military matters he controlled the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the Engineers, and the Militia, which in other matters adhered to their own customs. The Royal Grenadier Guards were independent of him. In addition to the pay he already received he was given 160 ducats a month for his official expenses.

Page 317, note 6.—It is quite true that Alquier, since the 23rd November, 1804, had been formally complaining of the bellicose attitude of the Court; and Gouvion Saint-Cyr, who commanded the army of occupation in the Eastern provinces, spoke of the provisioning of towns, the concentration of troops, and the depôts of arms destined for the *masses*.

Page 318, note 7.—Elliot observed that Damas's statistics of the army differed greatly from Acton's: at the end of 1804, 7000 foot-soldiers and about 1000 cavalry ready to take the field were all that the kingdom contained. Elliot spoke with praise of the new energetic reforms (despatch of 7th December. AURIOL, vol. II, p. 104).

Page 318, note 8.—Puglia and the Abruzzi, where 18,000 French were quartered at the end of 1804. Gouvion Saint-Cyr's headquarters were at Barletta.

Page 318, note 9.—It was on the 14th December that Alquier informed his government of these movements, when "it is well known that the infection is over at Leghorn." Saint-Cyr heard the news the same day from one of his agents, who gave him the names of the officers chosen to levy the troops. The ambassador appears but slightly anxious as to the meaning of these preparations, but very much so with regard to the state of mind of the Queen, who was excited by Elliot's insinuations and "the blustering of M. de Damas" (AURIOL, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 96, 107, 111).

Page 319, note 10.—If the date be really 7th, and not 17th, it applies to the making of the cordon and not to its breaking up.

Page 319, note 11.—This may explain Alquier's change of opinion with regard to the comte, whom he called at first "about the only good officer in the Neapolitan army," and later on a mediocre general, who need not have caused so much alarm (Letters to Talleyrand, 12th February and 14th March, 1803. AURIOL, *op cit.*, vol. II, pp. 167 and 190).

Page 320, note 12.—Louis de Beer, afterwards governor of the principality of Benevento, for Talleyrand. He was an Alsatian, born about 1778. The Queen called him "a mad fellow."

Page 320, note 13.—Now the Villa Nazionale, between Chiaia and the sea. It has a public garden, ornamented with statues.

Page 321, note 14.—It was in a conversation with the Queen that Alquier demanded Damas's dismissal (16th November, 1804). On the

3rd January, 1805, Talleyrand wrote to the minister: "The persistence of the Neapolitan government in protecting M. de Damas is a positive insult: M. de Damas ought to be banished and degraded" (Alquier's note was dated 22nd January). Napoleon himself attacked Damas in a letter to the Queen of Naples, 2nd January, 1805. Marie Caroline answered that the Emperor was misinformed on the subject of an officer "whose uprightness and moderation should command his esteem. This general left France long before the horrors of the Revolution, and served in Russia, whence he entered our service before the war. The King, my husband, knowing his honesty and devotion, is at this moment employing him as inspector-general, not with the object of raising troops . . . but to put some order into the few troops that remain to him, and were on the point of vanishing altogether, for want of a vigilant and honest supervisor. I hope that your Majesty, after this frank explanation, will no longer insist on a step that would be extremely disagreeable and painful to us" (25th January, 1805). Cf. Auriol, vol. II, pp. 121, 127, 131, 138, 141, 142. On the Queen's energy in defending Damas see her letters to Gallo (*Corresp. inédites de M. C. avec le marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, pp. 532, 536, 550, 556, etc.). She thinks that the animosity is due "to the Talleyrands rather than Buonaparte," and dates from "some quarrel in Paris between relations or so-called friends. . . ." "This persecution has given me the highest opinion of him as an incorruptible and able man, and I shall not sacrifice him." It seems that this affair increased the Queen's regard for Damas, of whom she said to Gallo: "I have never been enthusiastic about Damas . . ." (25th January, 1805). It must be remembered that Talleyrand was Damas's cousin.

Page 321, note 15.—"Will Your Majesty listen to this prophecy, and listen without impatience . on the first war that you bring about, you and your posterity will cease to reign: your wandering children will beg for relief from their kinsfolk, in the different countries of Europe." These words are in the letter of the 2nd January, in answer to the Queen's first letter, which is not in existence. Napoleon's second letter (21st February, 1805) is less violent. "Is it so hard, then, to be quiet?"

Page 322, note 16.—Prince Cardito's mission to Barletta: the Queen had sent him thither before, in December 1804.

Page 322, note 17.—The ultimatum arrived in the evening of the 15th February: the Queen's answer is dated the 16th.

Page 323, note 18.—It was Micheroux who bore this title: the Minister was the Prince of Luzzi.

Page 323, note 19.—These orders are given in Gouvion Saint-Cyr's *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire militaire*, vol. II, p. 415: "You must urgently insist on General Damas's dismissal, on M. Elliot

leaving Naples and at least being sent to Sicily, and on complete disarmament . . ." (Berthier to Saint-Cyr, 21st January, 1805).

Page 324, note 20.—Alquier refers to an interview with Saint-Cyr (despatch of 14th March, 1805) which must have occurred a little later than this, since it is not mentioned in Saint-Cyr's report to the Minister of War (20th February, 1805). It was Prince Cardito who, when he visited Saint-Cyr's headquarters with the aide-de-camp who had brought the ultimatum, promised that Damas should be sent away, "in spite of the pain that it would cause to the King." The short space of time that had elapsed confirms what Damas says of the part played by Micheroux. But in the letter delivered by Cardito the Queen was still trying to postpone the decision: "He is not an *émigré*, and has done no harm: he is an officer of honour." She wished to await an answer to her letter to the Emperor, which came at last, dated 21st February. With regard to foreigners "carrying their portfolio and their sword all over the world," she could say nothing. It was then, and not till then, that Damas went.

Page 325, note 21.—It carried with it the privileges of the Grandees of Spain. Damas not only kept his salary, but Alquier declares it was increased to the sum of 60,000 francs.

Page 326, note 22.—A letter of great dignity, announcing Damas's departure, but defending him with a degree of energy that does honour to both: "prudent, circumspect, and honest," she calls him, and "so conscious of his own rectitude" that he had contemplated spending his leave in France. "I confess that we are deeply grieved to be forced to lose this officer" (13th March. Auriol, vol. II, p. 180 *et seq.*). She wrote to Gallo on the same day (*Corresp. inédite avec le marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, p. 569): "Damas left us yesterday, and carried with him our profoundest regret, and that of all honest people."

Alquier, for his part, wrote to Talleyrand: "M. de Damas at last left Naples yesterday morning; and I hope that the most important matter I ever have to transact for his Imperial Majesty may involve less unpleasantness and difficulty than this" (14th March). He declares that the Court was on the point of risking war rather than yield.

Page 327, note 23.—Fabrizio Ruffo, Prince of Castelcicala (1755–1832) was ambassador in England during the greater part of the Revolution and Empire, and in Paris in 1815.

Page 327, note 24.—Became Foreign Minister in Pitt's cabinet, January 1805.

Page 328, note 25.—Lieutenant-Colonel George Smith.

Page 328, note 26.—The object of the mission was frankly stated to the English Minister, and was exactly what Damas thought it to be: "To make all the preliminary arrangements, after a minute inquiry,

for the adoption of such measures as will secure the occupation (of Sicily) when it becomes necessary" (Instructions of the 20th March. AURIOL, vol. II, p. 200).

Page 328, note 27.—Marzio Mastrilli, Marchese del Gallo (1753–1833), began his diplomatic career at Turin, 1782, was ambassador in Vienna, 1790, Minister for Foreign Affairs, 1798, ambassador in France, 1801. He was one of Joseph Bonaparte's first adherents and became his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards Murat's.

Page 330, note 28.—Ferdinand's letter of recognition is dated 10th June. Elliot explains in his despatches that, before advising acquiescence, he asked General Lascy whether he would support Naples in the case of the refusal leading to a rupture, and that Lascy answered he could give no support (18th June, 1805, AURIOL, vol. II, p. 323).

Page 331, note 29.—1st May, 1805.

Page 332, note 30.—In the course of this diplomatic audience (3rd June) the Emperor declared that "if, after reigning all these years, the Queen could not contrive to act and speak with any degree of calm and moderation, the English ship she kept in the Bay of Naples should not save her" (Talleyrand's circular to the ambassadors). The tone was such that Gallo begged the Queen to make Cardito give her an exact account of the interview (AURIOL, vol. II, p. 353).

Page 332, note 31.—For instance, on the 11th April, a treaty was signed in Petersburg between Russia and England, with the special object of defending the kingdom of Naples from French enterprise.

Page 333, note 32.—This is doubtless the incident to which Alquier refers in his despatch of 1st February, 1805. "It is quite certain that the orders were given by M. de Damas after he left the Queen, a few hours after the arrival of the English frigate *Seahorse*."

Page 334, note 33.—A despatch by Alquier (AURIOL, vol. II, p. 438) gives some information on these two officers. Lascy was of Irish extraction and born in Livonia. He was a nephew of the field-marshal in the Austrian army, and had fought in Turkey and Poland. He was considered "one of the best generals in the Russian army," but, being over sixty years old, had been living for some years on his property near Grodno. Langeron calls him a good general, but so eccentric that he might easily be thought "a little cracked." Hoperman (as he writes it) was an Alsatian of forty, or forty-five, who had served in Russia for twenty-four years. He was "said to be a very good engineer officer."

Page 335, note 34.—Antonino Maresca-Donnorso, Duke of Serracapriola (1750–1822). He had been Minister Plenipotentiary in Russia since 1782, and had married there. He was unemployed from 1807 to 1812.

Page 336, note 35.—It was on the 15th June that Édouard Lefebvre, the French *chargé d'affaires*, informed his chief of Lascy's presence

—he had been there at least since the 7th May—and on the 31st August that Alquier said he had at last discovered what the general was doing.

Page 338, note 36.—The Chtcherbatof incident gave a good deal of trouble in the Chancelleries. Lefebvre tells the story (15th May, 1805, Auriol, vol. II, p. 274), and the Queen expresses her indignation to Gallo (*Corresp. inédite avec le marquis de Gallo*, vol. II, p. 587). The prince seems to have been unceremoniously packed into a carriage in the night, and taken off to the Roman frontier. The Russians kept away from the Court, and Karpoff, the *chargé d'affaires*, declared he would break off all communication. Elliot sided with the Russians, and blamed the Queen and "the contemptible French *émigrés* who surround her."

Page 339, note 37.—Dmitri Pavlovitch Tatistchef (1767–1845) was accredited to Ferdinand in 1802, and again from 1805 to 1810.

Page 343, note 38.—If any one should be surprised at this statement and object that it was precisely a coalition that would make it impossible for the French troops to remain in the kingdom of Naples, I would point out that when 20,000 men are in a position to overrun a kingdom before being forced to evacuate it, it is far harder to drive them out after the invasion has actually occurred, especially when the kingdom in question has an army that is about 20,000 men short of the right number for the task (*Note by the author*).

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVII

Page 345, note 1.—On reaching Naples on the 6th July, 1805, Alquier seems to have heard for a fact that orders had been issued to arm the *masses*. He left no record of his scene with the Queen, but he appears to have threatened that Saint-Cyr should march on Naples and proclaim the Hereditary Prince as King. Elliot says the Queen was quite ill after this interview.

Page 346, note 2.—Tommaso di Somma, Marchese Circello (1737–1826); colonel (1772); minister in Denmark (1775); in Austria (1777); in France (1786); in London (1793). Succeeded Micheroux (August 1805) as Director of Foreign Affairs, and later as Secretary of State. He was reputed to be a warm partisan of the English.

Page 346, note 3.—The person thought of was the Duke of San Teodoro, of whom we shall hear presently.

Page 346, note 4.—This condition does not appear in Alquier's notes of this date: in his despatches at this time he went so far as to advise the downfall of the dynasty (31st August, 1805).

Page 347, note 5.—The 10th. The Marquis B. Maresca was the first to publish the text (*Archivio storico per le province napoletane*,

vol. XXII, p. 598), which is also given by AURIOL, vol. II, p. 525. The King pledged himself to oppose all attempts of the French to extend or strengthen their occupation of the kingdom. It was left to the Russian general to choose the time and place for the landing of the troops, to control the affairs of the Neapolitan forces, and to arrange the composition of the garrisons. The kingdom was to furnish the allies with horses and mules, submit to any other necessary requisitions, pay all the expenses of the Russian troops—including the legion raised in the Ionian Islands—and supply the Russian fleet with provisions. The Emperor only engaged that the kingdom should remain intact when peace was concluded.

Page 348, note 6.—Brigadier-General Guillichini, whom the English later on accused of betraying them.

Page 348, note 7.—A little house.

Page 350, note 8.—The note to p. 347, note 5, shows the truth of this criticism.

Page 351, note 9.—It will be seen that I secretly foresaw the events that have happened since. If the intentions of the allies had been really honest they could have allowed us to remain neutral and made a show of coercing us when they landed, only asking for our support when active hostilities were actually breaking out. Then, if circumstances had arisen that obliged them to evacuate the kingdom, we should not have been so deeply compromised. The French Ambassador might have remained in Naples, and some means of defence have been devised against the two treacherous Powers (*Author's note*).

Page 352, note 10.—It is only right to say that nothing in the treaty pointed to the possibility of the allies' departure. Their unvarying resolve to restore independence to the kingdom or to defend it was expressed in the most positive and unqualified terms. Nothing but utter shamelessness could release them from this engagement (*Author's note*).

Page 354, note 11.—The treaty of the 21st September, which the King ratified on the 8th October, 1805.

Page 355, note 12.—A declaration to the contrary. This curious document is given by AURIOL, vol. II, p. 603. It is dated 8th October and signed by Firrao and Circello.

Page 356, note 13.—Sir James Henry Craig (1748–1812) was an ensign at the age of fifteen, and served in the American War and the war in Flanders (on the Duke of York's staff). He was major-general in 1794, conquered Cape Colony and was its governor till 1797, and became lieutenant-general in 1801. He was in command in the Mediterranean in 1805; in Sicily until March 1806; and in 1807 became Governor-general of Canada.

Page 359, note 14.—A ducat=4 fr. 25. The text of these conditions is given by AURIOL (vol. II, p. 645). The 500,000 ducats represented

the cost of the horses that were to be supplied; and for provisions and forage 276,100 ducats were to be paid in advance every two months.

Page 360, note 15.—While the Council was deliberating, General Opperman came to see me. "Our advent is at this moment being discussed," he said, "and I believe we are not wanted any more."—"My dear general," I answered, "if you come in force I shall be sorry, I admit; but if you come in small numbers—a thing that only you can tell, since M. Circello was mad enough to leave it unsettled in the treaty that he signed with M. Tatistchef, so that nothing has been stipulated with regard to that important matter—you yourselves must hope and trust that your coming may be prevented, for you can do us a great deal of harm and very little good" (*Author's note*).

Page 360, note 16.—Maresca, *loc. cit.*, reports the discussion. The Council comprised Luzzi, Seratti, Forteguerri, Migliorini, De' Medici, Secretaries of State; Circello, Director of Foreign Affairs; Ascoli, Director of Police; and Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo, ex-Generalissimo.

Page 363, note 17.—Alquier was perfectly aware of the sailing of the Russian fleet, but thought it was bound for the island of Elba (despatch of 9th November).

Page 363, note 18.—These two documents are in Auriol, vol. II, pp. 657 and 658.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVIII

Page 364, note 1.—This was Francis Xavier Joseph, who was born in 1777, was married to Charles IV's daughter, the Infanta Maria Isabella, in 1802, and reigned as Francis I from 1825 to 1830.

Page 366, note 2.—An edict was passed 4th December, 1805, calling out eight men in every thousand of the inhabitants between the ages of 20 and 40.

Page 366, note 3.—It was not till 3rd December, 1805, that the minister informed Damas of his appointment as "General-Commandant of the Neapolitan army, with all the prerogatives and faculties accorded to him for the campaign in Tuscany, in which Your Excellency maintained, with great credit and success, the honour and dignity of the royal troops" (cf. the Appendix).

Page 366, note 4.—To facilitate this arrangement General Lascy had begged that four battalions might be brought from Sicily, to replace the troops that he was moving from the rear to the van; and his wishes had been carried out. Moreover, when I suggested making a tour of inspection on the frontier with the quartermaster-general, M. Opperman, Lascy had answered that he thought I should remain where I was at that moment, and devote all my time to the

formation of the army, which it was so important to accomplish promptly (*Author's note*).

Page 366, note 5.—The Act is dated 27th November, 1805.

Page 367, note 6.—Second-in-command of the Russian expedition.

Page 370, note 7.—The fact of this tour, and everything concerning Damas's troops, were soon known by the French (Auriol, vol. II, p. 724).

Page 371, note 8.—The order to form it (30,000 men under Gouvion Saint-Cyr) is dated 9th December.

Page 371, note 9.—The Peace of Presburg was concluded on 26th December: this must be the armistice signed after the interview between Napoleon and Francis II, on the 4th.

Page 372, note 10.—Gravina (in the Bari district) is near Matera, at that time the capital of the Basilicata.

Page 372, note 11.—The original is in French.

Page 372, note 12.—Sir John Stuart (1759–1815) fought in the American War, in Flanders (1799), and in Egypt (1801); was promoted major-general 1802; succeeded Craig 1806, and won the astonishing victory of Maida against the French. In 1808 he was made commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, with the rank of lieutenant-general.

Page 372, note 13.—Sir James Campbell (1763–1819) joined the service in 1780, as an ensign in the 1st Royal Scots; served in America, the West Indies, and the Mediterranean (1805–1814); major-general (1808), lieutenant-general (1813).

Page 372, note 14.—Alexis Samoilovitch Greig (1775–1845) was born in Cronstadt. He became an admiral in the Russian service, like his father.

Page 372, note 15.—Henry Bunbury, quartermaster of the English corps, was the author of an important account of these events: *Military transactions in the Mediterranean, 1806–1810* (London, 1851).

Page 373, note 16.—An unspeakable imposture, since Generals Lascy and Opperman were at considerable pains to make the convoy wait at Augusta in Sicily until the French had left the kingdom. It was no chance, therefore, but a positive and deliberate order, that postponed their arrival in the Bay of Naples (*Author's note*).

Page 373, note 17.—It was shameful and deceitful to give this as the reason for the coming of the allied troops, since the treaty that was so advantageous to the Russians and English made no mention of the word *diversion*. Nothing was stipulated, asked, nor, unfortunately, granted, save with a view to the defence and security of the kingdom—*the one and only object*, either for the present or the future (*Author's note*).

Page 373, note 18.—This was absolutely false, since everything essential that was capable of being drawn by horses was provided

with horses. The things that were held back, owing to lack of the time necessary for requisitions, were useless accessories or luxuries. The King, however, had undertaken to have them conveyed by relays of horses taken from the provinces, by a method that was perhaps more effectual than real requisitions (*Author's note*).

Page 373, note 19.—Charles Emmanuel IV had been in the kingdom since May 1801.

Page 374, note 20.—In this disgraceful opinion one sees a hint of Elliot's favourite and dishonourable scheme for Sicily (*Author's note*).

Page 375, note 21.—A villa on the Vomero.

Page 375, note 22.—Fabrizio Ruffo set out on the 7th to Rome and the French headquarters.

Page 375, note 23.—Since then I have received positive confirmation of this from Prince Czartorisky, who was first minister in Russia at that time, and was with the Emperor when the order was despatched (*Author's note*).

Page 376, note 24.—This was the famous Charles André Pozzo di Borgo (1764–1842). This was his first mission in the service of Russia.

Page 379, note 25.—Lascy assured Tatistchef that he had done all he could to persuade Craig to postpone his departure; and declared that as the French seemed to be delaying their advance he thought it best not to put obstacles in the way of the negotiations.

Page 380, note 26.—The château to which the defeated Emperors retired after the battle.

Page 382, note 27.—He never succeeded in arriving there, and his journey was entirely fruitless (*Author's note*).

Page 382, note 28.—Carlo Caracciolo. He had just been made ambassador to Spain.

Page 383, note 29.—The King's second son: born 1790; married the Archduchess Marie Clémentine 1816; died 1851. He was his mother's favourite.

Page 384, note 30.—The Duke of Ascoli, Trojano Marulli (1761–1822). He was at first considering the question of preventing popular disorder.

Page 384, note 31.—Ambassador to Rome.

Page 385, note 32.—On the 23rd January.

Page 385, note 33.—Officially the commander-in-chief was Prince Joseph, "the Emperor's lieutenant."

Page 386, note 34.—It was not till the 27th February that the *masses* were called out.

Page 387, note 35.—Although the confidence placed in me by the King and Queen enabled me to give my frank opinion on every subject, I could hardly presume, as may be imagined, to say what I thought of this suggestion. If there were anything, however, likely

to induce Buonaparte to come to terms, it was the immediate departure of the Queen: everything else was beside the point. Any other proposition would have cheated him of one of his main objects—*vengeance* (*Author's note*).

The best account of these negotiations is in Baron von Helfert's *Königin Karolina von Neapel, 1790–1814* (Vienna, 1878).

Page 388, note 36.—Grand Master of the Ceremonies.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX

Page 389, note 1.—The Prince of Canosa, Diego Naselli, and Michelangelo Cianciulli. The royal family embarked on the 11th.

Page 389, note 2.—The troops that left Naples amounted altogether to 5000 men—mere half-clothed conscripts. The 7000 who were coming from the Abruzzi through Puglia were to meet me in Calabria (*Author's note*).

Page 391, note 3.—Not including, probably, the corps under Marshal Rosenheim, which was estimated by General Duhesme to contain 7000 men.

Page 391, note 4.—An Italian mile equalled 1850 metres.

Page 392, note 5.—Those who know the country, and even those who have good maps, may wonder whether it would not have been more strategically correct to begin the line of defence in rear of the Crati, where the troops could have been more concentrated. They may think it was dangerous, with such widely-scattered troops, to attempt the simultaneous defence of Lagonegro and Castel-Rosetto on the Ionian. I have no objection to make to this criticism. I had at first intended to adopt this plan, but was not free to do so. As I said before, the prince was still hoping (only too plainly without grounds) that Buonaparte would agree to a settlement, and therefore wished to keep as much territory as possible, and to hold the pass that was nearest to Naples. In the case of the defence being successful this would secure a larger population with whom to oppose the French. I was obliged to fall in with these views, and indeed my precautions obviated most of the bad effects that might have been expected (*Author's note*).

Page 393, note 6.—The achievement surprised the French (Duthilt, *Mémoires*).

Page 393, note 7.—An elevated and enclosed plain, only accessible by narrow gorges. It is on the outskirts of Calabria, between the border and Morano.

Page 394, note 8.—Capital of northern Calabria.

Page 394, note 9.—Only Reynier (Jean Louis Ebenezer, of Lausanne,

1771–1814), and Verdier (Jean Antoine, 1767–1839), were major-generals. Compère (Louis Furci Henri, born 1768, entered Neapolitan service 1807) was a brigadier, and commanded the advanced guard. Reynier, who held the chief command and played a prominent rôle in Calabria, was a fine soldier and a man of great originality.

Page 394, note 10.—Pierre Guillaume (1766–1815).

Page 395, note 11.—In the pass of Gauro, and then at Lagonegro.

Page 395, note 12.—Marshal Raimondo Capece-Minutolo, one of the Princes of Canosa.

Page 396, note 13.—P. L. Courier's letter about this action is well known (9th March, 1806). About 2000 Neapolitans were taken prisoners, more than 100 being officers: 250 is the number given by Marulli. The defeat was followed by a regular dispersion of the troops. See, in connection with this campaign, the references in the notes to pp. 409 and 411.

Page 398, note 14.—I proclaimed publicly that at the first riotous meeting, or the first musket-shot fired by the people, I should set fire to the town, and should shoot the deputation who had dared to bring me the message (*Author's note*).

Page 399, note 15.—Countess Razoumovski in a touching letter (which will appear in vol. II) expressed her confidence that even the enemy would do justice to Comte Roger's conduct. Later on justice was done to it by Comte Mathieu Dumas, King Joseph's minister in Naples (see Appendix), and by Napoleon himself, who, in answer to an ill-considered criticism by his brother, said: "General Damas could do nothing effectual with such bad troops as the Neapolitans" (to Prince Joseph, 31st March, 1806). Luigi Blanch, a Neapolitan belonging to the patriot party, was more just than the courtiers at Palermo, and wrote in his souvenirs (*Napoli al, 1806*, in the *Museo di Scienze e Lettere, 1848*) that Damas was "a brave and honourable man, and a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word . . . a perfect knight of the days of François I."

Page 400, note 16.—Quite recently the Queen secretly bought, with her own money, some powder and other ammunition, and had it taken to Gaeta by a vessel that she chartered herself, because General Acton declines to prolong the expense of a useless defence, as he calls it. Elliot, the English minister, considers it of no importance. Such iniquity is almost incredible (*Author's note*).

Page 400, note 17.—In 1799, with the Army of the Holy Faith, after the evacuation of Naples by Macdonald.

Page 402, note 18.—Supposing the neutrality had been preserved and the allies had not landed, can one doubt that Napoleon, after making peace with Germany, would have replaced his troops in Puglia, exactly as they were before the renewal of hostilities? He would then have pointed out to the Court of Naples that it was not

strong enough to secure Sicily from the influence or presence of the English, and should therefore ask him to station a garrison at Messina. The King would have been helpless in the matter, and by the end of three months would have lost both kingdoms (*Author's note*).

Page 402, note 19.—It may be asked how the King, when his throne was shaking beneath him, could evade the dangers that surrounded him and fly to Sicily; how the Hereditary Prince, when he retired to Calabria with the troops, could determine to remain always at a considerable distance from the scene of action and to be always in advance of his retreating army; and how courage and devotion can be expected of officers, privates, or population, when their sovereign is certain they are going to fail. These questions are futile. Buonaparte may perhaps teach the sovereigns of the world that the art of taking risks is part of their stock-in-trade. But they have not yet learnt it, and the royal family of Naples should be no less dear on that account to those who serve them. They are sovereigns by the grace of God, and to confirm their confidence in His grace they depend entirely upon Him to maintain their power. This has been the general practice of sovereigns for a thousand years, and the more the exceptions have excited admiration the more plainly it is proved that this confidence in the divine goodness has been deeply implanted in the heart of kings—the first principle of their lives, and a matter of course.

Judging from recent events it would appear probable that this confidence in God will soon be regarded as insufficient by itself. This will be the most notable and remarkable revolution among all the changes that have taken place (*Author's note*).

Page 403, note 20.—The author gives further quotations from the Queen's letter, but they were only an analysis. The text will be published (letter of the 2nd March, 1806). It was a strange way of encouraging a general to warn him that his situation at the Court had become untenable, and advise him as to the best thing for him to do after he had been beaten!

Page 404, note 21.—The letter, dated from Palermo, 26th March, 1806, is not quite so laconic as this. The King suggested meeting Damas at Patri. Damas was to bring some notes on the generals and troops who had served in Calabria (*Papers of the Damas Family*).

Page 406, note 22.—This is evidently the date at which the passage was written.

Page 407, note 23.—More accurately, the Sicilian property of Neapolitans who had not accompanied the Court, and of absent Sicilians.

Page 409, note 24.—11th February to 19th July, 1806. It is true that, for lack of proper means, the French made no serious progress in their siege-works till the end of May. The bombardment lasted for eleven days. Cf. the account of General Mathieu Dumas, *Précis des événements militaires*, vols. XV and XIX; General Koch's

Mémoires de Masséna, vol. V; Baron Du Casse's *Mémoires du roi Joseph*, vol. III; and E. Gachot's recent work: *Histoire militaire de Masséna, la troisième campagne d'Italie* (Paris, 1911).

Page 411, note 25.—Capri had been taken on the 12th May, 1806.

Page 411, note 26.—There are accounts by eye-witnesses (Griois, Reitzel) of this battle of Maida or Santa Eufemia, and of Reynier's retreat; and several studies, which we have been able to compare with one another (*Naples sous Joseph Bonaparte*, Paris, 1911. Also Serrao de Gregory's *La Battaglia di S. Eufemia, Rio. Milit.*, 1909).

Page 412, note 27.—The latter had been occupied, since the landing of the English, by Fra Diavolo.

Page 413, note 28.—Amantea was not retaken till the 7th February, 1807, Scilla till the 17th February, 1808, nor Capri till the 17th October, 1808 (under Murat).

Page 414, note 29.—The count did not set out to Vienna, by way of Trieste, until the 6th September, 1806.

NOTES TO THE APPENDIX

Page 415, note 1.—Published by A. Chuquet: *L'Alsace in 1814*, pp. 399–400. We have made a few additions, derived from the original documents in the Archives of the Ministry of War.

Page 415, note 2.—The *dossier* contains no certificate of birth. The minister informs Damas, in a letter of 5th October, 1818, that a search made in the municipal register has proved fruitless.

Page 415, note 3.—His uncle the Duc du Châtelet, the colonel of the regiment, reassured the minister as to the legality of this appointment, though Roger was not fourteen. There were precedents, the regiment being regarded as a school. Moreover, Roger had been a page in the Grand Stables (Letter dated 11th February, 1777).

Page 420, note 4.—Attached to the post of proprietor. R. D.

Page 422, note 5.—Entirely in the King's own handwriting.

Page 423, note 6.—He was promoted brigadier-general for this affair.

Page 427, note 7.—This list was evidently very carelessly drawn up. No. 10 is certainly Charles-François-Louis-Joseph-César, the Comte Roger's eldest brother, but apparently he reappears as No. 8. Gaston Damas *fils* is Gaston-Emery, their youngest brother (1771–1803). The Abbé (Charles Alexandre) is perhaps intended by No. 8, though his name was provisionally erased by the district of Arnay sur Arroux as early as the 12th Prairial, year III. It is true that a month before the Order was issued, in Frimaire of the year VII, the police were occupying themselves with his concerns, and his arrest was contemplated; and in fructidor, after the issue of the Order, he

begged the Directory to have his name finally erased. He could prove that he had been in France since 1st January, 1792. Claude François is perhaps Jacques François, the father, whose name was provisionally erased. No. 11 is doubtless Étienne-Charles de Damas-Crux, brother of Louis-Étienne. He had been colonel of the Vexin Infantry Regiment, which became the 70th half-brigade.

Page 431, note 8.—Lascy.

Page 433, note 9.—The answers to the ten questions asked by Lascy; effective force very weak; artillery insufficiently supplied; militia "guaranteed, but not organised" (it required two months); Gaeta in a fair state of defence, but not Capua; the troops to be landed at Naples itself.

Page 434, note 10.—A note, contemporary with this letter, shows that the family of Comte Roger received it from the Comte de Chastellux, who must have been the original recipient, notwithstanding the title given to him. César Laurent, Comte de Chastellux (1780–1854) entered the service of Naples about 1799; in 1804 he is described as an *exempt* in the Guards; in 1810, when he returned to France, he was Deputy-Chief of the General Staff.

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